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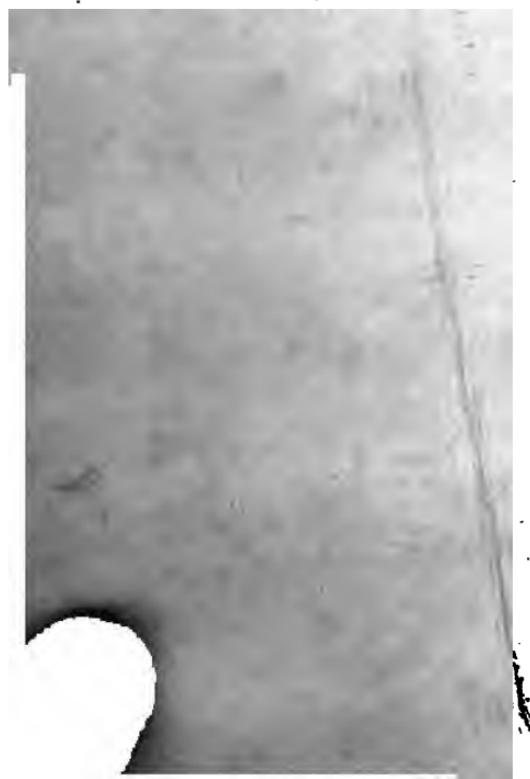
Strawberries

15.



15. Strawberries





# H Y M N S

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Three Books.

- I. On VARIOUS SUBJECTS.
- II. Adapted to the LORD'S SUPPER.
- III. In PARTICULAR MEASURES.

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By SIMON BROWNE.

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*Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord, let us  
make a joyful noise to the Rock of our  
Salvation.* Psal. xcv. 1.

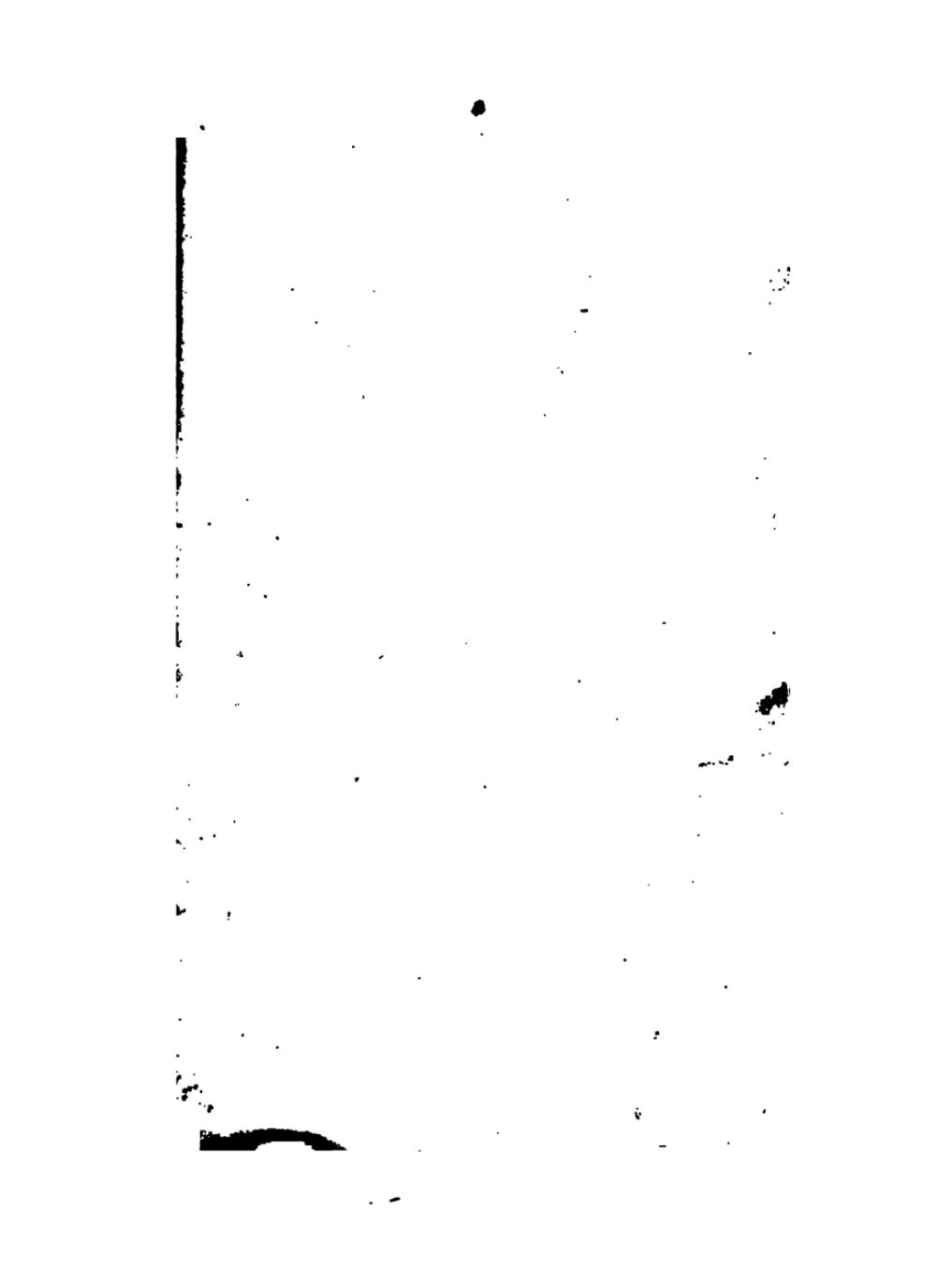
*O sing unto the Lord a new song.* Psal.  
xcviii. 1.

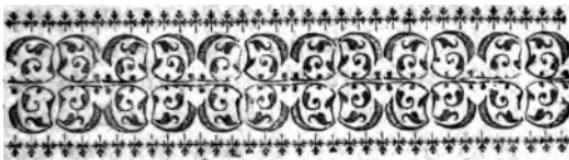
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L O N D O N

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147. g. 581.





THE  
P R E F A C E.



*HE nobleſt part of divine worſhip, is praise. This is the peculiар employment of the celeſtial ſtate; and the more our minds are engag'd in it on earth, the nearer approach do they make to future bliss, and the higher they rise towards the life of heaven. Poetry enlivens praise. What is written under a kind of inspiration may be recited in rapture. Lively thoughts, gay images, ſtrong figures, proper and florid diſtſion, and eaſy flowing numbers, naturally ſtrike and enliven the mind: And then is the mind moſt in tune for the work of praise, when its powers are in moſt vigorous exerciſe: When the thoughts are A bright*

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*bright and intense, the passions warm, and the whole soul awake. Hence those parts of Holy Scripture that were compos'd for the praise of God, are mostly poetical: And the poesy of them is the most pompous that can be, and as much exceeding the highest flights of the heathen poets, as the inspiration under which they were written, was superior to theirs.*

*Musick still heightens the power of Poetry, and gives it fresh force to engage and affect the mind. There is somewhat very moving in the proper variation of sounds: And when a tune is compos'd according to the rules of barmony, and suited to the matter of a Poem, it improves every beauty, adds gaiety to every image, and force to every figure; it puts spirit into every word, gives a more easy flow to all the numbers, and thereby more powerfully draws and fixes the mind, quickens all the powers and passions, and quite transports the man. Musick hath many times this force by it self: Those who have no ear to taste the elegancies of it, have yet an heart open to its impressions; have been struck, have been seiz'd by it, and lost all at once in wonder and delight. But when Musick and Poetry join their forces, and both together engage and impress the mind, it yields without resistance,*

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ance, takes in a new recruit of life and power, and under the mighty influence, acts beyond nature, and out does it self. It is no wonder therefore that the first piece of Poetry upon record in the world, should be praise to God utter'd in a song : \* Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord. And it is possible that both the Musick and the Matter were inspir'd : The Poetry I am sure is all in the sublime, and if the Musick were by inspiration too, there is no doubt but it was worthy its divine original, suited to the matter of the song, and apt to strike the minds of the singers, and make the deepest impression of what they sung.

But not only are Poetry and Musick apt to elevate and enliven the mind, upon the sublime subject of praise ; they have a power also to compose, and soften, and melt the soul ; they may be fitted to convey instruction, to excite penitential grief, and to affwage and calm the turbulent and unruly passions, when stirred by resentment or calamity. And therefore in that book of Holy Scripture, which was originally compos'd to be sung, we find Psalms upon variety of occasions, and with great variety in the matter and

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form: Some breathing praise in the highest raptures and flights of Poetry: Some uttering instructions in obvious language, and plain song: And some bemoaning guilt and affliction in the most melting strains, that touch the heart to the quick, and mould it to the temper they describe. And under that dispensation, which had much of the gaudy exterior in it, the musick of the voice was assisted by instruments, which doubtless were of use to the devout worshipers of that day. And tho', I think, nothing of this kind should be introduc'd into Christian-worship without a plain warrant, nor never was in fact introduc'd for many of the first age: after Christ, yet will I not censure any who under the Gospel think fit to use instrumental, as well as vocal musick in the worship of God, provided they take care this be done, not so much to delight the ear, as to warm the heart with sincere devotion. But all who engage in this part of worship, and those especially who are for joining instruments with the voice, should take this caution with them, viz. that it is but too common and easy for the sensual delight to drown the seriousness of the Spirit, and the entertainment of the musick to extinguish devotion; and yet persons all the while imagine they are in a temper of mind highly pleasing

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*to God, because they feel an uncommon satisfaction, and a sort of transport in themselves.*

*It is plain from many passages of the New Testament, that singing is a part of Christian-worship. Private persons are directed when they are \* merry to sing Psalms; and not only so, but to † teach and admonish one another, in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord. And that it was a part of the publick worship in the Apostolick times, is plain from what St. Paul saith about it, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also: For being joined with prayer here, it carries a plain hint in it, that the Church of Corinth was guilty of like disorders in one as in the other, which it is the purpose of this discourse of the Apostle to rectify. From whence it follows, that he must be understood of singing in the publick worship, because he is certainly to be understood of publick prayer. It is plain that the Psalms of David were given by inspiration of old, that they might be sung in the worship of God, and the devotion of the heart might be promoted by*

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\* Jam. v. 13.

† Col. iii. 16.

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*the harmony of the song. And many of them are still fit to be sung in Christian-worship; but this can hardly be said of all: Some have such reference to the Jewish customs, that they can hardly be sung with understanding by Christians. Many passages in them hardly breath the Spirit of the Gospel. And when the veil is taken off from all the other parts of worship, there is no reason why it should still remain on that part which is the most sublime and delightful; or that we should sing and give praise, wrapt up in the mists and clouds of Jewish forms.*

*Indeed there is no book of this kind of divine inspiration, besides the Psalms of David; nor is any other necessary. 'Tis full as reasonable to confine our selves in our prayers to those forms that were uttered by Inspiration, or are left upon record by inspir'd men, and never use any other, as that we should be confin'd to the Jewish forms of praise, which were adapted to the state they were under, and to many occasions and circumstances of that people peculiar to themselves. But Mr. Watts hath so well handled this argument already, and as I am inform'd, intends to go it over again, that I shall add no more. Some Psalms are indeed of general use, and fit for*

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for any worshipers of the living God: Some are plainly evangelical in their sublimest sense, and direct reference. It is easy to give many more an evangelical turn. Of this Mr. Watts has given many excellent specimens in his Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament. The only exception I have against that admirable performance, wherein I think he has out-done himself, is, lest he should have carried too much of the Gospel into the sweet singer of Israel, and should lead some (who will not remember that this is only imitation) to mistake his sense for the proper meaning of the inspir'd Writer.

But I see no reason, why Christians should be ty'd down to the use of forms of praise, that were peculiarly fitted to a very different state of religion from their own, and to many peculiar circumstances of a single nation, singularly favour'd of God; or limited to the use of those, which, though they speak of evangelical times, and things, do it in the Jewish language, and in way of prophecy; or to those general forms that will suit any worshipers of the true God, without having any adapted to their own state and circumstances as Christian-worshipers, because they have none such divinely inspired. Why may not men uninspir'd

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*help themselves and fellow Christians to sing to God, by private compositions speaking after the Spirit of God in Scripture, or according to the common sense of mankind about the things of God?*

*It is certain, that in the first ages of Christianity, other compositions, besides the Psalms of David, &c. were used in this part of worship. The Apostle tells us plain enough in a passage cited above, that Psalms, were sung in Christian-assemblies at first by immediate suggestion of the Holy Spirit; for he blames them for giving vent to such suggestions, in breach of all natural order and decency: \* The Spirits of the Prophets, being subject to the Prophets. So that they were under no constraint to introduce any indecency or confusion into the publick assembly, tho' they were under a supernatural impulse, which would have been inevitable, if at the same time several had had a distinct psalm, or a distinct doctrine or revelation to have propos'd in the assembly; which, I think, was one of the irregularities among them, which the Apostle, † blames, and would have redressed, because it tended to confound all things, and break in upon all the rules of natural order;*

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\* 1 Cor. xiv. 32.

† Ver. 26.

Indeed,

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Indeed, had the Holy Spirit, in this part of their worship, suggested to every one in the assembly at once, the same psalm and tune, there would have been no confusion, but the most perfect harmony and order throughout. But this was not a gift poured out on an assembly, but on some particular members, for the common benefit; which end could never have been answered, if many should at once utter the same words for all to join in the song, and much less if they should at once propose every one a distinct psalm. For, that several bad gifts of the same sort, and were likely to breed confusion in the assembly, by showing these gifts, rather than by interfering with one another in those of a different kind, seems obvious to me, not only from the scope of the Apostle, but from the nature of the thing: It being more reasonable to think, that several of them should break out at once into a song, at the proper time for singing, than that they should utterly confound all the parts of worship, and be uttering psalms and doctrines, &c. all at once.

But be that as it will, 'tis plain from this passage, that divine songs were then suggested to many by the Holy Spirit, and that for publick worship: And that these were not David's psalms, seems most reaso-

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nable to believe, it being utterly needless that they should be deliver'd to the Church again by a new inspiration. We may as well suppose, that the doctrines and revelations here spoken of, were some of the old Jewish Scriptures delivered over again by a new Afflatus of the Holy Ghost. It seems to me therefore most reasonable to believe, that these were divine songs more suited to the evangelical worship and state.

Such were certainly in use after the first ages of the Apostles. The hymn, which, Pliny the younger tells his master Trajan, the Christians sung in honour of Christ, seems to me to have been such, whether it were a private composure, or an inspir'd one. Private compositions of this kind were certainly used by Christians, both in their families and assemblies. Tertullian in his Apologetick hath a passage full to this purpose; where, in the account he gives of the love-feasts among Christians, he tells us, that after the supper was ended, and water to wash their hands and the lamps were brought in, \* every one was call'd out to sing to God according to his ability,

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\* Post aquam manualem ex lumina, ut quisque de Scripturis sacris vel proprio ingenio potest provocatur in medium DEO canere. C. 39.

either

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either out of the Holy Scripture, or from his own invention. Eusebius also gives us a fragment of an ancient author, against the heresy of Artemon, (who denied our Saviour's divinity, and reduc'd him to a mere man) in which we are told that the \* psalms and hymns of the brethren, written at the beginning by the faithful, do celebrate the praises of Christ, and attribute divinity to him. It was also one of the charges against Paul of Samosata, who about sixty years after, reviv'd the error of Artemon, † that he abolished the psalms which were usually sung in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, as novel, and the compositions of modern men. ‡ Dionysius also of Alexandria is quoted by the same historian, as commending Nepos, an Egyptian Bishop, tho' otherwise a schismatick, for the many psalms and hymns he composed; with which many of the brethren were greatly delighted. From all which passages it is plain, that even in the earliest ages, hymns were used by private persons, and in publick worship, that were composed by Christians without divine inspiration.

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\* Eccl. Hist. L. V. c. 38. † Ibid. L. VII. c. 30.

‡ Ibid. c. 24.

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*I am not ignorant, indeed, nor will I dissemble, that the Council of Laodicea (which some make earlier, and some later than that of Nice) forbade the use of hymns compos'd by private bands; but then it must be remim'red, that the same Council prohibited private persons singing in Christian-assemblies, reserving this to the canonical chanters, as they call them: And whatever regard was paid to their canons in Phrygia; and the East, it is notorious, that in after-ages many such hymns, compos'd by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, by Prudentius, Fortunatus, &c. were introduc'd into the liturgies of the Latin Church, and continue in them to this day, as is manifest to any who will be at the pains to compare the hymns in the Roman Breviary, with those of the authors mention'd.*

*At the Reformation here, or about that time, David's, &c. psalms were not only turn'd into English metre, but it was also thought proper to turn some of these Latin hymns in like manner; such as Te Deum, Veni creator Spiritus, and to add some new ones, such as, The humble Suit of a Sinner, The Complaint of a Sinner, The Lamentation, &c. which were commonly bound up with the version of the psalms, by Sternhold, Hopkins, &c. and used both in*

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*in publick assemblies, and private familieſ, from the beginning of the Reformation, or at leaſt from its eſtablishment under Queen Elizabeth.*

*I do not find that the reformers abroad took the ſame liberty in this point, as ours did bere. The French psalmody, (which, if I miſtake not, is the pattern of moft of the Churcheſ called reformed) is confined to that of David, with one or two verſions more from Scripture. But the Lutherans have taken greater liberty: And Comenius tells us, that the Bohemian brethren had above ſeven hundred hymns in uſe amongſt them, beſides the psalms of David.*

*Several verſions of the psalms were attempted among us by Sir Philip Sydney, King James I. Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Geo. Sandys, Mr. Barton, Dr. Roberts, and perhaſ others, beſides ſome particular psalms by Bishop Hall, Lord Bacon, &c. before any addiſional hymns were composed. The firſt attempt of this kind, that has fallen under my obſervation, (beſides ſome few ſcriptural ſongs, put into metre, and ſet to muſick, by Mr. Ainsworth in his Annotations) was made by Mr. William Barton, Minister of St. Martin's, Leiceſter, who was firſt led into the deſign, as himſelf tells us, upon Mr. Baxter's deſire, that he would translat*

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translate the Te Deum into English metre. In the year 1659, he publish'd a century of Select Hymns, collected out of Scripture; and having add'd another century of Chapter Hymns, he publish'd both together, in the year 1670; and two years after that, two centuries of Psalm Hymns; and these, with two centuries more which he had left ready for the press, were publish'd again by his son, in the year 1688, under the title of, Six Centuries of Select Hymns and Spiritual Songs, collected out of the Holy Bible: And this is said to be a compleat collection of all he design'd for the press.

These hymns of Mr. Baston are a mere metrical version of some passages of the psalms, and other places of Scripture: REGARD is had in them to the variety of measures in the old psalm translation, and in this respect they may be prefer'd to most that came after. But the worthy author seems to have had little of a poetical genius, or at least to have taken care to conceal it in his version. Yet doubtless he took good pains in going through so large a work, and I believe has much pleas'd and benefited many serious Christians, both in private and in publick worship, by his labours.

The publick hearing received these with favour, and some impression being sold off others.

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others were encourag'd to attempt somewhat in the same way. The Songs of Praise, compos'd by good Mr. Mason, and The Penitential Cries, begun by the same hand, and carry'd on by another, past through several impressions with good acceptance, and have a very great favour of a serious and devout Spirit, and in many places, at least, rise much above Mr. Barton's poetry. These are neither versions nor paraprases of Scripture, but the pious suggestions of the author's own mind upon divers religious subjects. And, besides some collections from private hands, and an attempt to turn some of Mr. Herbert's poems into common metre, these I have mention'd were all the hymns I know to have been in common use, either in private families, or Christian-assemblies, 'till within a few years past.

Others, I know, have been compos'd for the Lord's Table. Those of Mr. Nathaniel Vincent I have not seen. Those of the very learned and judicious Mr. Joseph Boyle (now alive in Dublin) are well chosen from several passages of Scripture, and put into proper measures to be sung: But as he modestly disclaims a poetical talent, so, I doubt, he has affected to avoid giving them that beauty he was able, from his care to make them level to the meanest understanding.

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derstanding. This I am apt to think has a spice of superstition; for when many of the psalms of David, and other passages of Scripture, are flights of poetry in the original, in the perfect sublime, I see no reason why we must be content with a mere literal version, without any attempt to make the sense shine and strike in the translation, provided we don't obscure it, cut-soar the capacities of those that are to use them, and lay them under a necessity to sing without understanding.

Mr. Stennet, who has given us a collection of sacramental hymns, had a truly poetical make. His hymns are not only well chosen for the matter, and selected from proper passages of Scripture, but the christian, the serious, the devout Spirit breaths in every line, and the poet shines out in many beautiful passages. The language is proper and clean, the numbers for the most part easy and flowing, and there is nothing mean throughout the whole performance, though all is level to common understandings. Indeed, as himself complains, the common measures of our psalms are not very favourable to a vein of poetry: The lines are too short, and the breaks too frequent, to indulge a poetical fancy, or perform with any elegance. He also tells us, to be carefully avoided

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avoided bold flights, and some beathanish phrases, that he might not prejudice his design, and render his performance less grave, and pure, and perspicuous, than what was to be employ'd in the immediate service of God, and intended to edify common Christians, ought to be. But after all, he has perform'd worthily: The devout Christian, and judicious Divine shine throughout the performance; tho' the poet is, it may be, more concealed than he needed, or ought to have been.

But the ingenious Mr. Watts has outdone all that went before him, in the variety of his subjects, the smoothness of his verse, and the richness of his fancy. The lively imagination, and the devout heart, happily mix in his compositions. And if there be any thing which the criticks may think less correct, there are not many things which they will be able to mend. The *World*, I hope, will not do me the injury to think, that I aim at being his rival. These hymns are design'd as a supplement to his, not intended to supplant them. 'Twill satisfy my ambition, if they may assist the devotion of private Christians, or publick assemblies, upon such subjects as he hath not touched. I shall easily yield him the preference as to poetry. He hath much more of the poetical

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*fire in his make; he has enter'd more into the rules of art, and practis'd much more upon them, than I, who have hardly attempted any thing beyond what I now offer to the publick.*

*I do not set up for a poet. And yet 'tis no vanity to say, I aim at being more poetical, than some who have gone before me. I have labour'd to make the verse smooth, and the sense obvious and clear; to use propriety of expression, and to give as much ornament as I could to the subject, without rising above the level of ordinary understandings: And if I may please the common readers of divine poetry, and help the devotion of common Christians, I shall not be out of humour, tho' the criticks despise me.*

*I have more ty'd my self to rhyme than any of my predecessors, Mr. Barton excepted; having throughout taken care, either to rhyme in couplets, or in every other line. This, every one who has a taste of poetry, must be sensible has been a confinement to fancy. But in the method of singing, which generally prevails, and whilst the clerk gives out the matter to be sung by pieces of a sentence, it cannot but be of great advantage; and the more, where there are but few words to rhyme to the preceding close, (this many times suggesting the sense that is to follow)*

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follow) which yet is a great blemish to the poetry; the frequent recurring of the same sounds being apt to nauseate. Indeed, I wish this method of singing were more generally laid aside, and that all congregations did what some do, I mean, sing without reading. I am sure the duty would be perform'd with more pleasure, we should sing more with understanding, and, what is not the least consideration, should allow more time to this most delightful duty of our holy religion. Could this change be made, a strict regard to rhyme would be less necessary. But it is very useful on another consideration, rhyme being apt to engage the attention of youth, and help their memory, and render such compositions more easy to be got by heart, which I think is of great use: For I take poetry to be the pleasantest, and therefore the shortest way of conveying moral and religious instruction.

I have divided the whole into Three Books: The First is upon Various Subjects; The Second is more peculiarly adapted to the Lord's Table; The Third is fill'd with Hymns in some Uncommon Measures. In the two first books, I have thrown those hymns together that are of the same measure; having put those in common measure at the beginning; those in the measure

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of the old C. psalm next, and closed each with a few hymns, to the same measure with the old CXII. and CXIII. psalms; which last, I take to be the properest for English Lyricks.

I have not distributed the hymns so exactly under the three heads, but that some of the first book may be used at the Lord's Table, and some few of the second may be used on other occasions; but these last are very few.

The third book is wholly in peculiar measures, no line consisting of less than ten notes, or syllables. In these compositions I have given my self greater scope than in other parts, tho' not to cross my main purpose, which is, to assist the devotion of Christians in singing the praises of God. I hope any common audience may sing any hymn throughout the whole, with understanding. Some particular words may, perhaps, be out of their reach, but the rest of the sentence, and the connexion, will, in a great measure, help them to the general meaning.

I have, for the most part, work'd them out of my own fancy, and my materials for the pulpit. Sometimes I have borrow'd my Stamina from others. But wherever I have done so, I think I have either improv'd the verse,

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*verse, or else have so chang'd the form, and measures, and phrase, that the original author will hardly know it for his own. Thus in the first part I have taken several hints from the Penitential Cries. In the second from Mr. Boyse, Stennet, and Watts. In the third I have borrow'd materials from some of our more celebrated poets. But if they'll forgive me for spoiling the beauty of their pieces, to make the materials comply with my rhymes and measures, I am satisfy'd they will not strip me of my stolen plumes. In this part the hymns are fitted to four tunes; one of them is that of the old L. psalm, the other three are new.*

*And here I must add, that one great intention I had in publishing these hymns, is, to promote and improve psalmody. I long to see this part of divine worship better perform'd in all our congregations. I am far from thinking the Church is to be made a theatre. The musick of the voice should not drown the attention of the mind, or damp the devotion of the heart. But the regular singing a few well chosen tunes, in two or three parts, would be so far from bindering, that it would mightily help both attention and devotion. I mean, if the tunes are carefully adapted to the matter to be sung, so as that hymns of praise be set to a brisk and spright*

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*sprightly tune; penitential hymns, to a soft and melting tune; and psalms of instruction, to a grave and solemn one. For this reason I have, to the best of my skill, affix'd the name of a proper tune to each hymn, and taken care to have a set of tunes, in three parts, engraven on copper, and bound up with the hymns, which I have either compos'd my self, or selected out of a great collection of psalm tunes, which I have been many years making.*

*I shall rejoice, and God, I hope, will have glory, if any Christians, or congregations, be provoked by this attempt to improve in psalmody; and follow it with an earnest wish, that God may be more constantly prais'd in private families, and this part of his worship may be more laudably perform'd in publick assemblies. And let me add, that*

*I shall take it as a peculiar encouragement and testimony of respect from that congregation to which I minister, if they would but forward this attempt among themselves, and set an example to others. A small number, with a little resolution, would be sufficient to get over every difficulty.*

*I have now only to add, that of the tunes annexed, the authors of many are unknown, and have an U set over them, or no letter*

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at all: One is taken from the melodies of Mr. Hart, and mark'd, P. H. Three are taken from a set of psalm tunes, compos'd some years since, by Mr. Bishop, Organist of the College at Winchester, these have B set over them. Three are taken from the supplement to Tate and Brady, and have an S affixed to them. Two were compos'd by William Rogers, a name hardly known among the masters, yet his compositions are such in this way, as the artists, I believe, will not despise. These have W. R. affixed to them. Two were compos'd by Mr. Thomas Williams, to whom the lovers of psalmody are also indebted for most of the trebles to the rest; and I wish this may recommend him to encouragement, these have T. W. set over them. Those with S. B. are the author's own: If he falls under the censure of artists, for going out of his province, he must be content to bear the blame.





## ERRATA.

**P**Age 15. Line 13. for *bide* read *bide*:  
p. 18. l. 13. r. *Thy vengeance I defy.*  
p. 30. l. ult. r. *resolved.* p. 43. l. 14. r. *poor.*  
p. 76. l. 22. r. *LIX.* p. 82. l. ult. for *For* r.  
*Nor.* p. 94. l. 3. for 18 r. 13. p. 115. l.  
3. for 19 r. 9. p. 118. l. 19. r. *implor'd.*  
p. 128. l. 20. r. *thy hand.* p. 141. l. 15. r.  
*fruits.* p. 165. l. 23. r. *the pains.* p. 171.  
l. 25. r. *thy friends.* p. 184. l. 10. r. *then.*  
*will.* p. 198. l. 19. r. *LXXXIV.* p. 237.  
l. 26. r. *subject live.* p. 267. l. 19. r. *beasts.*  
p. 328. l. 3. r. *Eph. ii. 13, &c.* p. 332. l.  
3. r. *CXLVIII.* p. 342. l. 21. r. *fires.*  
p. 361. l. 8. for 3, put ,  
*Preface.* p. 4. l. 14. for *never* r. *ever.* p.  
10. l. 11. for *after* r. in. l. 12. for *of* r. *after.*

## Books Lately Publish'd.

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A  
**SETT**  
*of*  
*Tunes in 3 Parts*  
**(Mostly NEW)**  
*Fitted to the following*  
**HYMN S**

*But may be sung to any  
vers in the same measure*

---

**By Several HANDS**

*Francis Hoffman sculp.*

*E Mathews at the Bible in Faler Nether Row.*

## II S: Andrew's

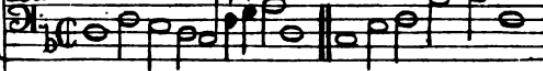
Tr.



Ten.



Ba.



## Dorchester

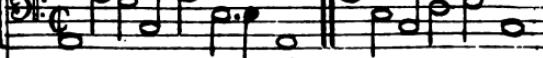
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Ten.



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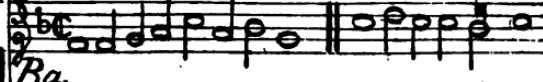


## Ely

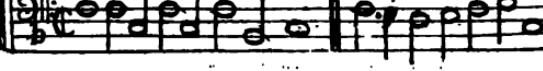
Tr.



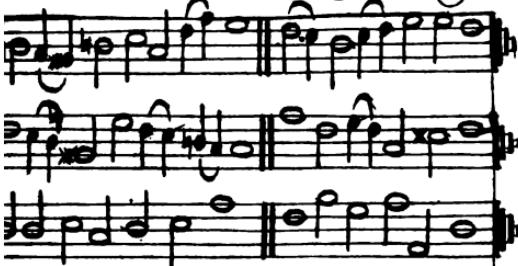
Ten.



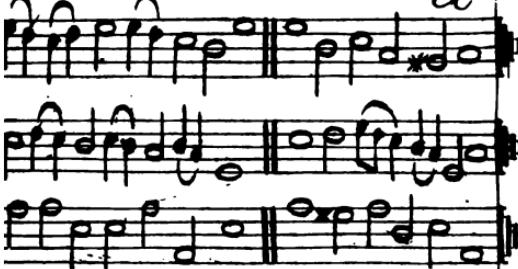
Ba.



III  
Tune



Tune ~~III~~ u



Tune ~~III~~



# Fairham <sup>IV</sup>

Handwritten musical score for three voices: Treble, Tenor, and Bass. The score consists of three staves. The Treble staff uses a soprano C-clef, the Tenor staff uses an alto F-clef, and the Bass staff uses a bass G-clef. The music is in common time. The Treble part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (pp) (p) (p) (p). The Tenor part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p). The Bass part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p).

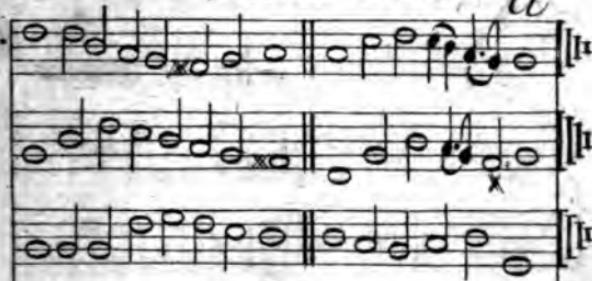
# Grantham

Handwritten musical score for three voices: Treble, Tenor, and Bass. The score consists of three staves. The Treble staff uses a soprano C-clef, the Tenor staff uses an alto F-clef, and the Bass staff uses a bass G-clef. The music is in common time. The Treble part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p). The Tenor part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p). The Bass part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p).

# St. James

Handwritten musical score for three voices: Treble, Tenor, and Bass. The score consists of three staves. The Treble staff uses a soprano C-clef, the Tenor staff uses an alto F-clef, and the Bass staff uses a bass G-clef. The music is in common time. The Treble part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p). The Tenor part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p). The Bass part has a continuous eighth-note pattern of (p) (p) (p) (p).

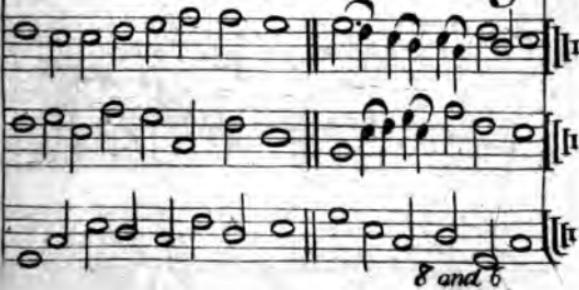
V  
Tune ~~W~~ u



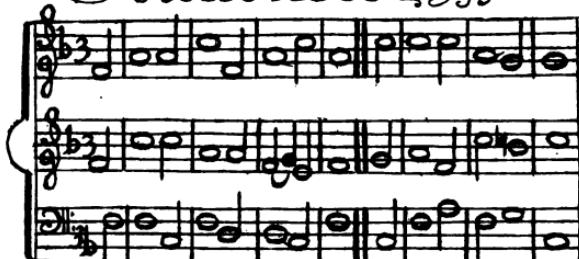
Tune ~~W~~ WR



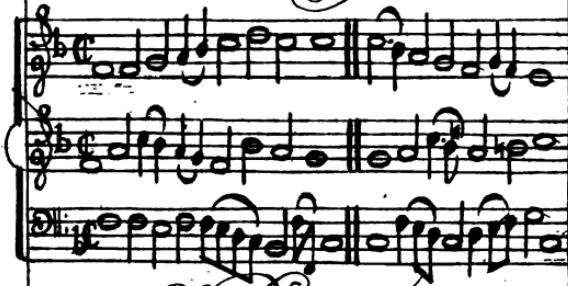
Tune ~~W~~ s



VI  
*Middlesex*



*Northampton*



*S. Peter's*



VII

Tunes 11



Tunes 11 B



Tunes 11



8 and 6

VIII

### Treble

Treble

## Treble

**IX**  
*Tunes*

*u*

A handwritten musical score for three voices. The top staff is for the soprano, the middle for the alto, and the bottom for the bass. The music consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth notes. The soprano and alto parts begin with a forte dynamic, while the bass part starts with a piano dynamic. The score is written on three staves, with each staff having four measures. The handwriting is in black ink on white paper.

## Tunes PH

PH

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) on three staves. The score includes measures 1-10, with measure 10 ending on a double bar line. The vocal parts are labeled Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns with various dynamics and rests.

Tuners TW

TW

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) on three staves. The score includes a tempo marking 'P' and dynamic markings 'f' (fortissimo) and 'p' (pianissimo). The music consists of measures 1 through 10, with a repeat sign and endings 1 and 2.

8 and 6

Arundel

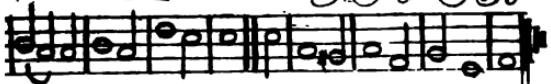
x

*S:t Edmund*

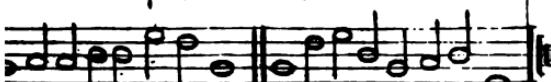
# Essex

xi

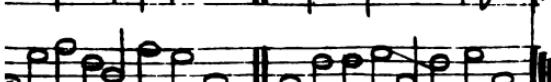
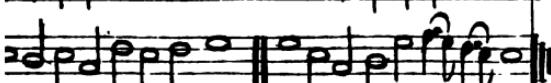
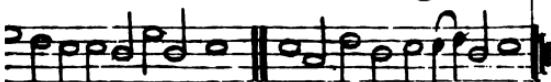
Tunes. S.B



Tunes. U



Tunes. G.W.



all 8

XII

## Alsley

Treble      Tenor      Bass

## Nassau

Treble      Tenor      Bass

## Warrwick

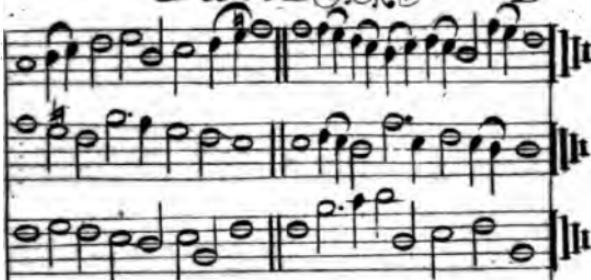
Treble      Tenor      Bass

all 10

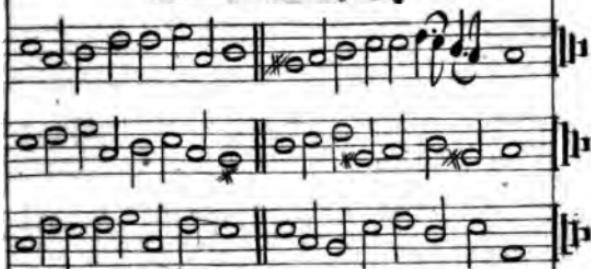
XIII

Tune

B

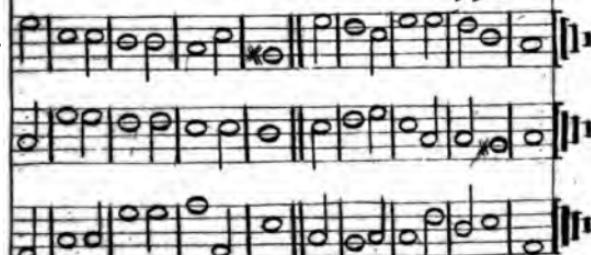


Tune



Tune

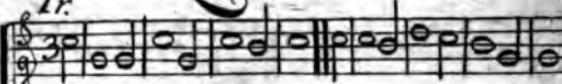
WR



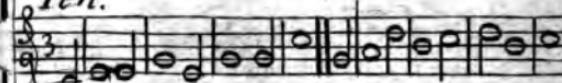
all 8

*S:t Luke's* <sup>XIV</sup>

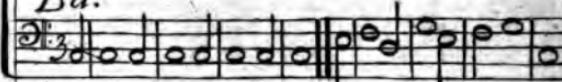
*Tr.*



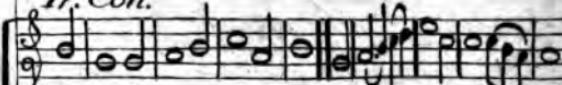
*Ten.*



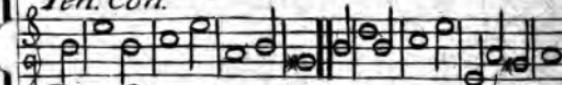
*Ba.*



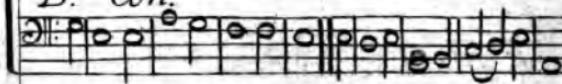
*Tr. Con.*



*Ten. Con.*



*B. Con.*



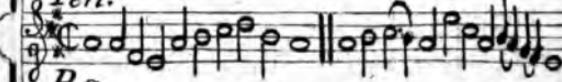
*Chichester*

*Tr.*



*g' is mi*

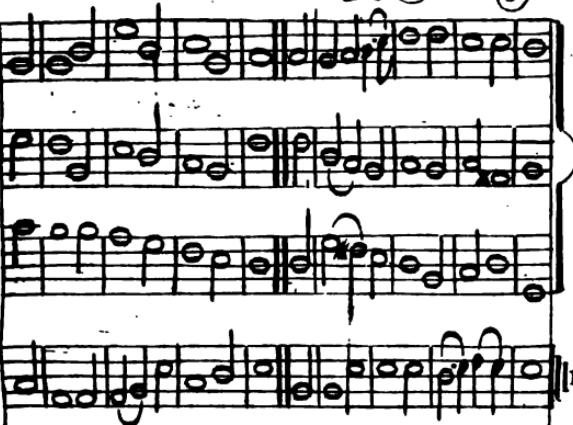
*Ten.*



*Ba.*



XV  
Tunes. S



all 10

XVI  
Hannover—

*Treble*

Handwritten musical score for the Treble part of 'Hannover'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Tenor*

Handwritten musical score for the Tenor part of 'Hannover'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Bass*

Handwritten musical score for the Bass part of 'Hannover'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Bedford—

*Treble*

Handwritten musical score for the Treble part of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Tenor*

Handwritten musical score for the Tenor part of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Bass*

Handwritten musical score for the Bass part of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Tr. contin*

Handwritten musical score for the Treble continuation of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Ten. contin*

Handwritten musical score for the Tenor continuation of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*Ba:contin*

Handwritten musical score for the Bass continuation of 'Bedford'. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

XVII

## Tunes. S.B.

all 10.

## Tunes. B

6 lines all 8.

XVIII f is mi  
Devonshire Tunes

Ten. *U*

Bass

6 lines all 8

# Torrington Tunes.

Treb.



Ten.

SB



Bass



6 lines all 10.

XX  
Kingston or Old L: Psal:Tune

Treb.

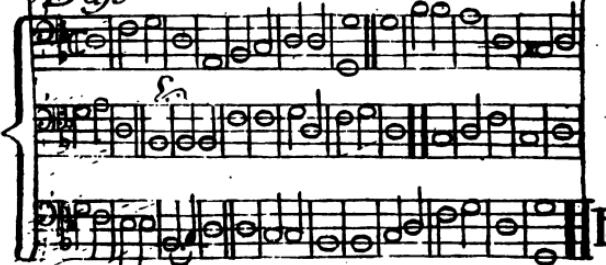


Ten:

U



Bass



4 lines 10 & 2 11.



# H Y M N S

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.



### BOOK I.

ON

*Various Subjects and Occasions.*



#### I. *Morning Hymn.*

(*Portsmouth Tune.*)



HE veil of night is now withdrawn,  
And day salutes our eyes:  
Fatigu'd and spent we laid us  
down,

Refresh'd and hail we rise.

B

S&S

Safe guarded by th' Almighty arm,  
 Securely we have slept:  
 Whilst he who never sleeps, from harm  
 Our senseless bodies kept.

Our busy thought in languid dream  
 Just liv'd, or dy'd in sleep:  
 Whilst ev'ry sense, and ev'ry limb,  
 Lay bound in slumbers deep.

Unthinking thus, and impotent,  
 We pass'd the night away:  
 Could nothing relish, or resent,  
 Nor form one wish of day.

But kindling day reviv'd the flame,  
 And rous'd our sleeping pow'rs:  
 Recov'ring thought shook off the dream,  
 And marks the passing hours.

Tir'd faculties awake repair'd,  
 Lost vigour life regains:  
 Thus we're for daily work prepar'd,  
 And thus forget our pains.

Come then, let's early thanks repay,  
 To him who never sleeps:  
 He shades the night, he gilds the day,  
 Our sleeping dust he keeps.

Let's live to him, whose quick'ning voice  
 A dying life prolongs:  
 As daily he renews our joys,  
 Let us repeat our songs.

## *Spiritual SONGS.*

5

### *II. Night Hymn.*

*Fareham Tune.)*

**A**ND now, my soul, the circling sun  
Has all his beams withdrawn :  
Once more his daily race is run,  
And gloomy night comes on.

Thus one day more of life is gone,  
A doubtful few remain :  
Come then review what thou hast done,  
Eternal life to gain.

Dost thou get forward in thy race,  
As time still posts away ?  
And dye to sin, and grow in grace,  
With ev'ry passing day ?

This day what conquests hast thou gain'd ?  
What lust is overcome ?

What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,  
To bring thee nearer home ?

Alas ! this life will soon be past,  
'Tis dying ev'ry day :  
But do thy hopes make equal haste ?  
Or negligence betray ?

Do they more strong and lively grow,  
And make more pure from sin ?  
Give more contempt of things below,  
More peace create within ?

B 2

Oh'

Oh ! do not pass this life in dreams,  
 To be surpriz'd by death:  
 And sink unthinking down to flames,  
 When I resign my breath.

No : ev'ry day thy course review,  
 Thy real state to learn :  
 And with renewed zeal pursue,  
 Thy great and chief concern.

### III. *Self-Dedication.*

(*Dorchester Tune.*)

**T**OO long, alas ! too long I've liv'd,  
 From thee, my God, withdrawn.  
 Lord of my self, my self believ'd,  
 And thought me all mine own.  
 Thus I thy sacred rights deny'd,  
 And did thee utmost wrong :  
 And to my use those things apply'd,  
 Which did to thee belong.  
 But now I see and own my crime,  
 Mine heinous guilt deplore :  
 To thee I yield my life, my time,  
 My self, and all my store.  
 For Jesu's sake accept what's thine,  
 Though long to thee refus'd :  
 My self shall be no longer mine,  
 Nor ought of me misus'd.

Thy

## *Spiritual SONGS.*

5

Thy bus'ness shall my thoughts employ,  
My time thy service claim ;  
Thy laws be my delight and joy,  
Thy glory still mine aim.  
With me I offer all that's mine,  
'Tis sacred now to thee :  
Self I renounce, mine all resign,  
Thine evermore to be.  
Command, I'll gladly now obey,  
Nor once dispute thy will :  
Dispose of me in thine own way,  
I'll be complying still.  
'Tis pleasing, Lord, to yield thy right,  
And give my self away :  
The act affords sincere delight,  
And God commends the joy.

## *IV. The Election.*

*Grantham Tune.)*

**T**hanks to my God, my choice is made,  
And by his help shall stand :  
No more shall sense my soul mislead,  
Nor brutish lust command.  
I now look down with vast disdain,  
On all inferior things :  
In vain wealth shews its charms, in vain  
Soft pleasures hide their stings.

Grandeur and state I now despise,  
 In all their pomp array'd ;  
 Whilst to my glad believing eyes  
 A brighter scene's display'd.

For heav'n mine heart is fully fix'd,  
 Nor will its hopes forego :  
 There boundless treasures, joys unmix'd,  
 And living pleasures flow.

There ev'ry want shall be supply'd,  
 And my whole soul be blest'd :  
 And dwell for ever satisfy'd,  
 Of boundless good posses'd.

No length of time the stock shall waste,  
 Or this estate impair :  
 Fruition will improve the taste,  
 Of ev'ry pleasure there.

There would I make my long abode,  
 Where such a treasure is :  
 Lord, guide me through the narrow road,  
 And bring me safe to bliss.

### V. *The Renunciation.*

*St. James's Tune.)*

**V**Ain world thy cheating arts give o'er,  
 Thine offers I despise :  
 In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,  
 Before enlighten'd eyes.

Bribe.

## *Spiritual SONGS.*

7

Bribe me no more with shining dust,  
To cast my self away:  
Nor seek by soft enchanting lust,  
To lead me still astray.

Oh! no, my soul I'll never sell  
For any earthly gain:  
Nor swim in pleasure down to hell,  
To fiery woe and pain.

I'll never quit substantial bliss  
For flat and frothy mirth:  
Nor heav'ly wealth contented miss,  
For all the stores on earth.

I'll never part with gold for dross,  
With solid good for shew:  
Outlive my bliss, and mourn the loss  
In everlasting woe.

I'll never lose the living God,  
For one short dream of joy:  
With fond embrace cling to a clod,  
And fling all heav'n away.

Vain world thy vain attempt forbear,  
I all thy charms defy,  
And rate my precious soul too dear,  
For all thy wealth to buy.

B 4

VI. *The*

VI. *The Preference of God's Favour  
to worldly Enjoyments. Psa. iv. 6, 7, 8.  
Middlesex Tune.)*

**L**E T worldlings gilded toys pursue,  
With fond and fierce desires :  
My mind hath brighter things in view,  
To nobler good aspires.

Let God his pleasing face display,  
And smile upon my soul :  
Thus let him drive my doubts away,  
And all my fears controul :

Let him with friendly splendor shine,  
And feast mine hungry eyes ;  
And with the plenitude divine,  
My craving heart suffice.

This will immortal joy create,  
Joy that will flourish still :  
Sincere delight, and far too great  
For sensual minds to feel.

They may their stores of corn and wine,  
Their wealth and honours prize :  
To them these trifles I resign,  
And their mean joys despise.

Nay with such high vouchsafements blest,  
I fear not want nor harm :  
They'll give my soul delight and rest,  
And ev'ry foe disarm.

Serenely

## *Spiritual SONGS.*

9

Serenely I can yield my breath,  
And lay me in a grave;  
Fearless can face approaching death,  
The king of terrors brave.  
Tho' I must leave my flesh behind  
To moulder into dust,  
Twill sleep a while, but wake resum'd,  
When God shall raise the just.

### *VII. Satisfaction and Security.*

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**E S, 'tis enough. I'm safe and blest,  
If God be truly mine:  
To worldlings I can leave the rest,  
Nor at their stores repine.  
I shall not live without my share,  
Of all that's good below:  
Beneath his providential care  
Shall still securely go.  
Or should I suffer for his sake,  
He'll needful strength impart:  
Peace to my troubled soul he'll speak,  
And raise my sinking heart.  
Ally'd to heavenly minds above,  
I here on earth shall live:  
Kind visits from the God of love,  
Shall frequently receive.

B. G.

And

And when I pass the vale of death,  
With horrors overspread,  
On all my soul he'll vigour breath,  
And heav'nly comfort shed.

Soon as the bonds of life untie,  
Will full release be giv'n:  
Kind seraphs will be standing by,  
To bear my soul to heav'n.

To heav'n where boundless glories shine,  
And boundless pleasures flow:  
Where bliss, consummate and divine,  
Will never period know.

Lord, 'tis enough. I'm safe and bless'd,  
If thou be truly mine:  
Nor am I of my self posses'd,  
'Till I am wholly thine.

### VIII. *Peace, Pleasure, and Safety.*

(*Portsmouth Tune.*)

Well! since my gracious God has laid  
His just resentments by;  
Since he will hear my Saviour plead  
For such a wretch as I:  
Since my proud heart by grace subdu'd,  
Now yields him up his throne:  
The ancient friendship is renew'd,  
And I again his own.

I'll banish all my guilty fears,  
And still my troubled breast:

I'll stop the torrent of my tears,  
And charm my heart to rest.

'Tis now, *my God*, the very sound  
Spreads pleasure thro' my soul:  
With grace he'll compass me around,  
And all my foes controul.

He'll be my helper and my hope,  
My leader and my guard;  
My pow'rful patron and my prop,  
My sure and rich reward.

No weight can make me sink, whilst he  
Puts underneath his arm:  
No dangers make me fear or flee,  
Whilst he defends from harm.

#### IX. *Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

(*St. Peter's Tune.*)

**W**HAT have I done? alas, my God!  
Where hath the wanderer been?  
What fatal mazes have I trod!  
Led by the lure of sin!

Far off from thee my soul hath stray'd,  
And after idols run:  
Thus I the foolish wanton play'd.  
*Ah! Lord! what have I done?*

The living spring of boundless joys,  
I blindly have forsook:  
And in pursuit of very toys,  
The road to ruin took.

With lab'ring hands and plodding brain,  
I've hewn the rugged stone,  
And broken cisterns form'd with pain:  
Alas! what have I done?

From off my neck thy gentle yoke,  
I with contempt have torn:  
Thro' all the bonds of duty broke,  
And treated thee with scorn.

I have thy property deny'd,  
And call'd my self mine own,  
To humour my rebellious pride:  
Ah! Lord! what have I done?

With heart unshaken I have heard:  
Thy dreadful thunders roar:  
When grace in all its charms appear'd,  
I only sinn'd the more.

I've brav'd thy glowing vengeance, Lord,  
And spurn'd thy bleeding son;  
Have both thy love and laws abhor'd:  
Alas! what have I done?

A slave to Sathan I have been,  
And drudg'd to do his will:  
I've freely sold my self to sin,  
And wear my fetters still.

I ne'er

I ne'er on death or danger thought,  
But still kept finning on,  
And thus mine own Destruction sought:  
Ah ! Lord ! what have I done ?

*X. The Sinner's Distress.*

(The same Tune.)

BY thy victorious hand struck down,  
Here prostrate, Lord, I ly :  
And shake to see my Maker frown,  
Whom once I did defy.

Those sins which once with boundless spite,  
I pointed at thy throne,  
Driv'n back by thy resistless might,  
Cut thro' an heart of stone.

'Tis wounded, Lord ! I feel the pain,  
The anguish makes me roar :  
The richest balsams all are vain,  
Nor can they ease the sore.

I breath in groans and dismal sighs,  
My drink is briny tears ;  
My language lamentable cries,  
Fore'd from me by my fears.

My kindest friends attempt, in vain,  
To mitigate my grief :  
Their efforts but encrease my pain,  
And yield me no relief.

TO

To shun the hated light of day,  
I close my guilty eyes:  
The sun with ev'ry cheering ray,  
Adds still to my surprize.

Life is a load too heavy grown,  
And yet I fear to dye:  
I hate to stay, nor dare be gone:  
Ah! what a wretch am I?

I feel a very hell within,  
Nor can my self endure:  
I'm sick, sick to the death of sin,  
Where shall I get a cure?

### XI. *Self-Abasement.*

(*St. Andrew's Tune.*)

**L**ORD, what a loathsome wretch am I?  
How brutish have I been?  
Here blushing at thy feet I lye,  
For all mine heinous sin.

So vile a wretch was never bred,  
On this vile earth before:  
My soul with filth is overspread,  
'Tis leprosy all o'er.

My reason hath a pander been,  
To brutal appetite:  
My heart's the very sink of sin,  
The seat of vain delight.

My

My thoughts are all impure or vain,  
My breath pollutes the air:  
Defilements of the deepest stain,  
On my whole life appear.

Lord, to thy pure and holy eyes,  
I'm all offensive grown:  
One whom thou should'st abhor, despise,  
And utterly disown.

My glory is departed quite,  
My beauty all decay'd:  
To shun the sharp reproach of light,  
I hid my self in shade.

Confounded, Lord, I wrap my face,  
And hang my guilty head:  
Asham'd of all my wicked ways,  
The hateful life I've led.

A fool, a wretch, a base ingrate,  
A monster I have been:  
But now I loath, abhor, and hate  
My self, and ev'ry sin.

### XII. *The Sinner's Hope.*

(Fareham Tune.)

AND must I sink beneath my load,  
By weighty guilt born down!  
How should I 'scape an angry God?  
Or bear his killing frown?

No.

No, 'tis in vain, I know, to fly,  
 Nor can I bear my load:  
 But may not such a wretch as I  
 Find mercy with my God?

*He* might (who can his pow'r withstand?)  
 Drive me to fiery pain:  
 But he restrains his lifted hand,  
 And lets me here remain.

Why should he thus forbear to slay,  
 If not inclin'd to spare?  
 And shall I fling all hope away,  
 And yield to wild despair?

This were my sad account to swell,  
 Too big to be forgiv'n:  
 All sins lead down to death and hell,  
 But this shuts out of heav'n.

No, I will hope for grace divine;  
 And pard'ning mercy still:  
 Others with guilt as great as mine,  
 Have gained his good will.

*Peter* deny'd his blessed Lord,  
 Thrice almost in a breath:  
*Paul* rag'd against his heav'nly word,  
 And hunted saints to death.

*Mary of Magdala* had been  
 By sev'n foul fiends possess'd:  
 Yet *Peter*, *Paul*, and *Magdalen*,  
 Were with forgivenc's bles'd.

Why

## Spiritual SONGS.

17

Why may not I like grace obtain?  
Did not my Saviour dye?  
Or did he shed his blood in vain,  
To ransom such as I?

What, tho' my guilt be great, 'tis not  
Too great to be forgiv'n;  
When Jesus's blood this favour bought,  
Who pleads the price in heav'n.

With gentle voice I hear him call,  
" Come thou with guilt oppress'd,  
" On me let all thy burthen fall,  
" I give the weary rest.

The door I find is open still,  
Whate'er my guilt has been:  
And since 'tis my Redeemer's will,  
I'll humbly venture in.

### XIII. *The Sinner's Confession and Prayer.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**D**Exploring my offences, Lord,  
Here at thy feet I lye:  
By thee condemn'd, by thee abhor'd,  
Ah! what a wretch am I.

Oft have I with contemptuous pride  
Transgress'd thy holy law;  
And that Almighty pow'r defy'd,  
That keeps the world in awe.

With

With impious hands from off thy head  
 I've sought to pluck the crown;  
 And insolently dar'd to tread,  
 Thy royal honour down.

Tho' heav'ly hofts thy pow'r revere,  
 And stoop to thy command:  
 Tho' earthly kings thy subjects are,  
 Nor can thy pow'r withstand:

With haughty air I've bid thee lay,  
 Thine useles scepter by;  
 Have said, thy will I'll ne'er obey,  
 And thy revenge defy.

Prodigious guilt! alas, my God;  
 How faulty have I been!  
 Who can support the heavy load  
 Of so much sinful sin?

~~Met~~ humbly at thy feet I fall,  
 Thy mercy to implore:  
 For Jesus's sake forgive me all,  
 Wipe out my guilty score.

On mine hard heart thy pow'r display,  
 And melt away the stone:  
 Then shall I readily obey,  
 And yield thee up thy throne.

XIV. *Sinner's Confession.*

*Edmund's Tune.)*

Ust, dreadful God ! what have I done !  
How injur'd and affronted heav'n !  
anks to thy name that, thro' thy Son,  
vile a wretch may be forgiv'n.

thy command I now am come,  
ith grief my follies to recount :  
t ah ! to what a monstrous sum  
> my transgressions, Lord, amount ?  
uch sooner might I number all  
e glittering stars that deck the sky ;  
e drops in mighty show'rs that fall,  
those in driving mists that fly.

as ! how often have I broke  
y good, and just, and holy Laws ?  
d from my neck shook off thy yoke,  
ithout remorse ; with self applause ?

ow oft have I withstood the light,  
> favour my beloved sin ?  
ow oft transgres'd thy laws, in spite  
fall the checks I felt within ?

ow oft my sins have acted o'er,  
hen mine own conscience did dissuade ;  
d run afresh upon the score,  
ite of the promises I made ?

How

How oft thy patience have abus'd,  
And dar'd thee boldly to thy face?  
How oft thine heav'nly call refus'd,  
And slighted all thine offer'd grace?

How oft have scorn'd the greatest good,  
And endless life and bliss despis'd?  
Have trampled on redeeming blood,  
And pour'd contempt upon thy Christ?

Dread Lord! to what a frightful sum,  
Do my foul faults and follies rise!  
They break my heart, they strike me dumb,  
With heavy grief, and huge surprize.

As clouds, thick clouds they now ascend,  
Rise up to thine eternal throne:  
With their loud cry the heav'ns they rend,  
And urge thy flaming vengeance on.

But, Lord, let thy just vengeance stay,  
A while the prostrate wretch forbear:  
Attend to my Redeemer's plea,  
And for his sake to mine give ear.

I have thy word; those who confess  
With heart contrite their sins to thee,  
Thou wilt accept, forgive and bless;  
These favours now vouchsafe to me.

XV. *Sinner suing for Mercy.*

(Dorchester Tune.)

LORD, at thy feet a sinner lies,  
And knocks at mercy's door,  
With heavy heart and down-cast eyes,  
Thy favour to implore.

On me the vast extent display,  
Of thy forgiving love:  
Take all mine heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.

I sink with all this weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to death and hell:

Oh give my labouring soul some rest,  
My numerous fears dispel.

'Tis mercy, mercy I implore,  
I wou'd thy bowels move:

Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thy self art love.

Oh! for thine own, for Jesus's sake,  
My many sins forgive:

This grace my rocky heart will break,  
My breaking heart relieve.

Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,  
And thy dominion own:

Nor let a rival more pretend,  
To repose thy throne.

I'll shun each snare that heretofore  
Has led my foul astray:  
To wicked inclinations more  
I never will give way.

Each old companion I'll forsake,  
Who tempted me to ill;  
But them my dear familiars make,  
Who God's commands fulfil.

His word and spirit still shall lead,  
In ev'ry thing I do:  
By their direction I'll proceed,  
And their advice pursue.

What is his will, with utmost care,  
I'll from his word enquire:  
I'll live devoted to his fear,  
And to his love aspire.

On heav'n I'll fix my longing eyes,  
And there expect my rest:  
The only way to prove me wise,  
Or make me truly blest'd.

Thus 'tis my purpose to proceed,  
But I thine help expect:  
Lord, give the succour I shall need,  
To bring it to effect.

XVIII. *The Sinner applying by Faith  
to a Saviour.*

Fareham Tune.)

LORD, at thy call I now am come,  
With guilt and want oppress'd :  
Oh! take the foolish vagrant home,  
And give the weary rest.

I thirst for thy forgiving grace,  
Free pardon I implore :  
Oh! let thy Blood my crimes efface,  
And clear my guilty score.

I long to see an angry God  
Look merciful and mild :  
Oh! quench his vengeance with thy blood,  
And shew him reconcil'd.

Nor will a pardon, Lord, suffice,  
Or my high thirst allay :  
I'd have my grov'ling spirit rise,  
And cast her clogs away.

Oh! by thy spirit's influence,  
Each heavy passion move :  
On all my soul shed light and sense,  
Shed life and holy love.

Let her indeed become divine,  
From dross and filth refin'd :  
With heav'nly lustre make her shine,  
For heav'nly life design'd.

These are the goods I covet, Lord!  
 Nor can I be deny'd:  
 But trust thy never failing word,  
 And hope to be supply'd.

XIX. *To Day, while it is called to  
 Day, harden not your Hearts.*

Dorchester *Tune.*)

**W**ake, drowsy foul, from sin awake,  
 And run the christian race:  
 To this great work thy self betake,  
 Whilist 'tis a day of grace.

The gospel sounds, the spirit moves,  
 God courts thee to be bleſſ'd:  
 He kindly thy delays reproves,  
 And prompts to wiser haste.

What means this sloth? what, wilt thou  
 Fold up thy sluggish arms? (still  
 Slight thy Redeemer's great good will?  
 And disregard his charms?

Wilt thou again God's patience try?  
 Again new hazards run?  
 Nor to a Saviour's bosom fly,  
 And fiery vengeance shun?

What! on the brink of boundless woe,  
 Wilt thou keep dreaming on?  
 Nor heed the shrieks and flames below,  
 'Till ev'ry hope is gone?

Up,

Up, to thy Saviour hafte away,  
His needful help implore:  
Beg he would bless thy soul with day,  
Thy better mind restore.

Lay ev'ry other bus'ness by,  
And this great bus'ness mind:  
Swift thy uncertain moments fly,  
And few remain behind.

Oh! let th' important work be done,  
Done *whilst 'tis call'd to day*:  
Lest thou the time of hope outrun,  
And rue the mad delay.

### XX. *Thankful Improvement of a Day of Grace.*

Northampton *Tune.*)

**A** LL thanks to thine indulgence, Lord!  
Yet 'tis a day of grace:  
I hear the reconciling word,  
The word of life and peace.

Yet thine ambassadors entreat,  
And court me to be bless'd:  
My false and fickle mind is yet  
With truths divine impres'd.

With me my strong convictions stay,  
My fears still urge me on:  
Thy spirit, griev'd with my delay,  
Is not provok'd and gone.

But will this day forever last?  
 Nor night nor period know?  
 The time of patience ne'er be past,  
 Nor God resentment show?

Alas! I stand upon the brink  
 Of everlasting death:  
 At once to boundless woes I sink,  
 If he should stop my breath.

Yield now, my soul, without delay,  
 Bid ev'ry lust farewell:  
 To thy Redeemer haste away,  
 And 'scape from death and hell.

Yet 'tis indeed a day of grace;  
 But God hath long forborn:  
 And should'st thou let this season pass,  
 The like may ne'er return.

*XXI. Divine Condescension admir'd.  
 St. James's Tune.)*

**L**ORD, 'tis a stoop in thee to view,  
 What shining seraphs do:  
 Though they in constant raptures sing,  
 The glories of their King.

But oh! how dost thou condescend?  
 When man is made thy friend?  
 When despicable dust may be,  
 With its own Maker free!

When

When those who were by sin undone,  
Are ransom'd by thy Son !

And from his death may hope derive,  
To keep their souls alive !

When rebels to thy laws and crown,  
May lay their weapons down :  
Again may see thy smiling face,  
And triumph in thy grace !

When humbled sinners may draw near,  
Nor thy just vengeance fear !  
May at thy footstool gladly bend,  
And find thee yet their friend !

May hear thy kind forgiving voice,  
And in thy love rejoice !

May to thy holy house repair,  
And meet a welcome there !

May on provisions all divine,  
At thine own table dine !

Nay to thine heav'n at length may rise,  
And dwell in paradise.

Lord, what a stoop is this in thee !  
What grace to such as we !

To thee so let it bind my heart,  
That we may never part.

XXII. *Divine Patience, Grace, and  
Condescension, subduing the Sinner's  
Heart.*Dorchester *Tune.*)

A ND wilt thou still a wretch pursue,  
 With fresh intreaties, Lord !  
 And court this stubborn heart anew,  
 And melt it by thy word !  
 Will God a very worm intreat,  
 To be his Maker's friend !  
 And oft refus'd, his suit repeat,  
 And its success attend !  
 Will he, at whose tremendous bar  
 I shortly must appear,  
 And from his mouth, with trembling heart,  
 My final sentence hear :  
 Will he, with long endearment try  
 My wilful heart to win ?  
 To save so vile a wretch as I,  
 From misery and sin !  
 Surprizing stoop ! and shall I still  
 Thy glorious friendship shun ?  
 Still slight thy grace, resist thy will ?  
 Resolve to be undone !

Is it, my soul, an easy state,  
In endless flames to dwell?  
Wilt thou not sink with double weight,  
Down to the lowest hell?  
Whilst, gracious God, thy tender heart,  
Shall quite relentless prove?  
Nor all my cries, nor all my smart,  
One thought of pity move?  
Prevent this frightful ruin, Lord,  
Make my hard heart comply:  
Once utter the commanding word,  
And ev'ry bar shall fly.

**XXIII. Sinner's Reflection on his lost Condition.**

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**L**ost! who the dreadful sound can bear,  
Or its full import know!  
Tis charg'd with horror and despair,  
With death and boundless woe:  
What! must I part with thee, my God,  
The source of all my bliss!  
Be banish'd from thy blest abode!  
How sad a doom is this!  
When God is gone, what can remain!  
All else is dung and dross:  
Yet must I part with this poor gain!  
To aggravate my loss!

Must I e'er long sink down to hell,  
 To darkness and despair!  
 With raging fiends forever dwell,  
 And thy full vengeance bear!

No, gracious God, some pity take,  
 Stretch out thy saving hand:  
 And, for my dear Redeemer's sake,  
 Deliv'rance now command.

Thanks to amazing patience, Lord,  
 Some respite yet is giv'n:  
 Thro' grace this wretch may be restor'd,  
 And made an heir of heav'n.

Spare me, dear God, my sin forgive,  
 My sinful heart renew:  
 Speak thou the word, I yet shall live,  
 And sing thy praises too.

*XXIV. The lost Sinner's Hope, and Application unto God for Relief.*

Ely Tune.)

HOW is my foul with terror tost,  
 And overwhelm'd with grief!  
 Sad sound to hear! what, am I lost!  
 And lost beyond relief!

No: thanks to rich redeeming grace,  
 Thanks to a dying Lord:  
 Yet have I room to make my peace,  
 And hope to be restor'd.

Thou

Thou God of wisdom, make me wise,  
The way of life to know :  
Thy Christ, to my enlighten'd eyes,  
In all his glories show.

Oh ! let his love enkindle mine,  
And all my soul subdue :  
Make me to him my self resign,  
And form me all anew.

Make me the sin of sin to know,  
And part with ev'ry lust :  
In its own form the Monster show,  
To give me full disgust.

And whilst I bear a Saviour's name,  
Let me obey his laws :  
Nor ever my profession shame,  
Or once desert his cause.

Thus may I hope, though now undone,  
To be restor'd again ;  
Thy just and dreadful wrath to shun,  
And heav'ly life obtain.

#### *XXV. Receiving Christ and walking in Him.*

Northampton *Tune.*)

**L**ORD, I confess thy rightful claim,  
And yield to thy command :  
To own thy dear, thy pow'ful name,  
I here rejoicing stand.

C

To

To thee, my Saviour and my Lord,  
I my whole self resign :  
By thee to hope and life restor'd,  
I will be ever thine.

Thy merit shall my shelter be,  
From God's avenging hand;  
Thy spirit shall my spirit free,  
From sin's impure command.

Here to his influence and sway,  
I offer up my mind :  
Thence let him purge the filth away,  
Nor leave a spot behind.

Let him each dull affection move,  
And melt my frozen heart :  
Through all my soul diffuse thy love,  
And life divine impart.

Then with unwear'y'd zeal shall I  
The best design pursue :  
Shall stand resolv'd for heav'n and thee,  
And ev'ry foe subdue.

Then shall I worldly charms despise,  
And tread the tempter down :  
Shall mount triumphing to the skies,  
And wear a glorious crown.

Thus I a dying life would spend,  
Obedient to thy will :  
And then the heav'nly hills ascend,  
To serve thee better still.

XXVI. *The Redeemer's Name obliges  
to depart from Sin.**The same Tune.)*

DEAR Jesus, I thy name adore,  
 The Saviour and the King:  
 At once I own thy sov'reign pow'r,  
 And thy salvation sing.  
 Thou hast my gasping hopes restor'd,  
 Who for my sins wast slain:  
 By thee redeem'd, to thee, my Lord,  
 I wholly now pertain.  
 And shall I still in sin proceed,  
 And still rebellious prove?  
 Make all thy wounds afresh to bleed,  
 And thus requite thy love?  
 Forbid it, Lord: no, I abhor  
 The very form of vice:  
 No more shall lust command, no more  
 Shall treacherous sin entice.  
 Here to thy gracious influence,  
 I offer all my soul:  
 Take each vile inclination thence,  
 And make it clean and whole.  
 Fain would I feel within my breast  
 The force of heav'nly love:  
 Fain would to God, my life and rest,  
 With strong affection move.

Pour out thy mighty love, dear Lord,  
 On all mine inner frame:  
 And daily fresh supplies afford,  
 To keep alive the flame.

**XXVII. *The Condescension and Grace  
 of a Redeemer, conquering the Sin-  
 ner's Heart.***

*St. James's Tune.)*

**W**ILT thou with such endearments  
 Complying sinners, Lord ! (treat  
 Vouchsafe thy self with them to eat,  
 And feast them at thy board ?

Wilt thou their crimson guilt remove,  
 And for their crimes atone ?

Commend them to thy Father's love,  
 And bless them with thine own ?

Wilt thou thy stores of grace display,  
 Before their ravish'd eyes ?

And bear their rising souls away,  
 To their own native skies ?

Wilt thou the fearful pilgrims guard,  
 The howling desert through ?  
 And their persisting zeal reward,  
 With heav'nly glory too ?

Lord,

Lord, what hard heart can still withstand,  
And still rebellious prove?

Refuse to bow to thy command,  
Or to accept thy love?

O'ercome by glorious grace, I now  
My former war give o'er:  
To thy command I gladly bow,  
And will rebel no more.

*XXVIII. The complying Sinner's Pur-  
poses as to his future Conduct.*

(*Portsmouth Tune.*)

Y~~E~~ES, gracious Lord, since thou hast still  
The kind design pursu'd,  
And to the dictates of thy will,  
My heart at last subdu'd:

With full consent to thee I bow.

Resume thine ancient throne:  
I'll not a single thought allow,  
That would thy rights disown.

On all the wonders of thy love  
I'll my glad thoughts employ,  
And thus my dull affections move,  
And animate my joy.

With cheerful trust, whilst here I stay,  
My soul shall lean on thee:  
My life and strength, my guide and way,  
Thou, dearest Lord, shalt be.

*And*

And oft I'll lift believing eyes,  
 Up to thy throne above:  
 And oft on wings of hope I'll rise,  
 Towards those seats of love.

Thus would I evermore proceed,  
 With what I have begun:  
 Help, Lord, thy constant help I need,  
 That this great work be done.

**XXIX. The Duties of those who have  
 devoted themselves to God by Christ.**

Ely Tune.)

**L**ORD, by profession we are thine,  
 Devoted to thy will:  
 Oh! may we ev'ry law divine,  
 With constant zeal fulfil.

From common and inferior things,  
 We now divided stand:  
 Domesticks to the *King of kings*,  
 And all at his command.

Oh! may we always live and act,  
 Above the common rate!  
 And never more commit a fact,  
 That misbecomes our state!

Sacred to thee, we would no more  
 Thine holy things profane:  
 We would the form of sin abhor,  
 And shun the slightest stain.

No secret lust allow'd shall be,  
In bar to thy command:  
No outward object more, with thee,  
In competition stand.

We'll think our selves our own no more,  
Nor any thing that's ours:  
What's thine we will to thee restore,  
Our life, and time, and pow'rs.

Nay, we would still in zeal improve,  
Grow more devoted still:  
Feel more the force of holy love,  
And better do thy will.

Lord, we are safe, and rich, and blest,  
Whilst we belong to thee:  
Contented here we fix our rest,  
Thine let us ever be.

*XXX. The converted Sinner rejoicing  
with God.*

*Middlesex Tune.)*

**B**lest God, art thou rejoic'd to see  
The straying sheep brought home?  
A wretch so long estrang'd from thee,  
A penitent become?

To see my stubborn heart submit,  
Thy sov'reign rights to own?  
Imploring mercy at thy feet,  
And yielding thee thy throne?

To

To see my soul obtain release,  
 From all its guilt and chains :  
 And my Redeemer's blood give ease,  
 To all my inward pains ?

To see me snatch'd from hell and woe,  
 And made an heir of bliss ?

Whilst angels their glad wonder show,  
 At such a change as this ?

And shall I not with thee rejoice,  
 And all thine hosts on high ?

Oh ! tune my tongue, and fit my voice,  
 To this sweet melody.

Let my glad heart its tribute pay,  
 Of highest thanks to thee,  
 Who dost such matchless love display,  
 In kind concern for me.

*XXXI. False and true Faith.*

Dorchester *Tune.*)

**T**IS gross mistake to dream of heav'n,  
 And make a foolish boast,  
 Of saving faith, and sin forgiv'n,  
 Whilst we are slaves to lust.

Faith must with glad subjection bow,  
 To all its sov'reign's laws :  
 God will his holiness avow,  
 Whilst pardons he bestows.

When

When from our guilt he sets us free,  
He makes us clean within:  
Nor could he send his Son, to be  
*The minister of sin.*

Vain are our hopes or high delights,  
If faith it self be dead:  
A vital power alone unites,  
To Christ our living head.

'Tis faith that purifies the heart,  
And kindles holy love:  
That to the soul will life impart,  
And fix its hopes above.

A faith that with prevailing pow'r  
Will earth and hell withstand,  
That in the great decisive hour,  
The Saviour will command.

XXXII. *We have receiv'd the Atonement.*

Northampton *Tune.*)

**T**HE Jewish shades are all withdrawn,  
And vanish'd quite away:  
Like pitchy night, or kindling dawn,  
Before the blaze of day.

No more devoted beasts must die,  
On flaming altars laid:  
No more must costly incense fry,  
Or blood of bulls be shed.

*The*

Once ev'ry year *their* high-priest stood  
 Before the mercy seat,  
 Not with his own, but others blood,  
 God's favour to intreat.

But *our* High-Priest, within the skies,  
 In God's own presence stands,  
 There shews his blood and sacrifice,  
 And our discharge demands.

Let *Jews* *their* constitution boast,  
 And *their* high-priest esteem :  
 On *Jesus* we will fix *our* trust,  
 We know no priest like him.

#### XXXIV. *New Year's Day.*

*Fareham Tune.*)

AND now, my soul, another year  
 Of my short life is past :  
 I cannot long continue here,  
 And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is done,  
 Nor will return again :  
 And swift my passing moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.

Lord, what a fool, a wretch am I,  
 If one year more is lost :  
 If yet beneath thy curse I lie,  
 And to thy wrath expos'd !

If I get deeper in arrear,  
As life still shorter grows!  
More distant from my God, more near  
To never dying woes!

Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn:  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair?  
And what thy chief concern?

Rouze all the man, thy work is great,  
And all the man demands: (sweat,  
Thine head, thine heart, thy breath, thy  
Thy strength, and both thine hands.

Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out therewith for heav'n:  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thy self to God,  
And to his care commend:  
And still pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt an happy end.

XXXV. *Christ a Light to the Gentiles.*  
(*Grantham Tune.*)

**O**H! 'twas the dawn of heav'nly day,  
When Christ, the Lord, appear'd:  
He chas'd the former night away,  
And all the shadows clear'd.

We

We who were once wrapt up in night,  
 Without a glimpse of day;  
 Now see the source of saving light,  
 His brightest beams display.

The gospel shines, and God appears  
 Great on his throne of grace:  
 With pitying eyes, attentive ears,  
 And with a smiling face.

To purge our guilt, and stop our sighs,  
 He shews his bleeding Son:  
 With humble hope he bids us rise,  
 Up to his heav'nly throne.

He points the way which we must tread,  
 To shun eternal pains:  
 And mount where Christ our living head,  
 In boundless glory reigns.

Christ, 'tis a name of sweetest sound,  
 Diffusing life and grace:  
 We'll gladly spread his fame around,  
 And loudly sing his praise.

*XXXVI. The true Way to please God.*  
*From Mic. vi. 6, 7, 8.*

Ely Tune.)

**W**Herewith shall I approach the Lord,  
 And bow before his throne?  
 Or how procure his kind regard,  
 And for my guilt atone?

Shall

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
And spicy fumes ascend?  
Will these my earnest wish succeed,  
And make my God my friend?  
Should thousand rams in flames expire,  
Would these his favour buy?  
Or oyl that should, for holy fire,  
Ten thousand streams supply?  
With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,  
Should I mine offspring slay:  
Would this atone for my desert,  
And purge my guilt away.  
Oh! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,  
Such victims bleed in vain:  
No fatlings from the field or stall,  
Such favour can obtain.  
None but a dying Saviour's blood,  
Will take away my sin:  
And God hath shew'd me what is good,  
How his good will to win.  
To men their rights I must allow,  
And proofs of kindnes give:  
To him with humble rev'rence bow,  
And to his glory live.  
Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,  
He never will despise:  
And cheerful duty he'll prefer  
To costly sacrifice.

XXXVII. *The Erection, Ruin, and Restitution of God's Temple in Man.*Northampton *Tune.*)

**P**roduc'd at first by pow'r divine,  
The human nature stood:  
A sacred building in design,  
A dwelling-place for God.

With finish'd art the pile was rear'd,  
And fitted for its use:  
Just symmetry thro'out appear'd,  
And glory fill'd the house.

God smil'd in friendly visits there,  
And thus his dwelling blest:  
And solemn acts of praise and prayer,  
The creatures love express.

But sin defac'd its form, and broke  
This stately structure down:  
His ruin'd temple God forsook,  
And left it with a frown.

Polluted thus, and thus abhor'd,  
The place in ruins lay:  
'Till 'twas again by Christ restor'd,  
His glories to display.

Laid deep in love his building stands,  
Cemented with his blood:  
Work'd all with unpolluted hands,  
And fitted up for God.

Here

Here his transforming spirit dwells,  
To beautify the place:  
With kindly influence sin expels,  
And sheds forth life and grace.

Come let us to this proper use,  
Our selves devoutly yield:  
With us thine habitation chuse,  
Thy temple, Lord, rebuild.

Here let thy spirit still reside,  
And still diffuse thy love:  
Nor lust, nor sin, nor ought beside,  
Provoke thee to remove.

*XXXVIII. Dead to Sin, and alive to  
God, through Christ.*

*St. James's Tune.)*

**T**OO long, my soul, the tyrant sin,  
In me hath kept the throne:  
Too long have I a vassal been,  
To what I now disown.

With grief and shame I now review,  
Each former wicked deed:  
And shall I then my faults renew?  
Or in my crimes proceed?

Forbid it, Lord: and thou, my soul,  
The secret thought disdain:  
No, I abjure and hate them all,  
Nor will offend again.

Objects that once gave chief delight,  
Are now offensive grown:  
In vain forbidden joys invite,  
The vicious taste is gone.

From lust withdrawn, and dead to sin,  
My better hopes revive:  
Th' immortal pulse bears high within,  
I feel my self alive.

Beams of celestial light descend,  
And quite transform my mind:  
With wings full stretch'd to God I tend,  
And leave the world behind.

In free submissions, low I fall,  
Before my Maker's throne:  
To him with joy devote my all,  
And live for him alone.

Thanks to a Jesus, by his death  
These blessings I obtain:  
And by his spirit's quickning breath,  
Dye and yet live again.

XXXIX. *All things made for God.*  
(Portsmouth Tune.)

**G**reat first of Beings! mighty Lord!  
Of all this mighty frame!  
Produc'd by thy creating word,  
The world from nothing came.

Soon

Soon as thou gav'st the high command,

"Twas instantly obey'd:

And for thy pleasure all things stand,

Which by thy pow'r were made.

Thy glories shine thro'out the whole,

Each part reflects thy light:

For thee in course the planets roll,

And day succeeds to night.

For thee the earth its product yields,

For thee the waters flow:

And various plants adorn the fields,

And trees aspiring grow.

Unthinking brutes, and senseless things,

To thee their homage pay:

Beasts roar, each bird thy praises sings,

The skies thy pow'r's display.

For thee the sun dispenses heat,

And beams of cheering light:

Far distant stars in order set,

Break thro' the shades of night.

Whilst, in superior glories drest,

The angels touch their strings:

Each *seraph*, with thy favour blest,

For thee both lives and sings.

Let us too, Lord, with zeal pursue

This wise and noble end:

That all we think, and all we do,

May to thine honour tend.

(Dorchester Tune.)

O H frail estate of humane good !  
 How soon the blaze expires ?  
 Our joys are short, our griefs corrode  
 With fierce and lasting fires.  
 Perplex'd and pin'd with frequent woes,  
 We drag our heavy chain :  
 A blast of life thus tiresome grows,  
 By quick returns of pain.  
 Fatigu'd with life, we turn our eyes  
 To death for sure relief :  
 But greater horrors there surprize,  
 And urge to sharper grief.  
 Nature's too weak the weight to bear ;  
 It sinks beneath our load :  
 'Tis faith that must our state repair,  
 And fetch relief from God.  
 He from the worst of ills can save,  
 Or under them sustain :  
 He will our saddest suff'ring wave,  
 Or bless our sharpest pain.  
 To heav'n he bids us lift our eyes,  
 The world of living joy :  
 Fresh pleasures there forever rise,  
 And pure without alloy.

From

From thence, in times of great distress,  
Faith may supports derive:  
In shades of death, the hopes of bliss  
Will keep our souls alive.

There fasten, Lord, our hearts and eyes,  
By faith and fervent love:  
No ills shall then our souls surprize,  
And death shall harmless prove.

**XLI. *Patience under the Rebukes of  
God for Sin.***

(Fareham Tune.)

**P**lace, oh my guilty soul, forbear:  
Complain of God no more:  
No more pronounce his ways severe,  
But reverently adore.

Tho' smarting flesh dislike the rod,  
And pain must needs disgust:  
Yet is he still the righteous God,  
He cannot be unjust.

Haſt thou not broke his holy laws?  
And his command refus'd?  
Of all thy grief, guilt is the cause:  
'Tis ſin, ſhould be accus'd.

Alas! his heaviest strokes are kind,  
With my desert compar'd:  
Ceafe then complaining, froward mind,  
Nor call his treatment hard.

In silence his rebukes sustain :  
 They are thine own desert :  
 Thou hast no reason to complain,  
 And this will ease thy smart.

**XLII. *The delaying Sinner quickened.***

*St. Andrew's Tune.)*

**A** Wake, my drowsy soul, give ear,  
 God offers friendship still :  
 Yet mayst thou in his favour share,  
 His fatherly good will.  
 He bids thee to his scepter bend,  
 And fling thine arms away :  
 Bids thee in Christ become his friend,  
 And hear his voice to day.  
 Whence is't, my soul, that thou should'st  
 Unwilling to be blest ! (bc)  
 Get up, for thy salvation flee :  
 This is no time for rest.  
 Vengeance hangs o'er my guilty head,  
 The flaming sword is drawn :  
 In law I am already dead,  
 And doom'd to woes unknown.  
 And shall I trifle on the brink  
 Of everlasting woe ?  
 Still loiter, 'till at once I sink  
 To pains and fire below ?

Now.

Now hearken to the call divine,  
And shun this hov'ring fate:  
To morrow may be never mine,  
Or it may come too late.

**XLIII. Our Obligations to Christ makes  
us Debtors to his Servants.**

Fareham Tune.)

**J**E S U S, my Saviour, and my judge,  
Great all in all to me:  
Shall I to thine their portion grudge,  
Who owe mine all to thee?

Thine is my all, and yet, dear Lord,  
What I expend on thine,  
Shall be with large increase restor'd,  
And richly add to mine.

Thou wilt accept as done to thee,  
What for thy saints is done:  
And at the great decisive day,  
Each hearty kindness own.

Lord! what a faithless wretch were I!  
This honour to refuse!  
And to thy saints their share deny,  
And my great trust abuse?

How shall I, then, my sentence bear,  
Should'st thou pronounce "Depart?"  
But should I, "Come thou blessed, hear,  
How would it glad mine heart?"

D. 4. Now,

Now, gracious Lord, mine heart enlarge,  
And open wide mine hand,  
That here I may my trust discharge,  
And there triumphing stand.

**XLIV. A thought of our future Account.**

*Dorchester Tune.)*

**A**ND must we, Lord, both great and  
Before thy bar appear? (small,  
And give a strict account of all  
Our trusts and talents here?

Then here let's act the faithful part,  
And thy commands fulfil:  
With cheerful and with upright heart,  
Search and perform thy will.

From thine own word let's gladly learn,  
What we should do and be:  
And act with just with great concern,  
As stewards, Lord, to thee.

Oh may we well our time employ,  
And well improve our health:  
Well use the means that we enjoy,  
And well lay out our wealth.

That when we shall be call'd upon,  
Our last account to give:  
Thou may'st pronounce a loud "*Well done,*  
" *Come, and for ever live.*

**XLV. No Peace to the Wicked.***Northampton Tune.)*

**I**N vain the wicked climb on high,  
In vain their heaps increase:  
No Wealth will satisfaction buy,  
No pow'r procure them peace.  
Beset with guilt they trembling stand,  
Midst all their stores and state:  
In dread of God's avenging hand,  
And their impending fate.  
Their names with mighty titles swell,  
And plenty crowns their board:  
But what relief to heirs of hell,  
Can swelling sounds afford?  
Debauch'd with riotous delight,  
Their anguish they may drown;  
Their doom a while keep out of sight,  
Nor heed their Maker's frown.  
But noisy mirth dethrones the man,  
And ruffles all the mind:  
Soon the tumultuous blast is gone,  
But leaves a sting behind.  
And should it last the whole extent,  
Of life's uncertain lease,  
Soon will their stock of joy be spent,  
Their anguish never cease.

At death their mirth will all expire,  
 And death comes on apace :  
 When they must sink to woe and fire,  
 Beyond the reach of grace.

Sad state ! of all on earth the worst !  
 And most to be abhor'd !  
 That I may ne'er be thus accurst,  
 Grant me thy peace, O Lord.

*XLVI. Death and its Consequences.*

*St. Andrew's Tune.*)

**R**ouze up, my soul, the awful day  
 Is coming swiftly on,  
 When thou must leave this house of clay,  
 And fly to worlds unknown.

When thou must rise to realms of light,  
 Where all the holy dwell :  
 Or sink, with all the sons of night,  
 To misery and hell.

Oh ! to what region must thou go,  
 Where will thy lot be cast ?  
 In heav'nly bliss, or hellish woe ?  
 When this short life is past ?

Is Christ thy Saviour, God thy God,  
 And heav'n thy chosen rest ?  
 Wouldst thou with them make thine  
 And there be ever blest ? (abode,  
 Where

Where all in prompt obedience move,  
Glad to perform their parts :  
Whilst holy joy, and heav'nly love,  
Tune all their tongues and hearts.  
Would such delights, my soul, as these,  
Yield happiness to thee ?  
Such work, and such companions please,  
Thro' all eternity ?  
Or, art thou not bent fully still  
Inferior things to mind ?  
A rebel to thy Saviour's will,  
And to his beauties blind ?  
'Tis thy concern thy state to know,  
And that without delay :  
And to what regions thou must go,  
When thou hast dropt thy clay.

XLVII: *Duties owing to God.*  
(*Somerset Tune.*)

**M**Y soul, from all created things,  
Withdraw thy weary eyes :  
A while stretch thine aspiring wings,  
And pass the utmost skies.  
Leave far behind each shining star,  
And to their Maker soar :  
Thou'l meet with boundless beauty there,  
There gaze, and there adore.

In him consummate fulness dwells,  
The utmost glories shine :  
Glories that shade all beings else,  
With splendor all divine.

Forget thy self, and bowing low,  
His height immense admire :  
Till *rev'rence* and *religious awe*  
The *purest* thoughts inspire.

With humble *trust* dismiss thy cares,  
And on his love depend :  
To him *commit* all thine affairs,  
To him thy self *commend*.

Let high esteem affection raise,  
*Devotion* warm thy breast :  
Let *thankful love* excite thy praise :  
In him alone be blest.

In solemn *worship* homage pay,  
His constant help *implore* :  
*Give thanks* for mercies ev'ry day,  
And thus solicit more.

Without reserve to him *submit*,  
All his *commands* fulfil :  
*Leave him* to judge and do what's fit,  
Nor once oppose his *will*.

XLVIII. *Duties owing to Men.*

*Northampton Tune.)*

**C**ome now, my soul, and kindred own.  
With ev'ry other man :

Tho' num'rous now the race are grown,  
All in one pair began.

Thus near, by birth and blood ally'd  
Is all the human kind :

In strictest bonds thus closely ty'd,  
For mutual help design'd.

To this design see thou attend,  
Thy Maker's will approve :

To ev'ry other act the friend,  
And shew the pow'r of love.

Let *kind affections* sooth my heart,  
*Kind actions* speak good will.

Free *help* to all let me impart,  
And be *obliging* still.

Let me my passions all subdue,  
Nor *provocation* give :

But *peace* with conitant zeal pursue,  
And inoffensive live.

To all men let me yield *their right*,  
Nor offer any *wrong* :

And render with *sincere delight*,  
What doth to them belong,

*Respect*

*Respect and free obedience shew,  
Wherever they are due:  
With friendly condescension bow  
To mine inferiors too.*

*Thus would I near relation own,  
To all the human race:  
Love I'll exalt, and self keep down,  
By God's affliting grace.*

**XLIX. God so loved the World, as  
to give his only begotten Son, &c.  
John iii. 16.**

*Middlesex Tune.)*

**T**IS true, my soul, however strange!  
Doubt this event no more:  
The saints believe the wondrous change,  
The matchless love adore.

The *love of God!* how great's the sound!  
His love to sinful men!  
A world in hateful vices drown'd,  
Condemn'd to endless pain!

Yet lov'd of God! surprizing grace!  
And yet there's more behind:  
For this condemn'd, revolted race,  
Eternal life's design'd.

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Nor was this wondrous purchase made,

At any vulgar price :

But God the Son our ransom paid,

And dy'd our sacrifice.

His death our guilty lives repriev'd,

His blood aton'd for sin :

Thus were our captive souls reliev'd,

Here all our hopes begin.

Thus are we sav'd from death and hell,

Thus life and bliss obtain :

On earth with God our Father dwell,

And hope in heav'n to reign.

Below like instance can't be brought,

Or thro' the worlds above :

It passes all the bounds of thought :

Thus God alone could love.

And thus he lov'd, my soul, 'tis true ;

Doubt thou its truth no more :

But at this flame thy flame renew,

Believe, approve, adore.

*L. The Sinner yielding at the Consideration of divine Grace and Patience..*

*Somerset Tune.)*

**L**ORD, shall so vile a wretch as I,  
Continue to rebel?

Slight all thy grace, thy pow'r defy,  
Just at the brink of hell?

*Too.*

Too long have I my bliss withstood,  
And shun'd my Saviour's arms :  
Too long have trampled on his blood,  
And slighted all his charms.

To all the offers of my Lord  
I've turn'd a scornful ear :  
His melting calls, his quick'ning word,  
I have refus'd to hear.

And yet his kindled vengeance stays,  
Nor do his thunders roar :  
He kindly chides my long delays,  
But won't his suit give o'er.

And shall I still a rebel prove ?  
And still my bliss withstand ?  
Still spurn my Saviour's wondrous love,  
And scorn his high command.

No, my proud heart, resist no more,  
Let ev'ry bar give way :  
Thy Saviour to his rights restore,  
And bear his voice to day.

Let ev'ry door be open thrown,  
And bid him welcome in :  
Bid ev'ry tempter now be gone,  
And part with ev'ry sin.

LI. *God's sovereign Dominion own'd  
and submitted to.*

*Southampton Tune.)*

**A** Lmighty God! thy pow'rful word  
From nothing all things brought:  
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,  
With skill divine were wrought.

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains  
A proof of pow'r divine :  
And all that this great all contains,  
By sov'reign right is thine.

Thy pleasure heav'nly hosts fulfil ;  
For thee each planet rolls :  
Earth, Sun, and stars perform thy will ;  
Thy nod the world controuls.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,  
All else from thee derive :  
No being can dispute this claim,  
Or independent live.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,  
To thee our all resign :  
Entire to thee our selves we vow ;  
For we are wholly thine.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live,  
From other lords withdrawn :  
No more to idols homage give,  
Nor think our selves our own.

*Accept.*

And long have I been blind to all:  
Thy majesty and charms:  
And deaf to ev'ry heav'nly call,  
Have shun'd my Saviour's arms.

Too long, ah! much too long, dear Lord,  
Have I thy rights deny'd:  
Thy pure and righteous laws abhor'd,  
And all thy wrath defy'd.

Too long have I thy grace withstood,  
In all its forms dispair'd:  
Too long despis'd redeeming blood,  
By my vile lusts betray'd.

My fatal folly now I own,  
Ah! what a wretch I've been!  
At length I fling my weapons down,  
And bid farewell to sin.

Convinc'd, ashamed, amaz'd I now  
Obey thy gracious call:  
To thy command I freely bow,  
And offer thee my all.

At last, dear Lord, my stubborn heart,  
Is by thy grace subdued:  
Tho' long, in vain, with ev'ry art  
Of soft endearment woo'd.

LIV. *Prayer for the British Church and Nation.*

Fareham *Tune.*)

**S**HALL I the *British* church forget,  
And God's own holy hill :  
Where he hath fixt his royal seat,  
And makes his dews distil ?

No, I'll prefer the blest abode,  
To ev'ry other place :  
Here *Jesus* sheds his love abroad,  
And shews his glorious grace.

Here he his holy will declares,  
In soft and melting sounds :  
And sov'reign balsam here prepares,  
To all our bleeding wounds.

Here frequent visits he affords,  
To poor and contrite hearts :  
Admits them often to his board,  
And life to them imparts.

Whilst by his kind protecting care,  
We live exempt from fear :  
Nor foreign nor intestine war,  
Make desolations here.

Here ever may the gospel shine,  
And God vouchsafe to dwell :  
Whilst mighty proofs of love divine,  
Both foes and fears dispel.

Here

Here may his spirit grace dispense,  
And holy life inspire:  
May sin and strife far off from hence,  
With all their train retire.

May peace on balmy wings descend,  
And bless the fav'rite isle:  
May God from threat'ning ills defend,  
And on his people smile.

In warm requests i'll breath my love,  
Nor supplication cease:  
'Till Britain's God propitious prove,  
And grant us lasting peace.

LV. *The Prodigal wandering from his Father's House.*

*The same Tune.)*

**H**O W proud a thing is sinful man,  
How foolish and how vain?  
How apt to stretch beyond his span?  
And all controul disdain?

Thus did the *Prodigal* of old,  
His father's rule despise:  
Resolv'd he would not be controul'd,  
Nor live on his supplies.

With sottish heart, but haughty air,  
His portion he demands:  
And soon as he obtains his share,  
He hies to foreign lands.

Far

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Far from his father's check and eye,  
The foolish wretch retires :  
Lays all his wholesome counsels by,  
And feeds his own desires.

He flings from him with huge disdain,  
Nor would he bear controul :  
Yet there gives ev'ry lust the rein,  
And yields them up his soul.

He thought it hard to live at ease,  
Beneath his father's care :  
Enough would not the wanton please,  
Nor other children's fare.

He must a proper stock obtain,  
And independent live :  
This would alone remove his pain,  
And full contentment give.

But soon the valu'd stock was gone,  
In softish pleasures spent :  
His dream of bliss was soon withdrawn,  
And he reduc'd to want.

Thus he who scorn'd the bread and wine  
His father's house did yield :  
Was forc'd to feed on husks with swine,  
Nor could he thus be fill'd.

Thus all who leave the house of God,  
And hope their state to mend,  
Meet want and woe upon the road,  
And ruin in the end.

LVI.

LVI. *The Prodigal making serious Reflections on his sad Condition.*

*St. Andrew's Tune.)*

**L**ORD! 'tis a wretched state indeed,  
A *Prodigal* to be!  
In vicious courses to proceed,  
And wander on from thee.

Those who thy family forsake,  
From their own blessings run :  
Themselves the vilest vassals make,  
True liberty to shun.

They drudge each lordly lust to please,  
And its commands fulfil :  
*Satan* their captive minds with ease  
Bends to his cursed will.

On husks they feed, or empty air,  
Instead of wholesome food :  
For shew, they can submit to bear  
The loss of solid good.

On ruin bent, for endless woe  
They ev'ry day prepare :  
On the pits brink they thoughtless go,  
Nor death nor danger fear.

Lord! 'tis a frightful state indeed ;  
Mine error now I see :  
Let me no more this way proceed,  
But bring me back to thee.

LVI. *The Prodigal bumbling himself;  
and making Confession.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**F**ather, the prodigal at last  
Has founded his retreat;  
And owning all his follies past,  
Lyes prostrate at thy feet.

*Father!* how tender is the name!  
How soft how sweet it sounds!  
And yet it covers me with shame,  
And opens all my wounds.

Father! wilt thou relation own,  
To such a wretch as I?  
Who have refus'd to be thy son,  
And left thy family!

Ah! what a monster have I been?  
To turn my back on thee!  
And for the low delights of sin,  
From love it self to flee!

Nor have I only spurn'd thy grace;  
I have thy pow'r defy'd,  
And broke thy laws before thy face,  
With most contemptuous pride.

Can I have any room to hope  
For any good from thee?

Lord! should'st thou give thy vengeance  
Hell must my portion be.

Yet will I hope. Should I despair  
 I cannot live abroad :  
 My Saviour's merits boundless are,  
 Thou art a pitying God.

If 'tis too much to be a son,  
 Let me a servant be :  
 I would, on any terms be one  
 That appertains to thee.

**LVII. *The Prodigal resolving on  
 Return to his Father's House.***

*Dorchester Tune.*)

**M**Y God! my Father! shall I still  
 In this sad state remain?  
 A rebel to thy righteous will,  
 And doom'd to endless pain!

Shall I for ever wander on!  
 Nor to thine house return!  
 Or till all time and hope are gone,  
 This needful work adjourn!

Can I be fond of want and woe,  
 And starve among the swine?  
 When to thy table I might go,  
 And feast on food divine!

Ah! no, at last my heart relents :  
 How stupid have I been!  
 With bitter grief my soul laments,  
 For all my former sin.

With

With ev'ry lust I'll freely part,  
Nor will the fav'rite spare:  
I'll tear each *idol* from my heart,  
No sin shall harbour there.

Submis I'll throw me at thy feet,  
And all thy rights will own:  
I'll to thy full command submit,  
And place thee on thy throne.

Thou shalt my God and guardian be,  
My father and my friend:  
My self entire I'll yield to thee,  
Thy bus'nes now attend.

This is my settled purpose, Lord,  
And in thy strength shall stand:  
To make it good, thy grace afford,  
And lend thine helping hand.

### LVIII. *Mock Repentance, and real.*

Fareham *Tune.*)

**T**IS gross deceit to think of heav'n,  
Or in a Saviour trust,  
And hope thro' him to be forgiv'n,  
Whilst we are slaves to lust.

Should we our wicked deeds repeat,  
And still keep sinning on,  
Tho' with *reluctance* and *regret*,  
Our lusts still keep the throne.

With bitter cries, and briny tears  
 Should we our sins *lament*,  
 Whilst yet no change of life appears,  
 This is not to repent.

We may *confess*, and yet retain  
 Affection for our sin :  
*Resolve* to cast away our chain,  
 And still be held therein.

Some flagrant faults we may *forsake*,  
 And leave the common road :  
 And yet no thorow converts make,  
 Nor be brought home to God.

Then we repent, and then alone,  
 When ev'ry sin's abhor'd :  
 When Christ's command we gladly own,  
 And take him for our Lord :

When we forsake each fav'rite lust,  
 And each forbidden road :  
 And with true faith and humble trust,  
 Give up our selves to God.

LIV. *Service of Heaven imitated.*  
 (Portsmouth *Tune*.)

**G**reat Lord of all, by right supreme,  
 The universal King !  
 Thine empire is the dazzling theme,  
 That heav'nly people sing.

Seraphs

Seraphs in low prostrations lye,  
Before thy shining throne :  
And all the potentates on high,  
Thee for their Sov'reign own.

With lift'ning ear and willing mind,  
They hear thy dread commands :  
Each, to perform the task assign'd,  
In ready posture stands.

Soon as th' expected charge is giv'n,  
With winged haste they fly :  
Pass to the utmost bounds of heav'n,  
Or leave their native sky.

Down to our earth they quick descend,  
Charg'd with mankind's affairs :  
With utmost care they here attend,  
And serve salvation's heirs.

They think themselves compleatly blest,  
If God approves their pains :  
No rebel thought heaves in one breast,  
Or in a sigh complains.

These are the great examples, Lord !  
We would with zeal pursue :  
Like them we would regard thy word,  
And what thou bid'st would do.  
Breath heav'nly life on all our souls,  
And heav'nly love inspire ;  
That each rebellious thought controuls,  
And warms with holy fire.

We too shall then, with list'ning ear,  
 Attend thy sacred will:  
 With pleasure each command shall hear,  
 And with delight fulfil.

LX. *God's sovereign Empire acknow  
 ledg'd and submitted to.*

*Middlesex Tune.)*

**G**reat God, the glorious *King of kings,*  
 Of lords the sov'reign *Lord:*  
 Supreme o'er all created things,  
 By all heav'ns host ador'd.

Thrones and dominions humbly wait,  
 And worship round thy throne:  
 The mighty'ſt earthly potentate  
 Thine higher pow'r should own.

Thou doſt prescribe without controul,  
 Whate'er thou judgeſt fit:  
 Each heav'ly mind, and human soul,  
 Muſt to thy will submit.

Lord, what ſhould limit thy command,  
 When *nothing* heard thy call?  
 Or who thy sov'reign rule withstand,  
 Who form'dſt this *mighty all.*

Ah! what a rebel have I been!  
 How oft thy laws transgreſt?  
 My grief, for my provoking ſin,  
 Is not to be expreſt.

Forgive

Forgive me, Lord ! I'll never more,  
As I have done, offend :  
I'll all thy sacred rights restore,  
And all thy laws commend.

In glad subjection now I fall,  
Before thine awful throne :  
My heart, my mouth, my life, my all,  
Thy sovereign rule shall own.

I'll not a single thought allow,  
That contradicts thy will :  
In all I speak, in all I do,  
I'll be obedient still.

Thus would I act, but, Lord, from thee  
The pow'r to act must flow :  
Breath life celestial into me,  
And all the wheels will go.

*LXI. The Power of Grace above the Law.*

(Northampton Tune.)

*T*IS not the terror of the law,  
Will drive the sinner home :  
Till grace with mightier charms shall draw,  
The wretch will never come.

Vengeance denounc'd, the heart may shake,  
But can't the stone remove :  
But grace will deep impressions make,  
And soften it to love.

Lord, I would feel my heavy load,  
 Of guilt, and want, and woe:  
 I shake to think th' Almighty God  
 Should be mine angry foe.

But oh ! how would it ease my smart,  
 If God would be my friend !  
 Such grace would quite subdue my heart,  
 And make the rebel bend.

This grace, my God, in all its charms,  
 Before mine eyes display :  
 Open to me the Father's arms,  
 And smile my fears away.

Shew thou art ready to forgive,  
 And own me for a son :  
 This will my breaking heart relieve,  
 And quite dissolve the stome.

*LXII. Inconsistency of Sin with a Christian Profession.*

*St. James's Tune.)*

**J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,  
 My life and sacrifice :  
 My hopes, deep founded in thy blood,  
 Reach far above the skies.

Up to the highest heav'ns they soar,  
 Where round thy dazzling throne,  
 Seraphs lye prostrate and adore,  
 And thee their Sovereign own.

Thou

Thou hast those happy seats possest,  
Both for thy self and thine:  
There all thy follow'rs shall be blest,  
And in thy glory shine.

Among these follow'rs, Lord, am I,  
Thy glorious name I bear:  
My hopes lift up my soul on high,  
And fix my mansion there.

But shall I own thine awful name,  
And yet oppose thy will?  
A subject's highest privilege claim,  
Yet act the rebel still?

Forbid it, Lord! no, I abhor  
The base and trait'rous thought:  
I own thine ancient right and pow'r,  
And what thy blood hath bought.

To thee I'll ever subject live,  
And all thy laws approve:  
The fullest homage freely give,  
And proofs of loyal love.

Thus shall my heav'nly hopes begin,  
Thus I'll my hopes maintain:  
Nor once expect, in ways of sin,  
Eternal life to gain.

## HYMNS and

### II. *Christ's Call.* Matt. xi. 28, &c.

(*Wesley's Tune.*)

**I** Ark how a gracious Saviour calls,  
To all with guilt opprest:  
Come heavy laden, weary souls,  
" And I will give you rest.

- Lay all your sinking load on me,  
" I can the Burthen bear:
- " My blood your guilty souls shall free,  
" Your drooping minds shall cheer.
- " This will the wrath of God appease,  
" All his demands 'twill pay:
- " Twill all your inward anguish ease,  
" And wash your guilt away.
- " But you must my disciples be,  
" And take my doctrine in:
- " With humble mind must learn of me,  
" And loath and leave your sin.
- " Like me you lowly must become,  
" And all your passions tame:
- " If you would reach the heav'nly home,  
" And not reproach my name.
- " Your necks you freely must submit,  
" And patient bear my yoke:
- " Think all my laws and measures fit,  
" For once the choice revoke.

" N

“ Nor are my terms, believe me, hard,  
“ I call you to be blest:  
“ Come but with lowly minds prepar’d,  
“ And here you’ll meet with rest.  
“ My yoke will neither gaul nor pain,  
“ But soft and easy prove:  
“ The hardest laws that I enjoin,  
“ Are all fulfill’d by love.  
“ You shall with no such load be try’d,  
“ As will surpass your might:  
“ Or needful strength shall be supply’d,  
“ To make your burthen light.

LXIV. *Future Judgment a Restraint  
on youthful Lusts.* Eccl. xi. 9, 10.

Ely Tune.)

YE thoughtless sinners, vain and young,  
Indulge your youthful fire:  
Your wanton eyes, unbridled tongue,  
And every loose desire.

Taste all the pleasures you approve,  
And act without controul:  
Range all the paths of lawless love,  
To feast a sensual soul.

In trifling mirth consume the day,  
All serious thoughts decline:  
And melt the tedious night away,  
In wantonnes or wine.

Shake off each intermedling fear,  
That would your lust restrain:  
Laugh at the thought of dangers near,  
And count the terror vain.

But know, your judge with peircing eye  
Marks all your sins and faults:  
E'er long he'll all your actions try,  
And search your secret thoughts.

What deeds you have in darkness done,  
To shun reproach and shame,  
He will expose before the sun,  
And to the world proclaim.

How will you bear his wrathful frown,  
Or your sad sentence hear?  
Oh let the thought now melt you down;  
To good advice give ear.

Renounce each dear and pleasing vice,  
Each looser air lay by:  
Grow serious, sober, chaste and wise,  
And mind the things on high.

Then when your righteous judge shall  
In all his glories dreft, [come,  
You may serenely wait your doom,  
And hear him call you blest.

LXV. *The Gospel Invitation, from  
Ezai. iv. 1, 2, 3.*

*Grantham Tune.)*

**L**E T ev'ry mortal man give ear,  
To mercy's melting voice:  
Whilst *Jesus* calls, attentive hear,  
And let your hearts rejoice.

“ Come hither ev'ry starving mind,  
The pitying Saviour cries:  
“ All who have fed on empty wind,  
“ Or surfeited on vice.

“ Come ev'ry soul that pants for bliss,  
“ But wants where-with to buy:  
“ Come hither, you can never miss  
“ A free and full supply.

“ Why should you waste your strength in  
“ Work on, and hunger still? [vain,  
Will sensual mirth or worldly gain,  
A mind immortal fill?

“ Oh from the fruitless chase retire,  
“ Come hither and be blest:  
“ Here you may fully satiate desire,  
“ And at free cost may feast.

“ Hearken to me, you'll be supply'd  
“ With ev'ry thing that's good:  
“ Your souls be fully satisfy'd,  
“ With most delicious food.

“ Here

“ Here milky currents, mixt with wine,  
“ For ever rising, flow:

“ Till (fed by springs of grace divine,)  
“ They to an ocean grow.

“ Come, without money you may buy;  
“ Incline your ear to me:

“ Hear and your souls shall never die,  
“ But ever blest shall be.

My streaming blood shall wash away,  
The guilt of former sin:

My spirit, with enliv'ning ray,  
Shall kindle life within.

I'll be your life, your food, your hope,  
Your covert and your guard:  
Your guide, your pattern, and your prop,  
And then your rich reward.

LXVI. *The Prodigal's Admiration and  
Praise, upon being taken again into  
the Family of God.*

Portsmouth *Tune.*)

**L**ord! what an happy change is this!  
**L**What! all my sins forgiven!  
Am I a candidate for bliss!  
A joyful heir of heav'n!

Will

Will God the hateful rebel own!  
And meet me with a smile!  
With tender love embrace his son!  
And treat me as a child!

[How far doth this my merit pass!  
My highest hopes exceed:  
'Tis all the pure effect of grace,  
Of glorious grace indeed.

I had renounc'd thy favour, Lord,  
And cast away thy fear:  
My heart thy kind command abhor'd,  
Nor would I trust thy care:

And shouldst thou entertain me now,  
With frowns or with disdain:  
When want and woe have made me bow,  
And brought me home again,

It were but just. I must approve  
This conduct, Lord, in thee:  
But 'tis a glorious scene of love,  
Lies open now to me.

No frowns prohibit my access,  
And scare my trembling soul:  
But friendly smiles my heart refresh,  
And every fear controul.]

Delight, and love, and glad surprize,  
Bear my whole soul away:  
To thee her God fain would she rise,  
Her joyful thanks to pay.

Thy

Thy grace shall be the dearest theme,  
 That e'er my thoughts employs:  
 This my devotion shall inflame,  
 And feed my fav'rite joys.

Here would I breath in humble strains,  
 My gratitude and praise:  
 Till on the vast celestial plains  
 I higher notes shall raise.

**LXVI. *Living and dying to the Lord.***  
*From Rom. xiv. 8.*

*St. James's Tune.)*

**T**O whom, dear Jesus, should I live?  
 To whom but thee alone?  
 Thou didst at first my being give,  
 And I am all thine own.

When sin had made my state far worse,  
 Than if I ne'er had been:  
 Thou didst for me become a curse,  
 And suffer for my sin.

To whom should I, dear Lord, but thee,  
 Yield up my parting breath?  
 Who hast by dying ransom'd me,  
 And triumph'd over death.

To thee I'll then my self devote,  
 My life and all my pow'rs;  
 Each warm affection, busy thought,  
 And all my passing hours.

I'll

I'll yield my self to thy command :  
    Thy work I'll gladly do :  
Thy foes with hearty zeal withstand :  
    Thy glory still pursue.

Thus, Lord ! to live is life indeed,  
    To boundless life the road :  
It will my choicest pleasures feed,  
    And lighten ev'ry load.

Thus would I live, that I may taste  
    Celestial joys below :  
Live here, that I may live at last,  
    Where riches boundless flow.

Thus would I live, that I might dare  
    To die at thy command :  
Pass death's dark vale exempt from fear,  
    And reach the promis'd land.

Lord, all my life I would be thine,  
    Thine till my latest breath,  
Then leave mortality behind,  
    And find true life by death.

**LXVII. *The penitent Prodigal, and  
the forgiving Father.***

*Southampton Tune.)*

**L**OOK on, my soul, with glad surprise,  
    This moving scene survey :  
From all things else call off thine eyes,  
    Here let them fix and stay.

Lo there that wretch the wand'ring son,  
Forc'd home by sore distreis:  
Hear him his dismal state bemoan,  
His horrid faults confess.

Low at his father's feet he lies,  
Opprest with shame and fears:  
With breaking heart, and downcast eyes,  
And checks bedew'd with tears.

Scarce any dawn of hope breaks in,  
To chear his gloomy mind:  
Charg'd with the guilt of so much sin,  
How should he favour find!

But now in all its pow'rful charms,  
See grace divine appear:  
His father takes him to his arms,  
And scatters ev'ry fear.

With melting speech and smiling face,  
He bids him welcome home:  
Then grasps him in a dear embrace,  
Glad he at laft was come.

“ Go let the fatted calf be kill'd,  
He in a transport cries:  
“ Let all the house with mirth be fill'd,  
“ With feasting and with joys.  
“ For my dead son now lives anew,  
“ behold him safe and sound:  
“ He that was lost to me and you,  
“ Again you see is found.

LXVIII. *I am my Beloved's.* Cant.  
vii. 10.

Portsmouth *Tune.*)

**J**E S U S to thee I yield my all:  
Thou my Redeemer art;  
The best lov'd object of my soul,  
And sov'reign of my heart.

I can't withstand, thy love constrains,  
And seizes all my soul:  
Within the mighty passion reigns,  
Nor will it bear controul.

'Tis love to strong devotion grown,  
Affection all divine:  
My self no longer is mine own,  
Nor any thing that's mine.

**T**he whole is to thy will resign'd:  
Thou art my love and Lord:  
My life, my strength, my heart, my mind,  
Mine all's to thee restor'd.

Command, on wings of love I'll fly  
To do thy holy will:  
With ev'ry precept I'll comply,  
And ev'ry charge fulfil.  
For thee I'll all I have possess,  
And all I have employ;  
What best will my beloved please,  
Will most improve my joy.

For

For thee I'll ev'ry thing forego,  
 And count my los's a gain:  
 For thee I'll suffer want or woe,  
 And pleasure find in pain.

For thee I'll any danger dare,  
 And rush on any harm:  
 The pow'r of love will conquer fear,  
 And ev'ry foe disarm.

For thee I'll fearless meet my death,  
 And lay me in a grave:  
 And with my last expiring breath,  
 The *King of Terrors* brave.

Yes, love can act this glorious part,  
 So vig'rous is its fire:  
 Lord, shed abundance on my heart,  
 And, what thou wilt, require.

**LXIX. *The Frailty of human Life.***  
*From Psal. xc. 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 12.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)* (seen,  
**E**'R E earth was form'd, or hills were  
 'Or heav'n was stretch'd abroad:  
 From everlasting thou hast been,  
 And art for ever God.

But, Lord, how short a life is ours!  
 How languid is its flame?  
 How feeble all our boasted pow'rs!  
 And frail our mortal frame?

To

To an entail of sorrow born,  
We leave at first the womb:  
And quickly must to dust return,  
Nor can we 'scape the doom.

Swift as the rush of sudden streams,  
Our time is hurry'd on:  
Or like the airy forms in dreams,  
Which e're we think are gone.

Like flow'rs which verdant meadows  
Man in the morning blooms: (crown,  
But withers, dies, and is cut down  
Before the evening comes.

Just like a thought, a breath, a sigh,  
Or an unheeded tale,  
Away our hasty minutes fly,  
Nor can we them recall.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,  
And know how fast they fly:  
That we to learn true wisdom's ways,  
May all our minds apply.

That we may fix our hopes above,  
And for our change prepare:  
Quick towards thee our rest may move,  
And mind our grand affair.

Then let our minutes mend their pace:  
We sooner shall be blest:  
The sooner end our weary race,  
And mount to heav'nly rest.

LXX. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.* Rev. xiv. 18.

(*Grantham Tune.*)

**H**ark! from on high a clearing voice,  
Lend all a list'ning ear:  
I'will make each pious heart rejoice,  
And vanquish ev'ry fear.

“ Write, henceforth, blessed are the dead  
“ That in the Lord shall die:  
“ Their weary flesh, as on a bed,  
“ Soft in the grave shall lie.  
“ Whilst their glad souls, at last releast,  
“ To heav'n shall take their flight;  
“ There to enjoy eternal rest,  
“ And infinite delight.  
“ They'll drop each load as they ascend,  
“ And bid farewell to woe:  
“ Their labours with their lives shall end,  
“ Their rest no period know.  
“ They'll drudge no more for daily bread,  
“ No more of sin complain,  
“ No more be pinch'd with any need,  
“ Nor griev'd with any pain:  
“ Their conflicts there with busy foes,  
“ For evermore shall cease:  
“ None shall their pleasing work oppose,  
“ Or once disturb their peace.

“ But

“ But vast rewards shall recompence  
“ Their hearty service here :  
“ And perfect love shall banish thence ;  
“ All diffidence and fear.  
“ Nay there their very work shall please,  
“ And duty yield them joy :  
“ Their service feed their bliss and ease,  
“ And never tyre nor cloy.

*LXXI. Joy in Heaven and on Earth  
at the Conversion of a Sinner.*

*Middlesex Tune.)*

**O**H! 'tis a dear delightful sight !  
'Twill glad both earth and heav'n,  
To see the sinful heart contrite,  
And meet to be forgiv'n.

God smiles to see a wretch, undone,  
To happy state restor'd :  
Meets gladly his returning son,  
And takes him to his board.

Pleas'd he resumes paternal right,  
To gentle rule inclin'd ;  
Blots out all past offences quite,  
Nor bears one fault in mind,

Whilst Jesus with delighted eyes,  
Beholds his promis'd seed ;  
Sees from his death new triumphs rise,  
His future hopes to feed.

*The*

The Spirit too, with joy surveys  
 The conquest he hath won :  
 Beholds, by his victorious grace,  
 The rebel made a son.

And all the heavenly hosts on high,  
 Applaud the joy divine :  
 Strike up in cheerful harmony,  
 And in the pleasure join.

Saints too below, with sweet accord,  
 Join here with them above :  
 Speak true devotion to their Lord,  
 And right fraternal love.

Oh ! 'tis a scene of spreading mirth,  
 When sinners are forgiven :  
 It glads the hearts of saints on earth,  
 And tunes the harps of heav'n.

LXXII. *The Inhabitant of Zion a  
 scrib'd, or Psalm xv.*

(Somerset Tune.)

**W**Hat man shall be a welcome gueſt  
 Within thy courts, O God ?  
 Who on the hill, by thee poſſeſt,  
 Shall fix his bleſt abode ?

'Tis he whose acts are fair and just,  
 As well as his pretence :  
 Whose words one may ſecurely truſt,  
 They ſpeak his real ſenſe.

Wh

Who never, with mischievous spite,  
    Will wound his neighbour's fame :  
Nor with reproaches take delight  
    To blot another's name.

Who honours all who fear the Lord,  
    But treats the vile with scorn :  
To his own damage keeps his word,  
    Nor once will be forsworn.

Who never will his wealth augment,  
    By griping usury ;  
Be brib'd to hurt the innocent,  
    Or set the guilty free.

Whoever thus shall persevere,  
    God's favour will insure ;  
May welcome to his house repair,  
    And there remain secure.

LXXIII. *Who welcome at God's House.*  
Psal. xxiv. 3, 4, 5, 6.

*The same Tune.)*

WHO shall ascend God's holy mount,  
    And to his houle repair ?  
Or who be thought, in his account,  
    Fit to inhabit there ?

Such as from wicked facts abstain,  
    And guilty thoughts abjure :  
Whose hands no foul transgressions stain,  
    Whose very hearts are pure :

Who never did by oaths betray,  
Or hurt the innocent:  
Whose trusty tongues abhor to say  
The thing they never meant.  
Such may the fav'rite hill ascend,  
And enter this abode:  
With constant welcome there atten'd,  
And meet a smiling God.  
Such seek the God of Jacob's face,  
Before him glad appear:  
Whilst minds impure avoid the place,  
Or find no pleasure there.  
Lord, I would be a welcome guest,  
At this thine holy place:  
There would I seek for joy and rest,  
And see thy smiling face.  
Oh cleanse my heart, my tongue, my hands,  
From guilt and ev'ry stain:  
Bow my whole soul to thy commands,  
Make me all pure and clean.  
Then lead me to thine holy hill,  
To taste the pleasures there:  
That I may heav'nly raptures feel,  
And feast on heav'nly fare.

LXXIV. *The Offices of our Redeemer.*  
(*St. James's Tune.*)

**D**ear Jesus, we thy name adore,  
Our Prophet, Priest and King:  
We own thy truth, revere thy pow'r,  
And thy salvation sing.

Thou, the great Prophet of the Lord,  
Dost heav'nly doctrines preach:  
And by thy spirit and thy word,  
All needful wisdom teach.

Thou art both Priest and sacrifice,  
To wash us with thy blood,  
To stand for us within the skies,  
And urge this plea with God.

Thou art our King, we own thy right,  
To rule as by thy laws:  
Subdue our hearts by saving might,  
And guard us from our foes.

[To thine instruction, gracious Lord,  
We now our selves resign:  
And from thy pure and heav'nly word,  
Would learn the will divine.

To that rich blood which thou hast shed  
We for redemption fly:  
On our behalf thy merit plead,  
And justice will comply.

Nor would we pardon, Lord, expect  
Or heav'n e'er hope to win,  
Whilst we thy rightful rule reject,  
And still persist in sin.

Oh! no, we own thy sovereign sway  
And bow to thy command:  
We'll all thy holy laws obey,  
And all thy foes withstand.

We will (but thou must strength imp)  
This purpose close pursue:  
Oh! by thy spirit in each heart  
Work thou to will and do.

Thus, Lord, our strengthen'd souls enl:  
And we shall ready stand,  
With pleasure to receive thy charge,  
And run at thy command.]

By thee we ever would be taught,  
And learn thy doctrine well:  
And be to glad subjection brought,  
As well as sav'd from hell.

Thus would we honour thee our Lc  
Our *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*:  
Obey thy laws, consult thy word,  
And thy salvation sing.

LXXV. *Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none upon Earth I desire besides Thee,* Psal. lxxiii. 25.

*Grantham Tune.)*

**M**Y God, my glory and my love,  
Of all my bliss the spring,  
For thee I'd part with all above,  
And every earthly thing.

**H**eav'n were a waste deserted place,  
If God should disappear:  
Or should'st thou hide thy glorious face,  
'Twould be thick darkness there.

**I**n vain the *seraphim* would try  
My passion to excite:  
Their borrow'd splendors fade and die,  
As God withdraws his light.

**B**ut as for meaner things below,  
I all their charms disdain:  
In vain their brightest form they shew,  
And tempt mine heart in vain.

**S**hould I this spacious earth possess,  
And all the spreading skies,  
They never would my thirst appease,  
Or yield me full supplies.

Without my God with all this store,  
 I should be pining still:  
 With thirst infatiate crave for more,  
 And never have my fill.

But when my soul's of God possest,  
 What can I wish for more!

Here it will ever fix its rest,  
 And give all wandring o'er.

I'd part with heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
 Were all at my command,  
 For the dear vision of his face,  
 And joys at his right hand.

*LXXVI. He that loveth Me, shall  
 be loved of my Father, and I will  
 love Him. John xiv. 21.*

(Fareham Tune.)

**A**ND can I, Lord, forbear to love,  
 And still avoid thine arms?  
 Will my dull heart still stupid prove,  
 And blind to all thy charms!

What! if I love thee, wilt thou, Lord,  
 The worthless flame approve!  
 Nay more, a kind return afford,  
 And give me love for love!

Wilt

Wilt thou, before whose awful throne  
Th' Archangels prostrate lie,  
A worm for thy beloved own,  
So mean a thing as I !

What ! shall I be belov'd of God !  
'Tis quintessence of bliss :  
And shall I still cling to a clod,  
And spurn such grace as this ?

Oh ! no, my icy heart at last,  
Begins to thaw and warm,  
Laments it self for dullness past,  
And gladly would reform.

Lord, let thy love its charms display,  
Its kindly pow'r exert :  
Take all remaining chill away,  
And kindle my whole heart.

LXXVII. *All ye that love the Lord  
hate evil.* Psal. xcvi. 10.

Northampton *Tune.*)

Y~~E~~S, sin, the monster sin, must be,  
By ev'ry one abhor'd,  
Who would express respect for thee,  
Or true affection, Lord..

With enmity profest, it stands,  
And all thy pow'r defies :  
Inveighs against thy just commands,  
Thy sov'reign rights denies.

Nor can its full and boundless spite  
Be soften'd or subdu'd:  
Were it possest of equal might,  
'Twould ruin all that's good.

And can I love thee, Lord, and yet  
Resentment here refrain?  
Or what thou must for ever hate,  
With pleasure entertain!

Oh! no, with constant hatred now  
I'll every sin pursue:  
Henceforth perpetual war I vow,  
Nor will the truce renew.

With my offending hand I'll part,  
Pluck out my very eyes:  
I'll tear each idol from mine heart,  
Nor spare a darling vice.

Thus proofs of loyal love I'll give,  
Resisting sin to blood,  
And ever at defiance live,  
With what offends my God.

LXXVIII. *To them that received him, he gave Power to become the Sons of God.* John i. 12.

*Southampton Tune.)*

**O**H! what a fund of hope is here  
For ev'ry sinful soul!  
Here's news the drooping heart to cheer,  
And make the wounded whole.

All who in Jesus Christ believe,  
And leave their former road,  
From him shall certain pow'r receive  
*To be the Sons of God.*

His Father will allow the name,  
The dear relation own,  
And give to each a right to claim  
The treatment of a son.

He'll love them with affection dear,  
For their supply provide:  
He of their safety will take care,  
And be their constant guide.

Sometimes, but with a gentle hand,  
He'll for their faults chaste,  
To bend their hearts to his command,  
And make them truly wise.

Below he'll make them meet for bliss,  
 And then to heav'n convey,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is  
 And never fadcs away.

Oh happy state! Lord, I would fain  
 This blessed pow'r receive:  
 Let me the earnest wish obtain,  
 And *help me to believe.*

**LXXXIX. Want of Love to God lamented.**

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**L**ord, what a stupid heart is mine!  
 How heavy here it lies!  
 Not all the charms of love divine  
 Will make it stir or rise.

That love by all the heav'ly choir  
 With constant rapture fung,  
 Will scarce one tuneful thought inspire,  
 Or once unloose my tongue.

Shame and Reproach! what had I, Lord,  
 My pow'r to love from thee?  
 My forfeit life hast thou restor'd,  
 And sav'd and ransom'd me.

Hast thou redeem'd at cost immense,  
 My wretched soul from woe?  
 My God aton'd for my offence,  
 His great good will to show!

And

And yet this stupid heart of mine,  
Be void of love to thee!  
Unmov'd with all this love of thine,  
Surprizing love to me!  
This fatal chill, dear God, remove,  
A better mind inspire:  
Warm my whole soul with holy love,  
And still maintain the fire.

LXXX. *The Goodness of God appearing in the whole Frame of Nature, an Argument to praise and love him.*

(Portsmouth Tune.)

**L**ord, thou art good: All nature shews  
Thee full, and free, and kind:  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Nor can it be confin'd.  
The whole and ev'ry part proclaims  
Unlimited good will:  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And broods on ev'ry hill.  
It spreads through all the spreading main,  
And heav'ns which spread more wide:  
It drops in ev'ry show'r of rain,  
And rolls on ev'ry tide.

This makes the heav'ly people sing,  
 And fills their hearts with mirth :  
 Supplies and comforts ev'ry thing,  
 That lives and moves on earth.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,  
 Thro' ages past and gone ;  
 Nor ever can exhausted be,  
 But still keeps flowing on.

Still on this all it pours supplies,  
 Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part :  
 Lord, let such goodness draw mine eyes,  
 And captivate mine heart.

Let it high admiration raise,  
 And strong affection move :  
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
 And fill mine heart with love.

*LXXXI. Love to God testified by Resolutions of Duty and Obedience.*

Northampton Tune.)

Y E S, Lord, I'll act the loyal part,  
 And thy commands obey ;  
 And love shall bend my captive heart,  
 To thine imperial sway.

I'll make it now my great concern,  
 To know and do thy will :  
 Thy pleasure with delight I'll learn,  
 And be complying still.

Th

Thy holy word a rule I'll make,  
In ev'ry thing I do :  
In all I think, or act, or speak,  
Its orders close pursue.

Nor will I duty more decline,  
Nor any danger dread :  
But, thro' the pow'r of love divine,  
Bold in this course proceed.

I'll face my foe, his force withstand,  
And tread the tempter down :  
And still the work and war attend,  
'Till I obtain the crown.

This will sincere affection shew,  
Love that will bear the test :  
All else is mere pretence I know,  
Dissembled love at best.

### LXXXII. *Preposterous Love and In-difference.*

(Southampton *Tune.*)

**M**Y God, I must my fault confess,  
A fool, a wretch am I :  
In close pursuit of happiness,  
From mine own bliss to fly.

Yet my fond heart, with fierce desire,  
Has vanity pursu'd :  
Here I have felt me all on fire,  
And lavisht sweat and blood.

*Ball*

But ah! how cold and languid, Lord,  
Have mine endeavours been!

To get my heart with graces stor'd,  
Or purify'd from sin?

To get my spirit clean and dreft,  
For heav'nly seats above:

Or have it here on earth possest,  
And warm'd with heav'nly love?

Prepost'rous course! with heat and zeal,  
Mere phantoms to pursue:

And all this while indifferent feel,  
Where all my flame is due.

Lord, send thy Spirit from above,  
And all my soul refine:

Set proper bounds to other love,  
But heighten what's divine.

LXXXIII. *Devotion to a Redeemer.*

(*Grantham Tune.*)

**J**ESUS, to thee I yield mine all,  
Thou my Redeemer art:  
The best lov'd object of my soul,  
And sov'reign of mine heart.

I can't resist. Thy love constrains,  
And seizes all my soul:  
Within the mighty passion reigns,  
Nor will it bear controul.

'Tis

’Tis love to strong devotion grown,  
Affection all divine:

My self no longer is mine own,  
Nor any thing that’s mine.

For thee, I’ll all I have possess,  
For thee and thine employ:  
What best will my beloved please,  
Will most improve my joy.

I have no int’rest now but thine,  
All else I freely quit:  
My gaudiest honours I resign,  
And lay them at thy feet.

Delighted now I part with all,  
The gross delights of sense:  
Pleasures that once engrost my soul,  
I chase with pleasure thence.

’Tis my ambition now to please,  
My dearest love and Lord:  
This to my mind will constant ease,  
With joy and bliss afford.

Vouchsafe but to accept my love,  
And shew it with a smile:  
Ev’n pain will then a pleasure prove,  
And easy all my toil.

LXXXIV. *The common Goodness of  
God to Mankind and Motive to love  
him.*

(Middlesex Tune.)

**I**N ev'ry part of this great all,  
Thy bounty, Lord, is shewn:  
It overflows this earthly ball,  
And spreads to worlds unknown.

It shines in brightest form above,  
Where all the blest reside:  
By thee the spring and life of love,  
With boundless bliss supply'd.

Nor can the heav'n's extensive bounds,  
Thy goodness, Lord, confine:  
Thro' all the world its fame resounds,  
Earth shares in love divine.

But above all thy works below,  
Thy creature man is blest:  
He stands, thy great good-will to shew,  
Distinguish'd from the rest.

O'er all inferior things he reigns,  
By thine appointment, Lord:  
And land and sea, and hills and plains,  
For him are richly stor'd.

With

With comely form his body's grac'd,  
Though for a shell design'd:  
But, Lord! how much is this surpass'd,  
By his indwelling mind!

There have his nobler pow'r's their seat,  
Which fit him to be blest:  
To find in God a fund compleat  
Of happiness and rest.

Surprizing love and goodness, Lord,  
That claims our highest praise;  
For ever let it be ador'd,  
And holy wonder raiſe.

*LXXXV. God to be loved for his con-descending Grace and Favours.*

*Portsmouth Tune.)*

**L** Ord, at how high a rate dost thou  
My worthleſs paſſion prize?  
To what surprizing height allow  
My humble hopes to rise?

What if I love thee, Lord? I owe  
Far more than I can pay,  
Should all my soul in rapture flow,  
And melt it ſelf away.

But wilt thou with a ſmiling face,  
My languid flame approve?  
My foul with kind endearments bleſs,  
And thus requite my love?

Will.

Will he who sits enthron'd on high,  
And dwells in dazzling light,  
Converse with such a thing as I,  
And make me his delight !

At all times grant me free access,  
And to my pray'rs attend !  
To me the tenderest love express,  
And ever act the friend !

With bounteous heart and liberal hand,  
Will he my wants supply :  
For my defence still ready stand,  
To put all dangers by ?

Will he support my sinking soul,  
When heavy burthens press :  
My busy foes and fears controul,  
And help in all distress ?

Nor only thus express his love,  
Whilst I continue here :  
But lift my hopes to heav'n above,  
And perfect friendship there ?

What fit returns, dear Lord, can I  
For such affection make ?

Oh ! with new pow'rs my soul supply,  
And all its old awake.

Fain would I love thee, Lord, and feed  
The dear, the heav'nly fire :  
Here my devotion can't exceed,  
But ever may aspire.

LXXXVI. *Herein the Love of God  
was manifested.* 1 John iv. 19.  
(Somerset Tune.)

YES, here is love, with dear surprize!  
Oh! let it seize my soul:  
Attract and fix my wandring Eyes,  
And ev'ry pow'r controul.

Strange stoop indeed that God should dwell  
In humane form below!  
And die to save mankind from hell,  
And everlasting woe.

Lord! what is man that thou shouldst love  
At such a rate as this:  
And thus his load of guilt remove,  
And lift him up to bliss?

Would God by his own death redeem  
A rebel doom'd to die?  
And with his precious blood for him,  
Life everlasting buy?

Man for the dearest of his friends,  
Would hardly yield his breath:  
But God his love to foes commands,  
By this surprizing death.

'Tis love, 'tis glorious love indeed,  
And without parallel: [ceed  
Great! but how great great! doth far ex-  
The pow'r of speech to tell.

Oh!

Oh ! let this stoop of peerless grace,  
 Mine admiration move :  
 Engage my heart, excite my praise,  
 And turn me all to love.

LXXXVII. *The Soul chusing God as its  
 best Beloved, and centring in him.*

*Northampton Tune.)*

**G**reat source of beauty, life and light,  
 Of beings first and best :  
 I would to thee direct my flight,  
 There to be rich and blest.

Thy Majesty my mind will awe,  
 But give it dear surprize :  
 Whilst all thy radiant beauties draw,  
 Engage and feast mine eyes.

Thy love will constant life impart,  
 Thy kindness feed my joy :  
 Thy riches fate my craving heart,  
 And fill, but never cloy.

In thee all beauties fully meet,  
 In thee all fulness is :  
 God to enjoy is joy complete,  
 The quintessence of bliss.

Oh ! bear my rising soul away,  
 From this inferior clod :  
 To her thy glorious form display,  
 And draw her to her God.

LXXXVIII. *God infinitely amiable.*

Middlesex Tune.)

name,

**G**reat God of love! that charming name,  
Should all my pow'rs controul;  
Should make my best affections flame,  
And kindle all my soul.

In thee consummate beauties shine,  
Nor can their lustre fade:  
Thy form indeed is all divine,  
Without a spot or shade.

Tow'rs thee my rising thoughts may  
And boundless charms descry: (stretch,  
But far beyond their utmost reach  
Unnumber'd glories lye.

Nor I nor angels round the throne  
Can love to what's thy due:  
Beauties divine to them unknown,  
Pass all they have in view.

They feel, indeed, seraphick heat,  
Celestial strains they sing:  
And in high raptures celebrate  
The glories of their King.

But heav'nly minds, great God, in vain  
Would grasp this mighty theme:  
Tho' more than mortal pow'rs they strain  
To measure thee **SUPREME.**

When

When they have stretch'd their wings f  
 The steep ascent to try ; (flight)  
 Struck with the vast and boundless heigh  
 In wonder lost they lye.

Yet they for ever wonder on,  
 And gaze with high delight :  
 And love the infinite unknown,  
 With all their mind and might.

I too would lift mine eyes to see  
 What angels can't explore :  
 With fix'd attention gaze at thee  
 And wonder and adore.

Oh ! draw mine eyes, my heart enflam  
 With love fill up my soul :  
 Let this affection reign supreme,  
 And all my pow'r's controul.

LXXXIX. *Redemption from all I  
 quity employ'd.*

Ely *Tune.*)

**G**racious Redeemer, I adore  
 Thy merit and thy might ;  
 Oh ! plead thy blood, exert thy pow' ;  
 And snatch me from the pit.

Let not thy precious blood be spilt,  
 Or shed for me in vain :  
 But wash off all my crimson guilt,  
 Nor leave the slightest stain.

And by thy spirit's cleansing pow'r  
Purge out the filth of sin:  
Thine image to my soul restore,  
And make me pure and clean.

From ev'ry sin redeem me, Lord,  
Nor my vile fav'rite spare:  
Be this above the rest abhor'd  
With enmity sincere.

That I each sinful thought may shun,  
Each wicked word and deed:  
And never more, as I have done,  
Let my corruptions lead.

But being freed from sin, may chuse  
To serve my God again:  
On earth may heav'nly fruit produc,  
And heav'n at length obtain.

*XC. Fellowship with God.*

(*Grantham Tune.*)

**W**HAT grace is this, my God? may I  
Have fellowship with thee!  
Wilt thou advance a worm so high,  
Or stoop so much to me!  
A wretch, a rebel to thy crown,  
Thine enemy I've been:  
And wilt thou yet forbear to frown,  
Or to revenge my sin?

*Canst*

Canst thou forget what I have done  
To urge thy vengeance on?  
Wrongs offer'd to thy bleeding Son,  
And insults to thy throne?  
And after all invite my love,  
And court me to be blest?  
My dearest friend and patron prove,  
My refuge and my rest?  
May I to God have free access,  
And boldly venture near?  
Seek help in seasons of distress,  
And have thy gracious ear?  
May I behold thy smiling face,  
And hear thy cheering voice?  
Taste all the blessings of thy grace,  
And in thy love rejoice?  
Be at thine house a welcome guest,  
And at thy board sit down?  
Find this the path to endless rest,  
And an immortal crown?  
Great God! and canst thou stoop so low,  
Who art enthron'd so high!  
Such love express, such favour shew,  
To one so vile as I!  
What great, what glorious grace is this?  
And what good will to me?  
When 'tis my life, my health, my bliss,  
To've fellowship with thee?

XCI. *Frail Life.**St. Peter's Tune.)*

**L**ORD, what a feeble frame is ours!  
How vain a thing is man!  
How frail are all his boasted pow'rs!  
And short, at best, his span!  
  
Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,  
And cuts the yielding air;  
Or as a kindling meteor dies  
E're it can well appear;  
  
So pass our fleeting years away,  
And time runs on its race:  
In vain we ask a moment's stay,  
Nor will it slack its pace.  
  
But, Lord, what mighty things depend  
On our precarious breath!  
And soon this dying life will end,  
In endless life or death.  
  
Oh, make us truly wise to learn  
How very frail we are,  
That we may mind our grand concern,  
And for our change prepare:  
  
May think of death, and learn to die  
To all inferior things;  
Whilst our glad souls still soaring fly  
Tow'rds life's eternal springs.

This course will prove us wise indeed;  
 'Tis the high road to bliss;  
 To heav'n it will directly lead,  
 Where boundless pleasure is.

There let our treasure ever be:  
 Be this our great design,  
 To dwell for ever, Lord, with thee,  
 And feast on joys divine.

Then may we bid our years roul on,  
 And time make haste away;  
 The sooner will our souls be gone  
 To endless life and day.

*XCII. God's Readiness to forgive Sin  
 manifested by providing a Saviour.*

*St. James's Tune.)*

**L**ord, thou art good: To anger slow,  
 But ready to forgive;  
 And free thy rich compassions flow,  
 The wretched to relieve.

When dreadful justice did demand  
 Our guilty race should die,  
 And none besides our friend could stand,  
 And put the sentence by:

Thou didst, thy mercy to display,  
 Devote thy Son to death:  
 And he, to wash our guilt away,  
 Made his heart's blood the bath.

Strange

Strange proof, thou'rt ready to forgive  
The vilest sinners, Lord,  
When thine own son, that we might live,  
Dy'd by his Father's sword.

He dy'd that inj'ry to repair  
Which we by sin had done,  
To awe our minds with holy fear,  
And vindicate thy throne.

And now with honour, Lord, thou mayst  
The greatest sins forgive:  
Speak peace to wretches sore distrest,  
And breaking hearts relieve.

When such convincing proofs appear,  
I'll doubt this truth no more:  
Nor add the guilt of black despair  
To all my former score.

In *Jesus*'s name, now at thy feet,  
A penitent I fall:  
Oh! for his sake my sins remit,  
And heal my bleeding soul.

**XCIII. *Prayer for Pardon.***

*St. Andrew's Tune.)*

**F**orgiveness! 'tis a clearing word;  
But who can pardon give?  
None but mine injur'd sov'reign, Lord  
'Tis thy prerogative.

Thou dost the greatest wrong receive,  
From ev'ry sin of mine:  
And what the inj'ry can forgive,  
But grace and pow'r divine?

To thee I therefore turn mine eyes,  
This mercy to implore:  
In pity hear my mournful cries,  
And wipe out all my score.

Forgiving goodness, Lord, display;  
My burthen'd mind relieve:  
Take all my crimson guilt away,  
My num'rous sins forgive.

Thy pard'ning voice will ease my smart,  
Mine anguish quite remove:  
'Twill heal my bleeding, breaking heart,  
And kindle thankful love.

Oh! let me, Lord, this grant obtain,  
And hear the clearing voice:  
Still all my griefs, remove my pain,  
And make my heart rejoice.

None can forgive my sins but thee;  
'Tis thy prerogative:  
Yet hear my Saviour's plea for me,  
And when thou hear'st, forgive.

**XCIV. Forgiving Mercy exciting Love.**

*Middlesex Tune.)*

**T**o be forgiv'n! how blest the state!  
How easy, how secure!  
When God remits our mighty debt,  
And charges sin no more!

No more will angry justice frown,  
And threaten wrath and hell:  
Atoning blood our faults will drown,  
And ev'ry curse repeal.

Sins of enormous size and height,  
That reach'd as high as heav'n,  
Will wholly vanish out of sight,  
And freely be forgiv'n.

Lord, this is wondrous love indeed,  
'Tis grace all o'er divine:  
How loud doth bleeding merit plead?  
How bright doth mercy shine?

And shall so vile a wretch as I,  
Of this rich grace partake!  
Will God pass mine offences by,  
For my Redeemer's sake!

Will he my num'rous faults blot out,  
My heinous sins forgive!  
With Jesu's blood solve ev'ry doubt,  
And bid the rebel live!

Wake, oh! my soul, with dear surprize,  
 This glorious scene survey:  
 Fix on a pard'ning God thine eyes,  
 And at the prospect stay.

Gaze on 'till love divine constrains,  
 And seizes thee entire:  
 'Till o'er me all the passion reigns:  
 Look on and feed the fire.

A little love can't serve my turn,  
 Who have much mercy found:  
 Strong let the flame for ever burn,  
 And more and more abound.

**XCV. *The Inheritance of the Children of God.***

(*Portsmouth Tune.*)

**T**Here's an Inheritance divine,  
 Reserv'd in heav'n above,  
 For ev'ry child, dear Lord, of thine,  
 To shew their Father's love.

An happy state that bars out all  
 Solicitude and sin:  
 Where joys continual feast the soul,  
 Without a pause between.

The stock will never waste away,  
 Nor will the pleasure wane:  
 'Tis pure, without the least alloy  
 Of weariness or pain.

Infinite

Infinite beauty draws the eye,  
And ravishes the heart:  
Transports of high extatick joy,  
Fresh vigour still impart.

Lord, 'tis a blissful state indeed  
To dwell above with thee:  
On thine own fullness there to feed,  
Thy face unveil'd to see.

Oh! let these glorious hopes refine,  
And elevate my soul;  
To heav'nly things mine heart incline,  
And meaner joys controul.

May faith and hope stretch all their wings,  
And bear me up on high,  
And as I mount, may earthly things  
Below unheeded lye.

Yet whilst thou giv'st me, Lord, my share  
Of these good things below,  
Let me not what is needful spare  
To make thine int'rest grow.

*XCVI, Submission to God's fatherly  
Chastisements.*

Fareham *Tune.*)

**L**ORD, what a pleasure 'tis to say,  
My Father and my God!  
Tho' thou shouldst take my joys away,  
Or make me feel thy rod!

A father with the wisest care,  
 The tend'rest love will guide :  
 'Twill spoil the faulty child to spare,  
 And ne'er correct nor chide.

My God, thy wisdom I adore,  
 Nor will I doubt thy love :  
 Tho' with afflictions long and sore  
 Thou shouldst my faults reprove.

Thy just resentments have been slow,  
 Thy stripes have gentle been,  
 Compar'd with my deserts, I know,  
 And with mine heinous sin.

I needed too to feel the smart  
 Of thy correcting rod :  
 To fix this wanton wandring heart,  
 And keep it close to God.

Yet, Lord, in all my griefs and pains  
 Thou dost a Father prove ;  
 My sinking heart my hand sustains ;  
 And can I doubt thy love ?

My good I know thou dost intend,  
 My greatest good in all :  
 The errors of my life to mend,  
 And to refine my soul.

Work thou thy will in thine own way,  
 And tho' I feel thy rod,  
 With grateful relish yet I'll say,  
*My Father and my God.*

XCVII. *Pardonning Mercy improv'd  
to holy Fear.*

*Dorchester Tune.)*

"**T**IS thou, mine injur'd God, alone  
Who canst my sin forgive:  
My load will ever make me groan,  
If thou wilt not relieve.

But thou art kind and prompt to spare,  
And pardon sinners too;  
That all thy glorious name may fear,  
Who for thy favour sue.

All glory to thy name be paid,  
For this rich mercy, Lord:  
That full remission may be had,  
And glorious hope restor'd.

Grant I may ne'er this grace abuse,  
Or thence a licence take:  
Thy rightful empire to refuse,  
Thy righteous laws to break.

Oh! no, mine yielding soul posses  
With reverential fear;  
Deep on my heart thy laws impress,  
Form thine own likeness there.

Let all the glories God displays  
In blotting out my sin,  
Esteem and admiration raise,  
And kindle love within.

Whilst I with pleasure and with care  
 Maintain the holy frame ;  
 Delight a pard'ning God to fear,  
 And much respect his name.

And with the utmost caution shun  
 Whatever will provoke ;  
 But glad my race appointed run,  
 And gladly bear his yoke.

**XCVIII. God's Love to his Children  
 ador'd.**

*Grantham Tune.)*

**T**HIS is surprising grace, dear Lord,  
 'Tis goodness all divine ;  
 A worm, a wretch to be abhor'd,  
 Yet made a child of thine !

Will God so near relation own  
 To such an one as I ?  
 Vouchsafe to love me as his son,  
 And lay resentment by ?

Can he so vile a thing embrace,  
 Or to his arms invite ?  
 Smile on me with a Father's face,  
 And make me his delight ?

With great good will my soul pursue,  
 Concern'd for me appear !  
 Express paternal pity too,  
 And bottle ev'ry tear !

*When*

When thro' mere frailty I offend,  
Will he the fault o'erlook?

And wilful sin, when I amend,  
Blot wholly from his book?

Lord, what an happy change is this!  
A rebel made a son!

A wretch, by grace advanc'd to bliss,  
Who was by sin undone!

Oh! let this love enkindle mine,  
Set all my soul on fire;  
Exalt my voice to strains divine,  
And utmost praise inspire.

And whilst with tuneful tongue and heart,  
I celebrate this grace,  
Let all mine actions bear a part,  
And my whole life be praise.

*XCIX. God's Fatherly provision for  
his Children.*

*Somerset Tune.)*

**Y**ES, Lord, thy children may depend  
On thy paternal care:  
Thou wilt the Father and the friend  
In ev'ry thing appear.

With open hand and lib'ral heart,  
Thou wilt their wants supply:  
To them thy benefits impart,  
And no good thing deny.

On them at last thou wilt bestow,  
Eternal joy and rest :  
And whilst they sojourn here below,  
Still give them what is best.

If worldly wealth may be possesst,  
And future joys secur'd ;  
They shall with large estates be blest,  
And have their lot ensur'd.

But if a large estate and store  
Should hazard heav'nly bliss :  
Far bettter were it to be poor,  
And want such wealth as this.

My Father knows what's good and fit,  
And wisdom guides his love :  
To thine elections I submit,  
I'll ev'ry choice approve.

To thy paternal love and care,  
With chearful heart I trust :  
Thy tender mercies boundless are,  
And all thy thoughts are just.

I cannot want whilst God provides,  
What he allots is best :  
And Heav'n, whate'er I want besides,  
Will make me rich at last.

C. *Grace of God in binding us to believe that we may be forgiven.*

*Northampton Tune.)*

**L**ord, thou hast bound us to believe,  
If we would be forgiven:  
We must by faith thy Son receive,  
To be made heirs of heav'n.

Just, fit, and kind is this demand,  
And speaks thy goodness, Lord;  
When pardon thus may be obtain'd,  
And forfeit life restor'd.

Sure thou art prompt to pardon sin,  
And quit our guilty score:  
Or thy demands had higher been,  
And we oblig'd to more.

Mercy it self could ask no less,  
For setting rebels free:  
Than with thanksgiving to confess,  
Their mighty debt to thee.

And to thy Christ the honour pay,  
Due to his peerless love;  
Whose blood must wash their guilt away,  
And thy fierce wrath remove.

'Tis glorious grace, thus, Lord, to give,  
My bleeding soul relief:  
I would with all mine heart believe,  
"Help thou mine unbelief.

Alas! my God, what have I done,  
 To wrong so much good will?  
 Goodness it self I've sought to shun,  
 And rush'd on all that's ill.

I have provok'd thee to thy face,  
 And long thy patience try'd:  
 Have offer'd insults to thy grace,  
 And all thy love defy'd.

Flowing compassions I have spurn'd,  
 From mine one bliss have fled:  
 Disdainful from my God have turn'd,  
 By sensual taste misled.

And yet my gracious God forgives,  
 Forgets what I have been:  
 With healing balm my heart relieves,  
 And blots out all sin.

Break, oh my heart, from both mine eyes  
 Let briny torrents flow:  
 Melt all my soul; thy faults revise  
 With undissembled woe.

Mix hearty grief with utmost shame,  
 Thine own vile form abhor:  
 Eternal war with sin proclaim,  
 And never love it more.

CIII. *Less than the least of God's  
Mercies.*

Ely *Tune.*)

Y E S, Lord, all merit I disclaim,  
'Tis void of all pretence:  
Rich grace shall be my darling theme,  
For all I have is thence.

The blessings thou dost still heap on,  
Are for thy goodness sake:  
Nor can I for a single one,  
The least requital make.

The least of all is greater far,  
Than I can claim from thee:  
But, Lord, how great thy favours are!  
And manifold to me.

My debt is vast, nor can I hope  
To quit this mighty score:  
Accept the thanks I offer up,  
For I can give no more.

Deep on my heart the sense impress,  
How mean and poor I am:  
That I may still thy grace confess,  
And all desert disclaim.

CIV. *I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the Goodness of God,*  
 &c. Psal. xxvii. 13.

(Middlesex Tune.)

MY God, when storms of trouble rise,  
 And overwhelm my soul,  
 To thee I'll lift believing eyes,  
 Thou wilt their rage control.  
 Long since, with num'rous grief opprest,  
 I h'd sunk beneath my load:  
 But that I hop'd (when thus distrest)  
 For mercy from my God.  
 Oh! help me firmly to believe,  
 Thy faithful promise, Lord:  
 Full credit to thy truth to give,  
 Thy never failing word.  
 Faith will disperse my gloomy fears,  
 And cheer my heavy heart:  
 'Twill stop the torrent of my tears,  
 And living joys impart.  
 Though I all merit must disclaim,  
 Thy mercies boundless are:  
 And my Redeemer's pow'rful name,  
 Will hush each guilty tear.

Nay,

Nay, faith will bear my soul away,  
To brighter worlds on high:  
To regions of eternal day,  
Where all my treasures lye.

Soon will this gloomy scene retire,  
And boundless joy succeed:  
Such hopes will vig'rous life inspire,  
And lift my drooping head.

Though faint before, now I revive,  
These thoughts my spirits raise:  
Joyful I feel my self alive,  
And triumph in thy grace.

*CV. It is of the Lord's Mercies that  
we are not consumed, &c. Lam.  
iii. 22.*

*Grantham Tune.)*

**M**Y gracious God, to what a size  
Do my transgressions swell?  
My guilt to heaven for vengeance cries,  
And merits death and hell.

Long since, if thou hadst been severe,  
I must have wretched been:  
But thou in pity dost forbear,  
Nor punish me for sin.

'Tis from thy rich and glorious grace,  
 That all my blessings flow:  
 That on thine earth I've yet a place,  
 And 'scape eternal woe.

Deep on my thankful breast impress,  
 The sense of love divine:  
 With my whole heart my God I'd bless,  
 Would my whole self be thine.

Thanks at all seasons let me pay,  
 Whatever may befall:  
 And when he gives or takes away,  
 Yet bless the Lord in all.

For all on this side endless woe,  
 Is much too good for me:  
 Lord, what a debt of thanks I owe!  
 Perpetual thanks to thee!

I have my being, live and move,  
 In free and wondrous grace:  
 Oh! let my soul be turn'd to love,  
 And all my life be praise.

**CVI.** *Prayer for the Spirit's Influence*  
 Fareham Tune.)

**C**ome, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quickning pow'rs:  
 Shed light and sense, shed life and love,  
 On these dull souls of ours.

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Alas! how grovling here we lye,  
Chain'd down to earthly things:  
We scarce attempt to rise or fly,  
Scarce lift our feeble wings.

How weak is faith, devotion faint!  
How breathless all our praise!  
We rarely strive, we hardly pant,  
For everlasting joys.

Come, Lord, and with a gentle gale  
On thine own garden blow:  
Make all my soul thine influence feel,  
Make ev'ry spice to flow.

Then my lov'd Saviour may descend,  
His pleasant fruit to taste:  
Delicious fragrance forth they'll send,  
And yield him sweet repait.

CVII: *All Things are naked and open'd to him with whom we have to do.* Heb. iv. 13.

Dorchester *Tune.*)

**N**O, 'tis in vain, great God, from thee  
Mine actions to disguise:  
What can a screen or covering be,  
From quick all-piercing eyes?

Should

Should I to such a place retreat,  
 Where never man had been:  
 There I my righteous God should meet,  
 Nor could securely sin.

Should I beneath the veil of night  
 To hide mine actions try:  
 Alike in darkness as in light  
 Thou canst my faults espy.

My secret thoughts, the hidden springs  
 Of ev'ry thing I do:  
 All acts, intentions, words and things,  
 Lye open to thy view.

Fix deep this truth upon my breast;  
 How could I dare do ill?  
 Convinc'd, that where I rove and rest,  
 God's *mine observer still*.

Lord, 'tis is vain, nor will I more  
 Thy presence seek to shun:  
 One future act to cover o'er,  
 Or hide what I have done.

Open to view I'll always stand,  
 And no disguises wear;  
 But form my life by thy command,  
 With diligence and care.

To thine all-searching eye I'll strive  
 Each action to approve:  
 And as thou dost direction give,  
 Will think, and speak, and move.

**CVIII. *Filial Obedience.***

*Somerset Tune.)*

**M**Y God, my Father, I adore  
That dear commanding name:  
Twill my whole soul to life restore  
And kindle all my flame.

By grace my heart stands fully bent  
To learn thy holy will:  
With fix'd unchangeable intent  
Thy pleasure to fulfil.

Entire I bow to thy commands,  
Thus filial homage pay:  
With heart and life, with tongue and hands  
I'll chearfully obey.

I'll wilfully no more transgres,  
As I too oft have done:  
But ev'ry sinful thought suppress,  
Each sinful action shun.

Each day I live, I'll seek with care  
My Father well to please,  
And in this course will persevcre  
By thine assiting grace.

Thus will I close relation claim,  
And prove my self thy son;  
And whilst I bear the glorious name,  
My Father's rights will own.

*I will.*

On my dead soul thine influence shed,  
There kindle life divine:  
Help me the path of life to tread,  
Nor from it once decline.

Then shall I calmly meet my death,  
The king of terrors brave:  
Triumphant yield my parting breath,  
And lay me in a grave.

Whilst my glad soul shall wing away  
To her desir'd abode;  
Where boundless bliss and heav'nly day,  
Stream from the face of God.

CXI. *Life uncertain.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**T**IS but a short uncertain space  
Allow'd us here to live:  
Death unperceiv'd comes on apace,  
And will no warning give.

Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,  
His fatal dart can fly:  
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,  
Without distinction die.

Each day we live may be our last,  
For any thing we know:  
E're the next minute shall be past,  
We our last breath may draw.

And shall we trifle and delay,  
And still keep sinning on?  
Neglect our souls from day to day,  
'Till life and time are gone?  
The present moment let us seize,  
For that alone is ours:  
*Now*, set our selves our God to please,  
With all our heart and pow'rs.  
*To day*, whilst yet 'tis call'd to day,  
Let's hearken to his voice:  
Put ev'ry lust and sin away,  
And make all heav'n rejoice.

### CXII. *Death of Sinners.*

*The same Tune.)*

**D**Earth! 'tis to them a dismal day  
Who live estrang'd from God:  
Reluctant they are snatch'd away,  
And forc'd to change abode.  
A ghastly paleness now succeeds  
To all their tempting forms:  
And the once pamper'd carcals feeds,  
And is devour'd by, worms.  
Into the gloomy grave 'tis thrown,  
Whilst the surviving mind  
Defenceless roves to worlds unknown,  
And leaves its bliss behind.

All the lov'd glory, pomp, and state,  
And treasures here on earth ;  
All the proud pleasures of the great,  
And scenes of meaner mirth.

To all their fond delights they must  
For ever bid farewell :  
And whilst their flesh converts to dust,  
Their spirits plunge to hell.

Where darkness, horror, vengeance reign,  
Where *the worm never dies*,  
But in perpetual woe and pain  
Each hopeless spirit lies.

Oh ! 'tis a dreadful thing to die,  
And fix in this abode :  
Lord, let me all this danger fly,  
And turn me back to God.

### CXIII. *Lord's Day.*

Portsmouth *Tune.*)

**H**ail, glorious day, when from the dead  
My blest Redeemer rose,  
Bruis'd the old serpent on his head,  
And vanquish'd all his foes.

Hail, holy time of God design'd  
This triumph to record,  
To raise and to enlarge my mind,  
And magnify my Lord.

God's

God's temple-gates now open stand  
    To give me entrance in;  
Whilst my Redeemer is at hand  
    To answer for my sin.

There I may hear his saving word,  
    And see his smiling face,  
Join in the triumphs of my Lord,  
    And praise recovering grace.

There may I learn his blessed will,  
    The way to heav'nly rest:  
And by his grace acquire the skill  
    To be for ever blest.

His kindly influence on my heart  
    The heav'nly dove will pour,  
He'll light, and life, and joy impart,  
    And teach my mind to soar.

He'll kindle up an heav'nly fire,  
    And make devotion glow:  
Teach my affections to aspire,  
    And scorn the things below.

Sure earnest this of heav'nly joy !  
    'Tis glory in the bud:  
Here's a rich feast that ne'er will cloy,  
    'Tis all celestial food.

Hail, glorious day ! of days the best  
    And brightest here on earth,  
Sure pledge of everlasting rest,  
    And everliving mirth.

Delicious day! but quickly done,  
Soon are thy pleasures o'er:  
When will my sabbath be begun,  
And never ended more!

#### CXIV. *The Judgment Day.*

*St. Andrew's Tune.*

E'RE long the awful day will come,  
When Jesus shall appear:  
And from his mouth their final doom,  
Both good and bad shall hear.

He'll come in all his glories drest,  
And take the judgment-seat;  
Whilst round him myriads of the blest  
At humble distance wait.

He'll bid the dreadful trumpet sound,  
And summon to his bar:  
The blast will shake all heav'n around,  
And thunder in the air.

'Twill pierce the earth, and strike the ears  
Of all the sleeping dead:  
Each the awak'ning summons hears,  
And quits his dusty bed.

But ah! what horror and surprize  
Will rising sinners seize?  
When Jesus, from the glowing skies,  
Shall speak such words as these?  
    "Accursed,

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“ Accursed, from my presence go,

“ You hated me and mine:

“ Now in eternal fire and woe

“ With your old leader join.

But saints shall joyful lift their eyes

And see their Saviour smile;

He comes to take them to the skies

And all their hopes fulfil.

“ Come, ye belov'd and blest, he says,

“ And heav'nly realms possess: [ways,

“ You lov'd my friends, and chose my

“ And wish'd my cause success.

“ Come now and you with me shall reign,

“ And in my glories share:

This said, they'll rise and join his train

Triumphant in the air.

And thence in pomp the judge attend

Up to the world of praise:

And in celestial strains commend

His justice and his grace.

## *CXV. Heaven.*

Middlesex *Tune.*)

**T**HERE is a land of living joy

Beyond the utmost sky:

All pure without the least alloy,

All perfect ecstasy.

H 4

High

High seated on a blazing throne,  
Th' eternal God appears :  
Puts all his smiling glories on,  
And awes at once and chears.

The slaughter'd Lamb at his right hand  
Assumes his royal seat :  
Whilst round at proper distance stan  
His ministers of state.

Angels, arch-angels, seraphim,  
Blest natives of the place,  
And men whom Jesus did redeem,  
Made denizens by grace.

Each person there shines heav'nly bright,  
And God's resemblance bears ;  
Each face an air of high delight,  
And humble reverence wears.

Each heart with strong devotion glows,  
Love ev'ry breast inspires,  
Whilst God's own spirit gently blows  
And fans these holy fires.

In strains celestial ev'ry tongue,  
Will God's high praise proclaim :  
And all in consort sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

The *Hallelujahs* once begun  
No pause nor close will know :  
But joy and harmony in one  
Perpetual transport flow.

To these high strains their minds they'll  
Nor find their tongues remiss: [bend,  
Their spirits ne'er will tire or spend,  
In extasies of bliss.

A constant bloom in ev'ry face,  
Shall death and age defy:  
And pain and sin far from the place,  
For ever far shall fly.

### CXVI. *Hell.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

**H**ELL! 'tis a dreadful sound to hear,  
It shakes a pious heart:  
Who can the woe and horror bear,  
The agony and smart?  
In frightful gloom the region lies,  
Which bars th' access of light:  
Whilst mingling flames; which constant  
Add horror to the night. [rise  
In burning and immortal woe,  
The wretched weltring lye:  
Their pains shall never period know,  
Their *worm shall never die.*  
The righteous God, with wrathful breath,  
Will still supply the fire:  
Still they shall feel the pangs of death,  
But never can expire.

Conscience enrag'd will gnaw the heart,  
 With never ceasing pain:  
 Whilst the sick mind the mortal smart  
 Unfainting must sustain.

Far out of reach, but still in sight;  
 The heav'ly glory lies:  
 But raging they, tow'rds bliss and light,  
 Lift their despairing eyes.

All former dear delights are dead,  
 Each pleasing scene withdrawn;  
 Mirth, musick, joy, and ease are fled,  
 For ever fled and gone.

*For ever!* who the thought can bear?  
 Who can for ever dwell,  
 Sick, pining, raving (and despair  
 Of all relief) in Hell?

Quick, let me, Lord, thy vengeance flee,  
 And to my Saviour haste:  
 Repent of sin and turn to thee,  
 And ne'er this potion taste.

**CXVII. *The Hardiness of Sinners in  
 being without Fear of Death.***

*The same Tune.*

**H**Ardy the wretch who death defies,  
 And yet goes on in sin:  
 'Tis this the *King of fears* supplies,  
 With his whole magazine.

Whilst

Whilst guilt remains the venom stays,  
Which deadly makes his dart :  
With full revenge he rebels slays,  
And cuts them through the heart.  
At once he'll all their bliss destroy,  
And make their woe entire ;  
Extinguish ev'ry hope and joy,  
And plunge them into fire.  
He'll drive them down to shades below,  
Where wrath and horror reign :  
Where in extremity of woe,  
They hopeless must remain.  
And yet can wretched mortals dare,  
In all their guilt to die ?  
And still sin on, too stout to fear,  
Or from this danger fly ?  
'Tis folly, frenzy at the height !  
When fear might work a cure,  
They keep the danger out of sight,  
And make their ruin sure.  
Lord, let not me thus hardy prove,  
And thy fierce wrath defy :  
But out of hand secure thy love,  
And to a *Jesus* fly.  
Let me be pardon'd and approv'd,  
In thy beloved Son :  
When God's appeas'd, and guilt remov'd,  
The sting of death is gone.

**CXVIII. The sad Death of rich Sinners, and happy Resurrection of the Saints, from Psal. xlix. 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15.**

*St. Andrew's Tune.*

**I**N vain industrious wordlings strive,  
And heap up wealth in vain ;  
Grow pleas'd and proud to find they thrive,  
And boast of mighty gain.

They can't procure one moment's health,  
Or buy one gasp of breath ;  
Or sooth their pain with all their wealth,  
Or bribe approaching death.

The mind his summons must obey,  
And to the stroke submit :  
Be sever'd from the kindred clay,  
And all her treasures quit.

Even kings like other men must die,  
And turn to common earth ;  
And level'd in the grave must lye,  
With those of meaner birth.

Then the cold pavement of a tomb,  
Will be their softest bed ;  
And dismal shade and frightful gloom,  
Their brightest scene succeed.

Death

Death on their guilty souls shall prey,  
The worms their flesh devour;  
Their strength and substance waste away,  
And own their conqueror's pow'r.

But saints shall leave their dusty beds,  
And in the morning rise:  
Be lift above oppressors heads,  
And climb their native skies.

My Saviour will my life restore,  
And then break up my grave;  
And to his arms, to part no more,  
My new-clad soul receive.

**CXIX. *Saints armed against the Fears  
of Death.***

Portsmouth *Tune.*)

**A**ND why should death the saints dis-  
Lift up your heads ye just: [may?  
What tho' your flesh must turn to clay,  
And moulder into dust?

God can the shatter'd frame restore,  
He'll ev'ry atom keep:  
Death as to you has lost his pow'r,  
*You will not die but sleep.*

When your Redeemer bled and dy'd,  
From guilt he wash'd you clean;  
And death no venom hath beside,  
*His deadly sting is sin.*

Now

Now you may gently lay your heads,  
And rest you in the grave:  
E'er long you'll rise from off those be  
And those dark mansions leave.

As nightly rest your strength repairs,  
And respite gives to pain;  
You'll in the grave forget your cares,  
And vig'rous rise again.

Mortal and feeble you lye down,  
But you'll immortal rise;  
And deathless glories then shall crow'r  
What in dishonour dies.

And whilst your bodies sleeping lye,  
Your better part's awake:  
Soon as the bands of life untie,  
Her chains and fetters break.

Releas'd she joyful springs away,  
And stretches all her wings:  
Swift rises tow'rds celestial day,  
And life's eternal springs.

Angels will lead her on the road,  
And guard her up to rest:  
Where in th' enjoyment of your God  
You'll be for ever blest.

Triumph, ye saints, in grace divine,  
Your fears are at an end:  
The grave your bodies must resign,  
And death appears your friend.

CXX. *Delaying Sinners quickened by  
the Fears of Death.*

*Fareham Tune.)*

**H**aste, sinners, to a Saviour run,  
Each dear lov'd sin disclaim ;  
That you the dread of death may shun,  
And 'scape devouring flame.

Haste for your lives, make no delay,  
You're tott'ring on the brink :  
Should justice snatch your souls away  
To burning woe you sink.

And can you stop the flying hours ?  
Or life one day prolong ?  
Oh ! make no boast of mortal pow'rs,  
However hail and strong.

How soon may sickness prostate lay  
Your boasted little might ?  
And death command your souls away  
To everlasting night ?

And can you bear in all the throws,  
Of mortal pain to lye ?  
Or in full view of future woes,  
Yet can you dare to die ?

Go call on God whilst he is nigh,  
His favour seek to win :  
To Jesus for redemption fly,  
And part with ev'ry sin.

*Wher*

When God's your friend, and sin forgiv'n  
 The sting of death is gone:  
 'Twill open throw the door of heav'n,  
 And lift you to a throne.

Oh! to your only refuge haste,  
 If fear won't make you move:  
 Try if you can such goodness taste,  
 And be drawn in by love.

**CXXI. *Delight in Ordinances.***

*Southampton Tune.*)

**L**ord of the shining hosts on high!  
**L** How pleasant 'tis to stay!  
 Where, drest in smiling Majesty,  
 Thou dost thy charms display!

The most delicious hours I spend,  
 Are in thy sacred courts;  
 Most gladly would I still attend,  
 There where my God resorts.

There to behold thy smiling face,  
 And feed an am'rous fire:  
 There to be blest with thine embrace,  
 And thus improve desire.

To see thy treasures there display'd,  
 Thy pleasing glories shine;  
 Meet a kind God, be welcome made,  
 And feast on joys divine!

Sure 'tis the brightest scene on earth,

Of all my time the best;

A season 'tis of heavenly mirth,

And pledge of heav'nly rest.

It yields delight, and dear content,

And much would I prefer,

One day with God thus sweetly spent,

To an whole age elsewhere.

One friendly look, my God, from thee,

One kind forgiving word,

Is more than all the world to me;

'Twill greater joy afford.

Oh! let me have my fixt abode,

Near where thou chusest thine;

Dwell much, and much converse with God,

And taste of love divine.

'Till dreft and ready for her flight,

My soul shall rise to thee,

And in thy more immediate sight,

*Eternal light shall see.*

CXXII. *Lord's Day.*

*Grantham Tune.)*

**T**hrice happy saints, who dwell above,

In God's immediate sight:

They glow with everlasting love,

And shine divinely bright.

In endless songs and extasies,  
 They one long sabbath keep :  
 They never shut their mouths or eyes,  
 They never pause nor sleep.

But ah ! how lifeless here I lie,  
 How flat are all my lays ?  
 In sleep more hours by far I die,  
 Than e'er I liv'd in praise.

Frequent the day of God returns,  
 And sheds its quickning beams :  
 And yet how slow devotion burns,  
 How languid are its flames ?

Accept my faint essays to love,  
 My frailties, Lord, forgive :  
 I would be like thy saints above,  
 Unlike them as I live.

That is the proper world of praise,  
 Why must I still keep thence ?  
 Why, oh my soul ! so loth to rise,  
 And to be gone from hence ?  
 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,  
 And fit me to ascend ;  
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
 The sabbath ne'er will end.

Where I shall breath in heav'nly air,  
 With heav'nly lustre shine ;  
 For ever feed on heav'nly fare,  
 And feel the taste divine.

Wh

Where I in high seraphick strains,  
Shall all my pow'rs employ ;  
Delighted range th' æthereal plains,  
And take my fill of joy.

Where I shall never rest nor tire,  
But found immortal lays ;  
Keep consort with the heav'nly choir,  
And live and breath in praise.

CXXIII. *Morning Hymn.*

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**A** Wake, my soul, in grateful songs,  
Praise him who still my life prolongs,  
Who his kind acts each day renews,  
And with new blessings me pursues :  
He takes all my concerns in trust,  
He watches o'er my sleeping dust ;  
My wasted pow'rs by night recruits,  
And fits them for the days pursuits.

This night I've past from mischief free,  
Because he kept kind watch for me ;  
And now reviv'd, refresh'd I rise,  
And lift to heav'n my thankful eyes.  
No midnight terrors shook my mind,  
My dreams were gentle, slumbers kind  
And sleep and dreams, and shady night,  
Now fly before the spreading light.

Thousands

Thousands in pain and horror lay,  
And wish'd, but wish'd in vain for day ;  
Whilst I with needful sleep was blest,  
Nor did a thought disturb my rest.  
And many guilty souls are gone  
To worlds unseen, and woes unknown ;  
Whilst I with equal guilt survive,  
And joyful feel my self alive.

Come then my soul, glad homage pay  
To him that form'd the night and day :  
He slumbers not, he never sleeps,  
But o'er me watch perpetual keeps.  
Reviv'd by him, to him devote  
Renewed time, and life and thought :  
And now thy waken'd pow'rs employ,  
In thankful hymns to speak thy joy...

CXXIV. *Night Hymn.*

*The same Tune.)*

[tongue,  
Lord, raise mine heart, and tune my  
To offer up an ev'ning song;  
And let my joyful sacrifice,  
To thee like holy incense rise.  
Each day with flowing mercy fill'd,  
For praise will constant matter yield;  
Tho' I provoke, thou dost forbear,  
To vengeance flow, but prompt to spare.  
Nay.

Nay ev'ry day, thou dost anew  
My stubborn heart with kindness wooe:  
Dost pour continual blessings down,  
And me with tender mercies crown.  
Thou, Lord, throughout this closing day,  
Hast been my guide to chuse my way:  
My guard by thine Almighty arm,  
To keep me safe from ev'ry harm.

My num'rous wants thou hast supply'd,  
Made joys to flow on ev'ry side:  
In *going out* and *coming in*,  
My shield and leader thou hast been.  
What shall I render, Lord, to thee,  
For all thy benefits to me?  
Or how proportion'd thanks repay,  
For all the favours of the day?

Oh! come, awake my drowsy heart,  
Stir all my soul, and act thy part:  
Awake my voice, awake my tongue,  
Strain all to form an ev'ning song:  
Breath out your thanks in heav'nly strains,  
The work will well reward your pains:  
'Twill feast my soul, and feed my love,  
And God the musick will approve.

CXXV. *Christ's Nativity.**The same Tune.)*

**B**etimes, on that auspicious morn,  
When the long promis'd Christ w  
[boi]

From heav'ns high court an angel can  
The glorious tydings to proclaim:  
Around him heav'nly splendor shone:  
Glories before to them unknown,  
Pour'd on the shepherds minds and eye  
O'erwhelming lustre and surprize.

But soon they heard his clearing voice  
“ Shepherds, I call you to rejoice,  
“ I come such blessed news to bring,  
“ 'Twill make all nations shout and sing,  
“ To *David's* city haste away,  
“ There Christ, the Lord, is born to day  
“ Laid in a manger there you'll find  
“ The promis'd Saviour of mankind.

Soon as this angel made an end,  
They saw the heav'ny troops descend;  
In radiant clouds on high they hung,  
And thus in strains celestial sung;  
“ To God, on high, all praise be giv'n,  
“ His dazzling glories fill the heav'n:  
“ And now his rich compassions flow,  
“ In grace and peace on men below.

Sha

Shall angels sing *our* Saviour's name,  
With loud applause his birth proclaim?  
And shall not we, with voice and heart,  
In their glad musick bear a part?  
“ Yes, glory be to God on high,  
“ Who lays his dreadful Vengeance by:  
“ Bestows his peace on earth agen,  
“ And pours salvation down on men.

CXXVI. *For the 5th of November.*

*The same Tune.)*

With grateful heart and cheerful voice,  
We'll in the Lord our God rejoice,  
Our dwelling-place in ages past,  
And still we hope his love shall last.  
When plots, wrap'd up in thick disguise,  
Were out of reach to human eyes;  
He did the hidden scene disclose,  
And break the measures of our foes.

When armies back'd licentious might,  
And threaten'd ev'ry law and right,  
He to our help an *Hero* sent,  
The hov'ring mischief to prevent.  
He came, and lawless pow'r gave way,  
He rul'd with just and gentle sway,  
And, safe to hand our blessings down,  
On royal *George* entail'd the crown.

And

And shall we, Lord, prove so ingrat:  
 As to requite this love with hate!  
 Forget or blur the *Hero's name*,  
 Or thy salvation once defame!  
 Oh, no! *whatever others do*,  
 We'll keep the glorious scene in view;  
 And *William's name* still dear shall be,  
 But all the praise reserv'd for thee.

CXXVII. *For the 1st of August: On  
 the Accession of King George.*

*The same Tune.)*

**S**ing, Britons, with triumphant voice,  
 With shouts of joy in God rejoice:  
 Each heart be glad, each face look gay,  
 Mirth well becomes this happy day:  
 This happiest day of all *our year*,  
 Reviv'd our hope, remov'd our fear,  
 And with indulgent beams look'd on,  
 To see our sov'reign mount his throne.

At his approach *imposture* fled,  
 Black *treason* hung its guilty head:  
 But truth and right with him sat down  
 They fill his throne, and form his *crown*  
 Secure we dwell beneath his shade,  
 Of lawless wrong no more afraid.  
*Right, Law, Religion* he maintains,  
 And keeps us safe from *racks* and *chains*.

Le

Let all who his just cause approve,  
In loyal shouts express their love ;  
And to our God their tribute pay  
Of praise, on this *auspicious day*.  
For ever let us magnify  
The pow'r and grace of God most high,  
Who on *his* king vouchsafes to smile,  
Pleas'd to secure and bless *our* isle.

CXXVIII. *Providence, and the Duties owing to it.*

Warwick Tune.)

**G**reat Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,  
Thy wealth the needy world supplies.  
On thee alone the whole depends,  
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,  
For all our comforts here below :  
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,  
Our starving souls thy grace relieves.

The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs,  
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares :  
And, safely guarded by thine arm,  
We live secur'd from spite and harm.

To thee we now glad homage bring,  
In grateful hymns thy praises sing,  
Direct to thee our joyful eyes,  
And humbly look for fresh supplies.

Warwick *Tune.*)

**T**HY word, oh Lord, is light and food,  
The fund of truth, and source of good:  
To fools true wisdom 'twill impart,  
'Twill mend the life and melt the heart.

'Tis there that I thy will must learn,  
Thence rightly know my great concern:  
There thou hast pointed out my way,  
To pardon and perpetual day.

May I receive it, Lord, as thine,  
Receive it as the word divine,  
With firm assent, with listening ear,  
With bending heart, and filial fear.

Make me to know its saving might,  
Its quick'ning heat, its clearing light:  
Make it my stubborn heart subdue,  
And form my sinful soul anew.

Oh! let it richly dwell within,  
To keep me from the snares of sin:  
Direct me still to chuse my way,  
That I may never go astray.

Thus shall I be approv'd of God,  
And follow still the heav'nly road:  
Here like an heir of heav'n shall live,  
And there a crown of life receive.

CXXXI. *The Soul giving it self up to  
the Conduct and Influence of the  
holy Spirit.*

*The same Tune.)*

**C**ome, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,  
My sinful maladies remove:  
Be thou my light, be thou my guide,  
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,  
That I may know and chuse my way:  
Plant holy fear within mine heart,  
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far  
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare:  
Lead me to God, my *final rest*  
In his enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, *the living way*,  
Nor let me from his pastures stray:  
Lead me to *beav'n*, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to *holiness*, the road  
That I must take to dwell with God:  
Lead to thy *word* that rules must give,  
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to *means of grace*, where I  
May own my wants, and seek supply :  
Lead to *thy self*, the spring from whence  
To fetch all quick'ning influence.

Thus I conducted still by thee,  
Of God, a child, belov'd shall be :  
Here to his family pertain,  
Hereafter with him ever reign.

**CXXXII. *The Redemption of the Soul  
is precious.***

*Arundel Tune.)*

**D**ear Saviour, now my worth I know,  
And what to thy rich grace I owe :  
My soul's redeem'd, which once was lost,  
And thine heart's blood its ransom cost.

Grant, my dear Lord, I never may  
Fling this redeemed soul away :  
Or e'er be brib'd by worldly gain,  
So vast a damage to sustain.

This lower world, earth, sea, and air,  
With all the various treasures there,  
And all the glorious stars on high,  
A nobler mind can never buy.

And shall I give my soul away,  
For empty air, or heavy clay !  
Or to secure mere dirt and dross,  
*Sustain irreparable loss !*

Oh !

Oh! no, the world shall bribe in vain,  
Its highest offers I disdain:  
My soul to save, I could defy  
Its loudest threats, and dare to die.

Supported by Almighty grace,  
Death's gloomy vale could fearless pass:  
And while I feel its influence,  
Despise the baits of sin and sense.

CXXXIII. *Sinai and Zion.*

(*Warwick Tune.*)

LET *Sinai* now be nam'd no more,  
Where lightnings flash and thunders  
And God his dreadful glory shows, [roar:  
Proposing laws, denouncing woes.

On *Zion*'s mount we joyful stand,  
Beneath *Immanuel*'s kind command;  
Where grace, drest out in all its charms,  
Invites us to a Saviour's arms.

Stern is the voice and air of *law*,  
And strikes the trembling mind with awe:  
It kills with its imperious breath,  
And dooms for ev'ry crime to death.

It bids us act, but bids in vain,  
Whilst weak and feeble we remain,  
The guilty mind it can't relieve,  
Nor one faint hope of pardon give.

But *grace*, with softer sound and air,  
Remits our faults, removes our fear:  
Can heav'nly skill and pow'r impart,  
To conquer sin, and cleanse the heart.

Lord, let me this rich grace obtain,  
Forgive my sin, and make me clean:  
Oh! let me feel the pow'r of love,  
And all thy holy laws approve.

**CXXXIV. *The Love of God kindling  
and enflaming Love to him.***

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**V**Ast stoop indeed! God condescends  
To call polluted worms his friends:  
We who his Sov'reign pow'r defy'd,  
Are now by grace to him ally'd:  
In faith he bids us now draw near,  
Nor his consuming vengeance fear:  
He bids us boldly to depend  
On him the never-failing friend.

To free converses he invites,  
He in our services delights:  
Our passion for him he'll approve,  
And blefs us with returns of love:  
Nay, he himself in love begins,  
Redeems our souls, remits our sins:  
He makes our hearts with passion glow,  
And still would have the friendship grow.  
Great

Great God of love, shall we refuse  
 The freedom thou allow'st to use?  
 Shall we this glorious friendship spurn?  
 And to old vanities return?  
 Shall we such proofs of love behold,  
 With hearts indifferent or cold?  
 Move heavily towards our rest,  
 And seem unwilling to be blest?

Lord, waken all our lurking fire,  
 Draw forth our souls in strong desire,  
 From off our hearts the chill remove,  
 And kindle ev'ry pow'r to love:  
 We too by all the proper ways  
 Would seek the heav'nly flame to raise,  
 'Till it shall finish'd friendship prove,  
 In thine own presence, Lord, above.

**CXXXV. *The Institution of a Gospel  
Ministry, from Eph. iv. 8, 11, &c.***

Arundel *Tune:*)

**W**hen our blest Lord went upon high,  
 He captive led captivity:  
 And royal bounty did display,  
 To grace the triumph of the day.

As to his throne in pomp he rode,  
 On men he offices bestow'd:  
 Marks of munificence divine,  
 In which both might and mercy shine.

In order first *Apostles* came,  
 The highest rank, the noblest name:  
 Next them, tho' still of high degree,  
*Evangelists* and *Prophets* be.

Uncommon pow'rs on them bestow'd,  
 Amaz'd the world, proclaim'd the God:  
 Made truth with heav'nly lustre shine,  
 And prov'd the Gospel scheme divine.

With like good will and kind intent,  
 Of meaner rank he *Teachers* sent,  
 O'er Christian Churches to preside,  
 And by inspir'd writings guide.

His saints to polish and complete,  
 And fit them for the heav'nly state:  
 To build, by his own pow'ful word,  
 His Church, the body of our Lord.

Lord, we with humble faith adore,  
 Thy sov'reign grace, thy saving pow'r:  
 And celebrate our Saviour-God,  
 For such rich gifts on men bestow'd.

**CXXXVI. The Condescension and Love  
 of Christ to Sinners, admir'd and prais'd.  
 The same Tune.)**

**L**ord, was it not enough for thee,  
 To give thy life for such as we?  
 And let thy precious blood be spilt,  
 To take away our crimson guilt?

And

And then thy bleeding merits plead,  
And for our pardon intercede,  
The bowels of our God to move,  
And be our Advocate above?

But wilt thou still our souls pursue,  
And court us to be happy too!  
Shew us the way to endless rest,  
And press and urge us to be blest!

With constant kindness court our love,  
With gentle stripes our faults reprove!  
Send ministers to woe and warn,  
And bid us mind our main concern!

Nay, shed thy Spirit's influence,  
To rouze our dormant life and sense!  
Thus close our flying souls pursue,  
And oft repuls'd the suit renew!

Lord, this is love: With glad surprize,  
It strikes the mind, and draws the eyes:  
Oh! let it ev'ry heart constrain,  
And shew its charms no more in vain.

CXXXVII. *I will come in and sup with him, and be with me.* Rcv. iii. 20.

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**T**IS an amazing stoop in thee,  
Dear Lord, to sup with such as we:  
Alas, what off'ring can we bring,  
To spread a table for our King?

But when we see thy table stor'd  
 With all its rich provisions, Lord,  
 'Tis more amazing still, that we  
 Should be allow'd to feast with thee:

Yet thou this favour wilt confer,  
 On all who to thy call give ear:  
 Who bid farewell to ev'ry sin,  
 And ope their hearts to let thee in:  
 Their humble trust thou wilt approve,  
 Accept their service and their love,  
 Make them thy care and thy delight,  
 And with thy love wilt theirs requite.

For them thou wilt the ~~most~~ plead:  
 Of blood, for their redemption shed:  
 In all thy glories be their friend,  
 And to thy Father them commend:  
 Thou wilt blot out their guilty score,  
 Their souls to life divine restore:  
 Their kind protection undertake,  
 And them thy Father's children make.

Nor such high honour here below,  
 Wilt thou alone on them bestow:  
 But lift them up at last to be  
 For ever glorify'd with thee.  
 Lord, what rebellious heart can still  
 Reject thy grace, oppose thy will!  
 By love o'ercome, I prostrate fall,  
 And yield the up mine heart, mine all.

**CXXXVIII. *Worldly Wealth well en-  
joy'd.***

*The same Tune.)*

I Own it, Lord, what I possess  
Cannot create mine happiness:  
Not all the pomp in which I shine,  
Nor all the heaps I reckon mine.  
Whilst still with eager wish I crave,  
(Desire insatiate as the grave)  
To gather and encrease my store,  
'Tis a confession, I am poor.

But when, with lib'ral hand and heart,  
I to the needy can impart,  
And deal about what I possess;  
My brethren to relieve and bless:  
When I my stock for thee employ,  
This is the truest spring of joy:  
'Tis happier thus to spend my store,  
Than to be still collecting more.

Oh ! may I feel this truth imprest,  
With all its force upon my breast !  
Take in its full and pow'rful sense,  
And yield to all its influence !  
Then I a publick good shall be,  
And well approve my self to thee;  
Aright employ what I possess,  
And thus enjoy true happiness.

CXXXIX. *Wrong done to God confess'd and lamented, and the Soul yielded up to him.*

Warwick Tune.)

**T**IS matchless grace in thee to sue,  
Most glorious God, for what's thy  
And wond'rous arrogance in me, [due;  
To claim what must belong to thee.

Yet have I long thy rights deny'd,  
Refus'd thy rule, thy pow'r defy'd;  
Have liv'd as if I were mine own,  
Lord of my self, and Lord alone.

I've treated thee with disrespect,  
Thine high command with vile neglect;  
And all my time and pow'r apply'd  
To gratify my lust and pride.

But, Lord, I now my self abhor,  
With bleeding heart this wrong deplore;  
Convinc'd, confounded here I stand,  
But yield me all to thy command.

My self, and ev'ry thing that's mine,  
I to thy pleasure now resign;  
Be thou my God and let me be  
Henceforth peculiar, Lord, to thee.

Accept

Accept me in thine only Son,  
He can for all my faults atone ;  
And send thy Spirit from above,  
To kindle in my heart thy love.

There let him make his fix'd abode,  
Secure me wholly for my God :  
Thro' my whole soul spread life divine,  
And make me now and ever thine.

CXL. *The Joy in Heaven over a repenting Sinner, promoting Repentance.*

*The same Tune.)*

MY God, will my repentance be  
So pleasing an event to thee ?  
Will the glad news be told above,  
And spread thro' all the realms of love ?

Will ev'ry blissful spirit there,  
Rejoice such happy news to hear ?  
And all thy saints who dwell below,  
Be glad this glorious change to know ?

Will none be pleas'd to see me still,  
A rebel to thy righteous will ;  
But fiends of fierce and boundless spite,  
And fools who hate and shun the light ?

And shall I, Lord, be fond to please  
 Such fools, or raging foes as these?  
 But backward and unwilling prove,  
 To gratify the God of love?

Forbid it, Lord. No, let my heart  
 At once with ev'ry idol part:  
 Bid ev'ry fav'rite lust be gone,  
 And place my Saviour on his throne.

Then with the heart of God rejoice,  
 Each *Seraph* will exalt his voice;  
 Each saint the news with triumph tell,  
 And none be griev'd but *heirs of hell*.

**CXLI.** *Risings of Envy at God's Grace  
 to others check'd and suppress'd.*

*The same Tune.)*

**G**rant, Lord, I never may repine  
 At any gracious act of thine;  
 Or sad and sullen grow to see  
 A straying soul brought home to thee:

When thou art glad, and ev'ry heart  
 Should in thy pleasure bear a part;  
 With grieved mind and gloomy face,  
 Shall I reproach thy glorious grace?

Ah! how indecent, Lord, were this?  
 What, shall I grudge my brother's bliss?  
 What thou wilt save, shall I destroy?  
 Or blame my heav'nly Father's joy?

No.

No, God forbid. Lord, I would be  
In this, a counterpart to thee:  
Thy pleasure I would still approve,  
And, as thou art, I would be, *love.*

Oh! make my soul throughout divine,  
That I in thy delights may join:  
And with transported heart may see, [thee.  
Each wand'ring wretch brought home to  
**CXLII. *The convinced Sinner's Prayer  
for Faith in Christ.***

*The same Tune.)*

**F**Orgive me, Lord, that I have been,  
A wretch so long enslav'd to sin;  
So strongly bent to be undone,  
And flight thy mercy and thy Son.

Oh! chafe my long and gloomy night,  
And blest my soul with saving light:  
Make me my true condition know,  
How great my guilt, how near my woe.

Let my known danger urge me on,  
Impending wrath to fear and shun:  
Nor let me my great work delay,  
But to thy Christ make haste away.

Oh! make me feel how much I need,  
This pow'rful friend my cause to plead;  
His death to clear my guilty score,  
His life, that I may sin no more.

*Incline*

Incline mine heart *to kiss the Son,*  
 And him for Mediator own,  
 To track his feet, his cross embrace,  
 Bow to his sway, and trust his grace.

I cannot, Lord, give o'er this suit,  
 Such want as mine is never mute;  
 Refuse whate'er thou wilt beside,  
 In this I cannot be deny'd.

**CXLIII.** *Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?* Psal. xlii. 5.

(*St. Luke's Tune.*)

**H**Ush up, my soul, forbear complaint,  
 Nor under these afflictions faint;  
 Oh! don't with fretting thought augment  
 The anguish of my discontent:  
 My woes 'tis true now weighty are,  
 A load which I can hardly bear;  
 And gath'ring clouds fresh storms portend.  
 Nor have I hope to see their end.

My friends can give me no relief,  
 But fail my hopes, enflame my grief;  
 Yet why, my troubled soul, should I  
 Hang down mine head, despond and die?

Oh!

Oh ! rouze and stretch believing eyes,  
Beyond the earth, beyond the skies :  
Look up to God with cheerful hope,  
Thine helper, thine Almighty prop.

He can with ease the weight sustain,  
Disperse the clouds, dry up the rain ;  
My drooping head his hand can raise,  
And tune my tongue to songs of praise :  
Nor doubt his love so often try'd,  
But boldly in his help confide ;  
He will his smiling face display,  
And scatter all this gloom away.

My heavy heart his voice shall cheer,  
In my defence his pow'r appear ;  
His light thro' all my soul shall shine,  
And I triumph in love divine :  
He to my fainting flesh and heart  
Shall strength and life, and joy impart,  
And I with endless praise proclaim  
The deathless honours of his name.

**CXLIV.** *We are not our own, but  
bought with a Price.* 1 Cor. vi.  
19, 20.

*Arundel Tune.)*

**N**O, Lord, I freely own to thee,  
Mine own I am not, cannot be;  
Else I shall claim what's not my due,  
And injure my Redeemer too.

By him the costly price was paid,  
Which on my guilty head was laid;  
Blood for my ransom to provide,  
A willing sacrifice he dy'd.

Strange costly price was this indeed,  
For which my captive soul was freed:  
The curse remov'd, my guilt discharg'd,  
And I from all my bonds enlarg'd.

No, Lord, I cannot be mine own,  
Since thou hast paid my ransom down;  
Since thou hast purchas'd me for God,  
With thine own life and precious blood.

Oh! help me, that I never may  
Thy right to others give away;  
Or yield my self the property  
Of any other Lord but thee.

But let me be entirely thine,  
My self and ev'ry thing that's mine ;  
And make it my ambition still,  
To know and do thy holy will.

**CXLV.** *Glorify God with your Bodies and Spirits, which are his.*  
1 Cor. vi. 20.

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**ES, Lord, since I am wholly thine,  
I'll give thee ev'ry thing that's mine ;  
My body, soul, and substance too,  
'Tis only yielding up thy due.

My mind, and all its pow'rs shall be,  
Henceforth devoted all to thee :  
I'll think and chuse, resolve and love,  
As thou shalt dictate and approve.

For thee my wealth shall be enjoy'd,  
My time and strength for thee employ'd ;  
And ev'ry appetite and sense,  
Restrain'd from giving thee offence.

For thee I'll health and ease forego,  
I'll pain endure, and welcome woe :  
Nor when requir'd will I refuse  
My very life for thee to lose.

*Thus*

Thus still to act, is to pursue  
 The end I still should have in view :  
 And whilst I live, and when I die,  
 My gracious God to glorify.

**CXLVI. *The Soul renouncing other Objects, and resolving to love God.***

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**ES, I for ever will abhor  
 Each fav'rite lust I lov'd before :  
 What God forbids and hates, to me  
 Detestable shall always be.

Each rival shall its claims resign,  
 That, Lord, I wholly may be thine :  
 Its charms the world shall shew in vain,  
 The tempting idol I disdain.

Oh ! let thy Spirit, gracious God,  
 Upon my heart thed love abroad ;  
 Whilst I by proper means shall strive,  
 To keep the holy flame alive.

My soul shall oft above the skies,  
 On wings of contemplation rise :  
 View all the glorious scenes above,  
 And learn from Angels how to love.

And oft with fixed eyes survey  
 The wonders Gospel schemes display ;  
 Those tracks of love divine explore,  
 And praise, and wonder, and adore.

*Thus*

Thus would I, Lord, keep in the fire,  
Thus still attempt to raise it high'r;  
'Till my now languid flame shall prove  
Consummate and immortal love.

**CXLVII. Prayer for brotherly Love.**

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**J**E S U S, my Saviour, and my King,  
Of all I have or hope the spring;  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
And warm my heart with holy love.  
May I from ev'ry act abstain,  
That hurts or gives my neighbour pain;  
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,  
That would abridge his happiness.

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,  
To act the friend to all my kind;  
Still wish them safety, health and ease,  
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace:  
Still let my bowels melt and flow,  
When I behold a wretch in woe;  
And in his sorrows bear a part,  
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

But when my neighbour's prosp'rous  
Shall pleasure in himself create, [state;  
Let me too in his triumphs join,  
Nor once at his success repine:

With hearty and with forward zeal,  
 May I promote my brother's weal ;  
 Be pleas'd to please, and give content,  
 His griefs to ease, or to prevent.

And should my neighbour spiteful prove,  
 Still let me vanquish spite with love ;  
 Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,  
 But apt and ready to forgive :  
 Let love in all my conduct shine,  
 An image fair, tho' faint of thine :  
 Thus would I thy disciple prove,  
 Great *Prince of peace*, great *King of love*.

CXLVIII. *Seeking Things above.*

(*The same Tune.*)

MY soul, with thy Redeemer rise,  
 With him pals all inferior skies ;  
 And follow on to that blest place,  
 Where God unveils his glorious face :  
 There see the infinite unknown,  
 Blaze on his tall eternal throne ;  
 Whilst all the shining hosts on high,  
 Adoring at his footstool lye.

And lo, enthron'd at his right hand,  
 Thy Saviour fits with full command ;  
 Whilst ev'ry happy soul above,  
 In heavenly strains applauds his love.

Angels

Angels and saints in consort join,  
And tune their harps to songs divine:  
Harmonious all they live and sing,  
Without one jarring heart or string.

To that blest life, my soul, aspire,  
And soar aloft with strong desire;  
Here chuse thy lot, here fix thy rest,  
And seek for ever to be blest:  
Still keep the blissful world in view,  
And close the glorious chase pursue;  
The way leads up to rest above,  
Through paths of purity and love.

This track pursue with busy zeal,  
Each lust subdue, each foe repel;  
Still stretch thy wings, and upward rise,  
Eternal glory is the prize:  
And as aloft thou'rt gladly born,  
Look down on earth with holy scorn;  
Despise its gay and tempting things,  
Its threats defy, nor dread its stings.

Thro' snares and dangers here below,  
Go cheerful on, and holier grow;  
For glorious crowns thy toyls attend,  
In boundless bliss this course will end:  
E'er long thou wilt ascend on high,  
Become a tenant of the sky;  
Receive in heav'n thy full reward,  
And be for ever with the Lord.

CXLI. *Filial Dependence on God.**The same Tune.*

Y E S, Lord, I'll still on thee depend,  
 My Father sure will prove my friend;  
 And 'tis a pleasure to be poor,  
 And live on thine exhaustless store:  
 All that is good thou canst supply,  
 And put all threatening evil by;  
 I'll trust to thy paternal care,  
 Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear.

Should woes on ev'ry side invade,  
 I'll shelter seek beneath thy shade,  
 And evermore on thee for all  
 I want, or wish, will humbly call:  
 I'll still refer my self to thee,  
 And with my lot contented be;  
 And with consenting heart and voice,  
 Approve my heav'ly Father's choice.

Yet will I lift believing eyes,  
 To regions far within the skies;  
 And hope e'er long in thine abode,  
 To see my Saviour and my God.  
 Lord, through the desert safely guide,  
 Guard me, and see my wants supply'd;  
 Fit me for heav'nly life above,  
 And then to heav'nly rest remove.

CL. Let

CL. *Let the Children of Zion be glad  
in their King.*

*The same Tune.)*

FOR joy let Zion's children sing,  
Their Saviour is their gracious King;  
And he who for their sins was slain,  
For ever over them shall reign:  
He'll bear command with gentle sway,  
'Twill be a pleasure to obey;  
His laws, the copy of his heart,  
Breath love and grace in ev'ry part.

He'll help to do what he requires,  
For deeds accept sincere desires;  
Lamented sins and faults forgive,  
And broken contrite hearts relieve:  
He'll keep his servants safe from harm,  
Within the circle of his arm,  
And them from ev'ry foe defend,  
Who to his scepter freely bend.

Oh! let his saints a tribute pay,  
Of highest thanks of grateful joy;  
Triumphant let them shout and sing,  
And make their boasts of such a King:  
Let this high joy my heart possess,  
'Twill bear me up in all distress:  
Make all my duty my delight,  
And ev'ry gloomy scene look bright.

'Twill christian bravery inspire,  
 And still keep in the gen'rous fire;  
 Still prompt me boldly to oppose,  
 The fiercest of my raging foes:  
 'Twill raise my hope, and bear me thro'  
 The hardest duties I must do;  
 'Twill calm each breast wherein it reigns,  
 And triumph over fears and pains.

*CLI. Giving thanks to God always in  
 all things.*

*Arundel Tune.)*

**Y**E S, Lord, my joyful thanks to thee,  
 Shall, like my debts, continual be:  
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,  
 Nor end, nor intermission knows:

Thy kindness all my comforts gives,  
 My num'rous wants thine hand relieves;  
 Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,  
 Who live on thine exhaustless store.

If what I wish thy will denies,  
 'Tis because thou art good and wise:  
 Afflictions which may make me mourn,  
 Thou canst, thou dost to blessings turn.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,  
 Let all thy favours be imprest,  
 That I may never more forget  
 The sum, or any single debt.

I would

I would with grateful heart each day,  
For thy bequests my praises pay ;  
And always well dispos'd would be,  
*In all things to give thanks to thee.*

CLII. *The Believer's Triumph over Death.*

*The same Tune.)*

**W**ELL, tho' the saints must also die,  
And in the grave their bodies lye ;  
Their nobler minds shall still survive,  
And safe at heav'ly rest arrive.

Tho' nature dreads the parting stroke,  
And death must needs the guilty shock ;  
Their Lord, when on the crois he hung,  
Aton'd for sin and death unstung.

Now to his saints 'tis sure relief,  
The period both of sin and grief ;  
The portal to eternal bliss,  
The world where their Redeemer is.

Thither their souls releas'd repair,  
And feast on deathless pleasures there ;  
Whilst their dead bodies sweetly rest,  
And nothing can their peace molest.

And glorious they e'er long shall rise,  
And meet their minds, and mount the skies ;  
To mansions long ago prepar'd,  
And be for ever with the Lord.

Then shall they all triumphant sing,  
 " Death where is now thy deadly sting?  
 " And grave, no more thy conquest boast,  
 " Thy pow'r's subdu'd, thine empire lost.

" Thy boasted might we now defy,  
 " We live, and never more shall die;  
 " Live with our ever-living Head,  
 " Who by his pow'r revives the dead.

" Because he lives, we too shall live,  
 " He'll deathless vigour to us give;  
 " Whilst we in heav'nly strains proclaim  
 " His triumphs, and immortal fame.

To him be endless praises paid,  
 Who for our sins atonement made;  
 Who death by dying did destroy,  
 And bought celestial life and joy.

CLIII. *Delight in Ordinances, Psal.*  
 lxxxii. 1, 10, &c.

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**T**IS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,  
 To heav'nly bliss the shining way;  
 When to his temple God descends,  
 And there converses with his friends:  
 With beams of smiling Majesty  
 He awes, and yet invites them nigh;  
 His glories and his grace displays,  
 And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

¶

At his right hand our Saviour stands,  
With golden censers in his hands,  
To lift our services on high,  
Perfum'd with his own fragrancy.  
Whilst hov'ring o'er the happy place,  
His Spirit sheds his heav'nly grace ;  
To fix the thoughts, the heart to raise,  
And tune the soul to love and praise.

There we can learn the blessed skill,  
To know and do our Maker's will ;  
And whilst we hear, and sing, and pray,  
To heav'nly joys are rapt away :  
These are the dearest hours I know,  
The sweetest joys of all below ;  
Here I would chuse my fixt abode,  
And dwell for ever near my God.

One day within his earthly courts,  
One blissful day where God resists ;  
My heart would cheerfully prefer  
To thousands, to an age elsewhere :  
One gracious look, my God, from thee,  
One glimpse of what thy glories be,  
Will yield my soul more solid mirth,  
Than all the other joys on earth.

Much rather would I humbly wait,  
A porter at thy temple-gate,  
Than in the stateliest palace dwell,  
And still remain an heir of hell.

And were the world at my command,  
 For one dear hour at thy right hand ;  
 The mighty int'rest I'd resign,  
 And count th' advantage richly mine.

CLIV. *His Name is as Ointment  
 poured forth*, Solomon's Song, i. 3,  
 Arundel Tune.)

**J**esus ! the dearest, sweetest name,  
 That ear can hear, or tongue proclaim :  
*Saviour of Men, and Christ of God,*  
 What rich perfume it sheds abroad !

'Tis balsam to the bleeding heart,  
 'Twill staunch the blood and ease the smart ;  
 A cordial to the fainting soul,  
 And makes the wounded spirit whole.

It stills our passions, stops our tears,  
 The mind disconsolate it cheers :  
 'Tis strong support, and sure relief,  
 In times of greatest guilt and grief.

And whether should the guilty fly ?  
 Where can they with firm trust rely ?  
 But on his name, who to obtain  
 The pardon of their sin was slain ?

Or where should saints in sore distress,  
 When sorrows swell and dangers press ;  
 Where should they lean but on his breast,  
 Their trusty and their kind High-priest ?

It.

It is a name that lust will quell,  
'Twill raise their hopes, their fears dispel;  
'Twill put the bands of hell to flight,  
And all their conquer'd legions fright.

'Twill pacify the wrath divine,  
God's heart to sinful worms incline;  
'Twill cleanse their souls, subdue their sin,  
And open heav'n to let them in.

From worst of ills 'tis our defence,  
And all our blessings spring from thence:  
Sure 'tis the sweetest, dearest name,  
The heart can know, the tongue proclaim.

**CLV. *A Thought of Death and Sickness.***

*Warwick Tune.)*

**M**Y soul, the minutes haste away,  
Apacc comes on th' important day;  
When in the icy arms of death,  
I must give up my vital breath.

Look forward to the moving scene,  
How wilt thou be affected then?  
When from on high some sharp disease,  
Resistless shall my vitals seize?

When medicine shall be in vain,  
To heal the stroke, or ease the pain?  
When nature yields and art shall fail,  
And still the malady prevail?

K 5

Wheat

When all the springs of life are low,  
 The spirits faint, the pulses slow,  
 The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,  
 (Presages of approaching death?)

When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,  
 Shew life's retreating to the heart,  
 Its last resistance there to make,  
 And then the breathless frame forsake?

When all my friends stand hopeless by  
 And weeping wait to see me die,  
 But can afford me no relief,  
 To ease their own, or heal my grief?

When worldly glories fade away,  
 Fast as I feel my life decay:  
 Still dwindling 'till they disappear,  
 Like vapours scatter'd in the air?

When all eternity's in sight,  
 The brightest day, the blackest night?  
 One shock will break the building down,  
 And let thee into worlds unknown?

Oh! come, my soul, the matter weigh,  
 How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay?  
 And how the unknown regions try,  
 And launch into eternity?

By faith the heav'ly realms explore,  
 Oft try thy wings, and upward soar:  
 Be dead to earth, dwell much on high,  
 Then calmly live, and bravely die.

CLVI. *Judgment-Day.*

*The same Tune.)*

**L**O, from on high a brighter day  
Shines out, and melts the sun away!  
The splendid pomp comes swiftly on,  
'Tis glory streaming from the throne.

The Judge comes down in all his state,  
And dazzling fills the awful seat:  
Whilst all the heav'nly people stand  
In robes of light on either hand.

He bids the great arch-angel sound,  
From distant worlds the notes rebound:  
Earth, air, and hell together shake,  
And all the dead at once awake.

But with what horror and surprize,  
Will sinners open then their eyes?  
See all the triumph in the air,  
And from their Judge this sentence hear?

“ Accursed wretches, hence, be gone,  
“ To worlds of fire, and woes unknown;  
“ Lost to all hope, descend to hell,  
“ And with fierce fiends for ever dwell.

“ You hated me, neglected mine,  
“ Nor would be rul'd by laws divine:  
“ You bar'd the Saviour from your heart;  
“ For evermore ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> curs'd, depart.

K. 6.

But

But saints with blooming air will rise,  
And lift their heads, and feast their eyes,  
Rejoic'd to see their Judge appear,  
And from his mouth such words to hear.

“ Blest children of my Father, come,  
“ Mount to your everlasting home :  
“ The kingdom long ago prepar'd,  
“ To be your portion and reward.

[cause,  
“ You lov'd my saints, and own'd my  
“ Embrac'd my cross, obey'd my laws :  
“ Come now rejoice and reign with me,  
“ And where I am, for ever be.

Lord, let me now accept thy grace,  
And life on thine own terms embrace,  
That when thou shalt to judgment come,  
I may among thy saints have room.

CLVII. *The new Jerusalem.* From  
Rev. xxi. 11.—26. Rev. viii. 16, 17.  
(*St. Luke's Tune.*)

**H**ail, heav'ly Salem, happy place,  
Where God unveils his radiant face :  
Where he his throne eternal rears,  
And drest in light thereon appears :  
Magnificent thy structures rise,  
And lift their heads above the skies :  
And art and elegance divine,  
Through all the architecture shine.

One.

One pearl entire is ev'ry gate,  
At which a band of seraphs wait:  
Whilst dazzling light incessant streams,  
From jasper walls inlaid with gems:  
The pavement (wondrous to behold)  
Is all of pure and massy gold,  
And yet permits the light to pass.  
Transparent as a sea of glass.

Ten thousand thrones and mansions there,  
For happy saints prepar'd, appear:  
Spacious and rich, august and tall,  
With heav'nly splendor shining all:  
Thro' ev'ry street, in christal tides,  
A stream of living water glides:  
On whose fair banks on either hand,  
The *trees of life* still blooming stand.

High in the midst of all the place,  
The throne of God will glorious blaze:  
And streaming from the face divine,  
Essential light shall ever shine:  
The sun and moon are needless there,  
All borrow'd light shall disappear:  
Glory divine makes constant day,  
And drives all night and shade away.

No temple there shall stately stand,  
For faith and means are at an end:  
God and the Lamb shall ever shine,  
And saints inhabit light divine.

Loud hallelujahs, heav'nly strains,  
Shall echo through the happy plains:  
And sin and pain the place shall fly,  
And death it self for ever die.

All that can grieve the mind or sense,  
Shall always be excluded thence:  
Nor thirst nor hunger, cold nor heat,  
Shall once uneasiness create.  
The Lamb his blessed flock shall feed,  
And to immortal fountains lead:  
Whilst God's soft hand from ev'ry eye,  
Shall wipe the tears, shall wipe them dry.

### CLVIII. *Heaven.*

*Arundel Tune.)*

**T**HERE is a land of living joy,  
Pure, endless bliss, without alloy:  
Where God hath fix'd his dwelling place,  
And shews unveil'd his smiling face.

There on a tall eternal throne,  
And dreft with glories all his own;  
He sheds abroad his brightest rays,  
And makes all heav'n reflect the blaze.

Millions around the dazzling seat,  
In pleasing transport humbly wait,  
Seraphs and saints, celestial bands,  
Proud to perform what he commands.

With

With eyes made strong to bear the sight,  
They gaze with infinite delight:  
Drink in the excellence divine,  
And with their Maker's-glories shine.

Beauty supreme stands full in view,  
And charms at once and awes them too:  
Here fix'd, their hearts will rove no more,  
But wrap'd in blissful trance adore.

They'll love and look, and love again,  
Still feed desire, but feel no pain:  
Their God the passion will approve,  
And with his own requite their love.

They live in endless extasies,  
Possest of true essential bliss:  
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
Breaths rapture in celestial song.

Through all the bright and happy plains,  
Resound the sweet the lofty strains:  
And tydes of pleasures constant roul,  
O'er ev'ry raptur'd mind and soul.

Each voice and harp performing there,  
With sound harmonious charms the ear:  
What pleasure must the song inspire,  
When swell'd by all the tuneful choir!

The faint rebound, ev'n here below,  
Makes my whole soul with transport glow:  
How mighty must the rapture be,  
To dwell amidst such harmony?

There

There ev'ry breath is heav'nly praise,  
 There light is God's essential blaze:  
 There love is life, and work is rest;  
 Oh! may I there be ever blest!

**CLIX. Death-bed Repentance.**

Warwick Tune.)

**A**ND shall I still the change delay,  
 'Till nature wafts and life decay?  
 'Till restless, on the bed of death,  
 I faint for pain, and pant for breath?

How should I then my follies mourn?  
 Or from beloved sins return;  
 When feav'rish heats in ev'ry vein,  
 Shall scorch my flesh, and fire my brain?

When no one part from pain is free,  
 When feeble all my pow'rs shall be,  
 How should I this great work attend,  
 And all my former errors mend?

Or shall I, Lord, thy patience try,  
 'Till on the brink of death I lie,  
 And then with confidence look up,  
 And still for thy salvation hope?

Still hope thou'l make me pure and  
 And take out ev'ry sinful stain: [clear,  
 Still hope to have my guilt forgiv'n,  
 And free admission into heav'n?

Presumptuous thought! how should I  
To offer up one single prayer! [dare  
Who still have with thy Spirit strove,  
And scorn'd thy laws, and spurn'd thy love!

*To day, let my hard heart relent,  
Now, let me pray, and now repent:  
Now, to a pitying Jesus fly,  
First learn to lie, then long to die.*

**CLX. A Song of Praise to God.**

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

**H**O W should a worm attempt to sing  
Thy Majesty, eternal King?  
Beneath the subject angels faint,  
Nor can thy glories represent.  
Great God, all thy perfections far,  
Above all praise exalted are:  
Yet angels may the labour try,  
Attempt to sing: And so may I.

Oh! for a beam of heav'nly light,  
To make mine apprehensions bright!  
One spark of true celestial fire,  
My breast with rapture to inspire!  
But where shall I begin the song?  
What glory first employ my tongue?  
When ev'ry excellence divine,  
Doth with transcendent lustre shine?

*Thy*

Thy *Being* never did begin,  
 From *everlasting* thou hast been:  
 And thou, when time it self shall die,  
 Wilt live through all eternity.  
 The heav'n of heav'ns cannot confine,  
 Or grasp *Immenſity* divine:  
 Within the hollow of thine hand,  
 The universe may be contain'd.

Thou to thy self art fully *known*,  
 But fully to thy self alone:  
 Nor can the search of any mind,  
 Besides thine own, th' *Almighty* find.  
 Thy *pow'rful word* built earth and *skies*,  
 Had this whole world from nothing rife:  
 One word of thine, one wrathful frown,  
 At once will break the building down.

Unerring *skill* conspicuous stands,  
 In all the labours of thine hands:  
 But deep conceal'd thy counsels lie,  
 From ev'ry bold intruding eye:  
 Whilst open to thy view, and bare  
 Hypocrisy and hell appear:  
 Nor veil, nor darkness, nor disguise  
 Can cover from *all-searching* eyes.

In heav'n thy *goodness* constant streams  
 In living joys, and blissful beams;  
 And pours in one continual tyde  
 Supplies on all the world beside.

Thy

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Thy name and nature both are *clean*,  
And free from ev'ry moral stain :  
Thy jealous eye can't bear to see,  
And not abhor, iniquity.

Impartial *justice* guards thy throne,  
Dispensing right to ev'ry one :  
And tho' thy wrath may fiercely flame,  
Thy righteous eye directs its aim :  
And yet thy *mercy* plenteous flows,  
To pardon and to melt thy foes :  
And none shall by thy vengeance fall,  
Who hearken to a Saviour's call.

Whatever doubts my faith assaile,  
Thy faithful word can never fail :  
Thy *truth* for ever shall endure,  
And all thy promises are sure.  
Oh ! let me hear that *thou art mine*,  
With smiling face upon me shine ;  
This will the noblest passion raise,  
And tune me all to love and praise.

### *CLXI. Divine Perfections.*

Arundel Tune.)

**T**HE Lord for ever reigns on high,  
Enrob'd with light and majesty ;  
And shines in beams so dazzling bright,  
That angels scarce can bear the sight.

His

His radiant robes the God conceal,  
In light he dwells *invisible* :  
Yet from his eyes one streaming ray,  
Will change thick darkness into day.

He from *eternity* hath been,  
Nor can have end, nor could begin :  
No bounds his *Being* can confine :  
All is *immense* that is divine.

At his command this mighty frame,  
The universe, from nothing came :  
And thro' the whole, in great designs,  
And proper means, his *wisdom* shines.

O'er all his works his bounty flows,  
His *wealth* and *goodness* to disclose :  
His *faithful* word we should believe,  
He can't mistake, nor yet deceive.

*Holy* and rev'rend is his name :  
His jealous eyes dart wrath and flame :  
His *justice* will on sinners frown,  
To vindicate his injur'd crown.

And yet his glorious *grace* relieves  
The broken heart, and sin forgives :  
In streams of blood his pity flows,  
He slays his Son to save his foes.

Let me thy favour, Lord, obtain,  
Nor let such blood be shed in vain :  
Say to my soul " Thy sin's forgiv'n,  
And lift my heart and voice to heav'n."

CLXII. *Morning Hymn.*

*Illsley Tune.)*

**C**ome now, my soul, adore the hand  
That rous'l the sun, restores the light:  
Praise him who gives his hosts command,  
To watch and guard thee ev'ry night.

When down I lay my weary head,  
And limbs fatigu'd, for needful sleep,  
With pleasure they around my bed  
Attend, and guard continual keep.

And still, by thy direction, Lord,  
Thro' all the dangers of the day,  
They willing stand, and well prepar'd,  
To keep me safe and guide my way.

And, Lord, how many secret snares  
Lie ev'ry where to catch my feet!  
In all my mirth, in all my cares,  
Temptations I am sure to meet.

Sometimes thro' frailty and surprize,  
I take the bait, and heedless fall:  
Wilful too oft I rush on vice,  
Perceive the hook, but swallow all.

Save me, my God, from ev'ry dart  
Aim'd at my soul, and sent to slay:  
Save me from my false fickle heart,  
Nor let me once my self betray.

*Thro'*

Thro' this day's duties, dangers, snares,  
 Be thou my guard, be thou my guide,  
 In all my mirth, in all my cares,  
 Grant I may never tread aside.

I dare not trust mine own false heart,  
 And angels help will be but vain,  
 Unless thou dost thy grace impart,  
 Thy needful grace let me obtain.

### CLXIII. *Evening Hymn.*

*Essex Tune.*)

**A** Ccept, my God, my evening song,  
 Like incense let it fragrant rise:  
 Stir up mine heart, and tune my tongue,  
 And let the musick reach the skies.

Thou hast my kind Protector been,  
 Thro' all the dangers of the day:  
 My *Guardian* to defend from sin,  
 My *Guide* to chuse me out my way,

The flowing spring of all my good,  
 Still pouring blessings from on high:  
 Thine hand hath dealt me out my food,  
 For ev'ry want a kind supply.

Unceasing, Lord, thy bounty flow'd,  
 Each moment brought me in fresh aid:  
 But what returns of love to God,  
 Have I for all his kindness made?

What

What have I done for him that dy'd,  
To save my soul from endless woe?  
How much have I his patience try'd,  
From whom all my enjoyments flow?

Fast as my flying minutes pass,  
My faults augment the former sum:  
Forgive the past, and by thy grace  
Prevent the like for time to come.

Dear Saviour, to thy crofs I'll fly,  
And there my guilty head recline,  
And my whole soul (that sin may die)  
Yield up to influence divine.

Then sprinkled with atoning blood,  
I'll lay me down and take my rest;  
Trust the protection of my God,  
And sleep as on my Saviour's breast.

**CLXIV. *Incarnation.***

*Illsley Tune.*)

*E*'R E earth was form'd, heav'n stretch'd  
Or time commenced, was the *Word*:  
*With God he was himself was God,*  
By earth and heav'n to be ador'd.

Ev'n nothing heard his pow'rful call,  
And soon creating breath obey'd:  
At his command this mighty all,  
And ev'ry thing therein, was made.

*He*

He by his pow'r the whole sustains,  
 Guides ev'ry motion with his hand,  
 O'er all without controul he reigns,  
 And angels own his high command.

Yet did he freely condescend,  
 Our flesh and frailties to assume:  
 To men his kindness to commend,  
 He did himself a man become.

Our nature thus he made his own,  
 And we beheld his glorious face:  
 Like that of God's begotten Son,  
 Shine out with beams of *truth and grace*.

Come, let us this rich grace adore,  
 Grace angels cannot comprehend:  
 Close follow where he leads before,  
 And trust our souls with such a friend.

### CLXV. *Pentecost.*

*The same Tune.)*

**A**T Pentecost, illustrious day!  
 With one accord th' apostles met,  
 There where their Master bid them stay,  
 And for the Father's promise wait.

Nor did they sit in long suspense,  
 From heav'n a sudden sound was heard,  
 Like wind impetuous rushing thence,  
 And cloven tongues of fire appear'd.

The

The heav'ly blast fill'd all the room,  
A tongue descends on ev'ry head:  
And now the *Paraclete* is come,  
To make them glad, and help them plead.

With flowing speech in foreign tongues,  
God's wond'rous works they now pro-  
[claim:  
Whilst of all nations num'rous throngs,  
To witness to the wonder came.

Surpris'd they heard illiterate *Jews*  
The language of each country speak:  
The tongue of *Medes*, of *Lybians* use,  
*Arabick*, *Perſian*, *Roman*, *Greek*.

Thus did the Holy Ghost inspire,  
And fit them christian truths to spread,  
Fill ev'ry heart with light and fire,  
Teach ev'ry tongue to preach and plead,

Thus did he open witness bear,  
To their authority divine:  
Make stupid lands attentive hear,  
And all their gods and lusts resign.

Thus tidings of salvation run,  
Through ev'ry nation far and near,  
And ev'ry where beneath the sun,  
The triumphs of the croſs appear.

CLXVI. *Faith.*

Essex Tune.)

**F**aith is the cogent evidence  
Of things unseen to human eyes:  
It passes all the bounds of sense,  
And penetrates the inmost skies.

Things past it sets in present view,  
It brings far distant prospects home:  
Things done long since it can renew,  
And long foresee things yet to come.

With strong persuasion, from afar  
The heav'ly regions it surveys:  
Embraces all the blessings there,  
And here enjoys the promises.

The *Patriarchs* by its conduct led,  
Were pilgrims only here below:  
To all the world's enticements dead,  
Its swelling sound and glittering shew.

And saints beneath its influence,  
Whilst here in flesh, yet live above:  
Fetch down their richest cordials thence,  
Or soar to heav'n on wings of love.

By it their steddy course they steer  
Thro' ruffling storms, and raging seas:  
Renew their strength, subdue their fear,  
And still possess their souls in peace.

By

By this they pass the desert thro'.  
Safe and serene, tho' oft distract:  
By this the king of fears subdue,  
And mount triumphant to their rest.

*Devotion.*

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**ES, Lord, I hope my loyal heart  
Can give in proof of love to thee,  
I love thine house, and where thou art  
There would I ever wish to be.

With fervent zeal my longing soul,  
Still thirsts for thee the living God,  
And sooner would renounce her all,  
Than be excluded thine abode.

'Tis death to live exil'd from thee,  
The fund of life, and source of bliss :  
Much rather would I nothing be,  
Than have so sad a doom as this.

Without thee all the stores on earth,  
And all the shining worlds on high,  
Would but create a greater dearth,  
Upbraid, but never satisfy.

But to be where thy glories shine,  
Thy loving kindness is displaid,  
Would fill with joy this heart of mine,  
My very flesh would there be glad.

Yes, Lord, the dearest hours I know,  
Are in thy faithful service spent:  
Of all the joys I taste below,  
These yield most exquisite content.

And, Lord, if here such pleasures be,  
What joys will heav'ly mansions yield?  
When *in thy light I light shall see,*  
And my whole soul *with God be fill'd!*

Let time roul on its wheels apace,  
And bring the dear expected hour,  
When I shall see thee *face to face,*  
And from thy presence part no more.

### *Charity.*

Nassau Tune.)

**T**'Would be an happy world, indeed  
Were ev'ry heart enflam'd with love,  
Did all this holy passion feed,  
And as it prompts still think and move.

'Twould make a little heav'n below,  
Discord, and wrath, and war would cease;  
Blessings on ev'ry side would flow,  
And all the world be hush'd in peace.

Lord, let thy Spirit gently breath,  
And kindle up this heav'ly fire:  
Still all the storms which rage beneath,  
And ev'ry heart with love inspire.

But

But if these hopes too tow'ring are,  
Prompt us to seek our rest above:  
'Tis constant peace and pleasure there,  
The very life of heav'n is love.

CLXVII. *Quit-Rent.*

*The same Tune.)*

Dear Lord, to thee our selves we owe,  
We owe whatever we possess:  
Our substance shrinks, our treasures grow,  
As thou art pleas'd to frown or bleis.

And what *from* thee we have, *for* thee  
Should be expended and employ'd;  
Or by us it can never be  
With comfort and delight enjoy'd.

If on *our selves*, or *ours* we spend,  
What thou would'st have laid out on *thine*,  
We make thy kindness cross its end,  
And traitors prove in trusts divine.

And as thou dost our stocks enlarge,  
Or crown our labours with success,  
In due proportion, 'tis thy charge,  
Our needy brethren we should bleis.

Lord, open wide our hearts and hands,  
As treasures grow and stocks enlarge:  
Oh! let us love all thy commands,  
And with delight fulfil this charge.

CLXVIII. *Grace and Praise.*

Illsley Tune.)

[are !

**H**O W wond'rous, Lord, thy mercies  
How much do thine our thoughts  
[transcend !

Thou'rt slow to wrath, but prompt to spare,  
And pity those who thee offend.

Tho' I have scorn'd thy high command,  
Have both thy love and laws abhor'd,  
Yet still a monument I stand  
Of rich and long forbearance, Lord.

Thy dreadful wrath tho' I have dar'd,  
Thy pow'r omnipotent defy'd,  
And spurn'd thy grace, yet am I spar'd,  
And yet with fresh endearments try'd.

Nor is it, Lord, enough for thee,  
The vilest rebel to forbear,  
Thy smiling face I now can see,  
The melting voice of pardon hear.

With filial boldness I draw nigh,  
A mercy-seat is now thy throne :  
No more thy frowns and thunder fly,  
At thy right hand behold thy Son.

He pleads my cause who once was slain,  
And shed for sin his precious blood ;  
Thro' faith thy favour I obtain,  
Made clean in this atoning flood.

Then

Then rouze, my soul, each passion move;  
Strain ev'ry pow'r thy God to praise:  
To celebrate redeeming love,  
Forbearing and forgiving grace.

Oh! let my thoughts with pleasure dwell,  
Dwell long on this delightful theme:  
'Till my whole heart its pow'r shall feel,  
And my glad tongue its praise proclaim.

**CLXIX. *Love to God.***

*The same Tune.)*

**M**Y God, I hope my loyal heart  
Can give true proof of love to thee:  
I love thy name, and where thou art  
'Tis my ambition still to be.

Were I but once of God possest,  
My fated heart would ask no more:  
To earthly minds I'd leave the rest,  
And spurn the idols they adore.

What God condemns, my soul abhors,  
What he commands, I still approve,  
His sov'reign rule my heart adores,  
And all his saints I dearly love.

Here, in his house, delights I find,  
That all on earth besides, surpass:  
Yet still I wish, and still my mind  
Pants for the vision of his face.

"Tis where in glory dreſt thou art,  
Lord, I would ever wish to be:  
These are the proofs, I hope, my heart  
Can give of love unfeign'd to thee.

**CLXX. Love to our Neighbour.**

Naffaw *Tune.*)

[right,

**Y**ES, Lord, this great command is  
"Our neighbour as our selves to love:  
'Twill carry kindness to the height,  
And make this world like that above.

Oh ! could we fee the heav'ly flame  
Diffuse it ſelf through all the kind !  
Each at the common welfare aim,  
And all in this purſuit combin'd !

This were indeed to dwell in love,  
And with each breath take pleasure in :  
Thus earth a paradise would prove,  
Of peace and bliss the proper ſcene.

Lord, calm the tempeſts here below,  
Make war, and wrath, and discord ceaſe :  
Make withering love to ſprout and grow,  
And ev'ry where spread joy and peace.

Let all thy churches here become  
More like the glorious Church above ;  
Or fetch my longing ſpirit home,  
Home to the world of perfect love.

CLXXI. *Snares of Sin.**St. Edmund's Tune.)*

**D**eceitful sin, with fawning arts,  
Our heedless souls too oft beguiles ;  
Steals unperceiv'd into our hearts, [smiles.  
And wounds to death with treach'rous

We catch the bait e're we're aware,  
The specious poison swallow down,  
Nor once suspect the hidden snare,  
Nor fear to urge our Maker's frown.

Bewitch'd by her adulterous charms,  
In paths of vice we blindly rove :  
Avoid our Sov'reign's open arms,  
Nor heed his threats, nor seek his love.

Oh, fatal error ! thus we shun  
The living spring of pure delight :  
We fondly seek to be undone,  
And headlong rush on endless night.

From God exil'd, in vain we stray  
In quest of our forsaken bliss :  
At midnight we should seek for day,  
With less fatigue, but like success.

Nor do we only heav'n forsake,  
And in its stead mere shades pursue :  
We urge our God, his wrath we wake,  
With all his shafts to pierce us through.

To drive our guilty souls to hell,  
 Where death and desperation reign,  
 With devils ever there to dwell,  
 In all th' extremity of pain.

And shall we still keep on this road!  
 This fatal road! and ne'er return!  
 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty God,  
 Now, not for ever let us mourn.

Our long transgressions we deplore:  
 Accept our tears, our sins forgive:  
 Save us by thine Almighty pow'r,  
 Speak thou the word, we yet shall live.

**CLXXII. *Prayer for Britain urg'd.***

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**E saints, to *Britain's* God address,  
 With humble faith and fervent cries:  
 Beseech him still our land to blefs,  
 And guard from all its enemies.

But, ah! can we expect such grace?  
 Will God continue here to dwell?  
 When we insult him to his face,  
 And loud proclaim a league with hell?

Profound revolters we have been,  
 Transgressions ev'ry where abound:  
 And few deplore the general sin,  
 That spreads its venom all around.

Some

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Some in their crimes profanely bold,  
The pow'r of earth and heav'n defy:  
Too proud and stout to be controul'd,  
By human laws, or God on high.

Whilst those who boast a Saviour's name,  
By solemn leagues to him ally'd,  
Give foes occasion to blaspheme,  
Whilst from his paths they tread aside.

Churches abroad in ruins lye,  
Long since their temples God forsook:  
And will he still pass *Britain* by,  
Nor give us one displeasing look?

Oh, no ! the skies with thunder rend,  
And flaming terrors fill the air:  
Assembling clouds a storm portend,  
And God provok'd denounces war.

Rouze, all ye saints, and peace implore,  
(When God is arm'd 'tis time to pray)  
Nor once your earnest cries give o'er,  
'Till he has turn'd his wrath away.

### **CLXXXIII. *Submission.***

*The same Tune.)*

**M**Y gracious Father, and my God,  
My great demerit I confess:  
And tho' I smart, will kiss the rod,  
And thee my dear Corrector bless.

L 6

Thy

Thy just rebukes I'll humbly bear,  
'Tis sin occasions all my pain:  
Much worse I still have room to fear,  
But have no reason to complain.

Lord, shew me why thou dost contend,  
Lay open all my lurking sin:  
That what's amiss I may amend,  
And holier grow than I have been.

Our fleshly parents often vent  
Rage and revenge, when they chastise:  
When God corrects, 'tis his intent,  
To make his children good and wise.

Lord, to thy purpose bend mine heart,  
Let trials my refiners be:  
Then, tho' thy rod may make me smart,  
'Twill yet improve my love to thee.

Thus shall I see my Father's love,  
Thro' all his frowns conspicuous shine:  
My pains will real blessings prove;  
Why should I murmur or repine?

Oh, no! my Father and my God,  
My guilt thy goodness I confess:  
And when my faults shall need the rod,  
Do as thou wilt, I'll acquiesce.

CLXXIV. *Behold what manner of Love, &c.* 1 Joh. iii. 1.

*Essex Tune.)*

**W**ith great, but glad, surprize behold,  
What love the Father hath be-  
That sinful men should be inroll'd [stow'd,  
Among the glorious sons of God.

This is a nobler title far,  
Than those of lords and kings below,  
The noblest seraphim can bear,  
Or God on creatures can bestow.

Nor is the sounding name the whole  
In this high dignity imply'd:  
If we are children, God will all  
That's fit and good for us provide.

He'll love us with affection dear,  
With tender care from harm defend;  
And when corrections needful are,  
He'll use the rod with gentle hand.

Nay, thus we happy heirs become  
Of heav'nly and eternal bliss:  
And soon shall reach that blessed home:  
Lord! what a privilege is this!

And am I, Lord, a child of thine,  
A worm, a wretch so dignify'd!  
Strange humbling stoop of love divine!  
What wonders may be here descry'd!

Qh!

Oh ! may this mercy seize my soul,  
 From all her bondage set her free ;  
 My rebel passions all controul,  
 But ever bind my heart to thee.

## CLXXV. WONDERFUL.

*The same Tune.)*

**H**Ark, the best news that ever came !  
 To sinful men, condemn'd, forlorn !  
 Aloud celestial hosts proclaim,  
 " A Saviour Christ the Lord is born.

Their Sov'reign throws his beams aside,  
 And steps from his imperial throne,  
 In human form the God to hide,  
 And our frail flesh to make his own.

On high in dazzling light he shines,  
 Tho' here he lays his splendors by,  
 And here a mortal life begins,  
 Who ever liv'd, and ne'er can die.

The Babe for help with moans and cries,  
 To's Virgin-Mother here complains,  
 Whose pow'rful breath built earth and skies,  
 And still the mighty pile sustains.

In swaddling cloaths he's here confin'd,  
 Whom yet no limits comprehend :  
 And hardly can a lodging find,  
 Tho' monarchs at his footstool bend.

How

How many wonders here combine,  
To draw and fix believing eyes!  
And fill all heav'n with joy divine,  
With awful mirth and dear surprize?

The angels croud in shining bands,  
To wait on this auspicious birth:  
And loud proclaim their God's commands,  
" His praise on high, his peace on earth.

Let us too try our utmost skill,  
And loud with thankful hearts reply,  
*On earth be peace, to men good will,*  
*And biggest praise to God on high.*

### CLXXVI. *One God.*

(*Illsley Tune.*)

**E**ternal God, Almighty cause  
Of earth, and seas, and worlds un-  
The world submits to all thy laws, [known,  
Depends entire on thee alone.

Thy glorious Being singly stands,  
Of all within it self possest:  
Controul'd by none in thy commands,  
And in thy self completely blest.

No rival can thine honour claim,  
No higher deity appears:  
No equal bears thine awful name,  
Nor Fellow-God thy glory shares.

To

To thee alone our selves we owe,  
 This homage heav'n and earth should pay:  
 All other Gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

On thee we fix our cheerful trust,  
 To thee with humble hope aspire,  
 And quit our idols, earth and dust,  
 Born up tow'rds God with full desire.

Our all to thee we freely yield,  
 To whom of right our all belongs:  
 To thee alone we'll temples build,  
 And consecrate our hearts and tongues.

In thee alone we'll seek for bliss,  
 Thou great original of love:  
 There all our wealth and treasure is,  
 And all besides a blank would prove.

Lord, spread thy name through heathen  
 Their idol deities dethrone, [lands,  
 Reduce the world to thy command,  
 And reign, as thou art God, alone.

### CLXXVII. *The Preference.*

*The same Tune.)*

**V**AIN world, thy tempting arts forbear,  
 Hide all thy false and treacherous  
 Too long I've fed on empty air, [charms:  
 And shun'd my Maker's blissful arms.

I'll

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I'll wear thy glittering chains no more,  
Thy pageant glories I despise,  
Thy fulsome pleasures I abhor,  
And scorn the wealth thy minions prize.

Much nobler objects now in sight,  
Engage mine eyes, mine heart posses :  
My wings are stretch'd for heav'nly flight,  
And God the source of all my bliss.

When he appears thy lustre's lost,  
As twinkling stars in blazing day :  
To him, who charms the heav'nly host,  
Devotion bears my soul away.

In him consummate beauties shine,  
No spots deform his radiant face :  
'Tis life to hear that he is mine,  
And heav'n to dwell in his embrace.

On him my hungry eyes shall feast,  
Thro' boundless charms shall gladly rove :  
In him my weary soul shall rest,  
Ty'd fast by all the bonds of love.

From him no earthly object more,  
Shall e'er seduce my faithful heart :  
Vain world, thy fond attempt give o'er,  
With him I'll never, never part.

Shine out, my God, with friendly rays,  
Refresh mine eyes, my heart rejoice :  
Tune all my pow'rs to love and praise,  
My mind, my passions, and my voice.

*Chase*

Chase all the mists and gloom away,  
 That hide thy glories from mine eyes:  
 Fit me to bear celestial day,  
 And fetch me to my native skies.

**CLXXVIII. Glorious pity and Condescension.**

*St. Edmund's Tune.)*

**O**H! love, beyond example great!  
 What sinners to a *Jesus* owe!  
 For them he left his royal seat,  
 To suffer and to die below.

He left the bright celestial coasts,  
 Where he in dazzling glory shone,  
 Whilst all the bright angelick hosts  
 Devoutly waited round his throne.

In servile form himself he dreft,  
 The God in human flesh did hide:  
 Obscurely born he liv'd distrest,  
 And then a sacred victim dy'd.

Dy'd with his own most precious blood,  
 To wash away the guilt of sin,  
 To quench the dreadful wrath of God,  
 And grace for rebels to obtain.

And still the kind design pursues,  
 Their love he courts for whom he dy'd:  
 And oft repuls'd his suit renew'd,  
 As if he would not be deny'd.

His

His word his works proclaim aloud,  
How much he is inclin'd to spare ;  
And tears on stubborn hearts bestow'd,  
Shew what his kind intentions are.

Then pause, my soul, admire, adore,  
'Till thankful songs my tongue employ :  
Gaze on, 'till each transported pow'r,  
Shall feel unutterable joy.

Gaze, 'till in holy wonder lost,  
Thou shalt to him thy self resign,  
Of such a Saviour make thy boast,  
The conquest thou of grace divine.

**CLXXIX. *Filial Resemblance.***

*Nassau Tune.)*

**L**ord, I would be a child of thine,  
And my dear Father's image bear,  
Oh ! make me with thy lustre thine,  
And in the God-like nature share.

Deep on my mind the sense impress  
Of glories wholly, Lord, thine own,  
Such as no creature can possess,  
But must belong to thee alone.

Let these high admirations raise,  
And strike me with religious awe,  
Tune both my heart and tongue to praise,  
And bend me to thy holy law.

But

But where I may resemble thee,  
 In any excellency divine,  
 Thy counterpart, Lord, let me be,  
 And bright with thy refulgence shine.

Like God let me be pure and clean,  
 Just, holy, merciful and true:  
 And let the image form'd within,  
 Shine out in all I speak and do.

That men the heav'ly light may see,  
 Which my good works diffuse abroad:  
 Confess that I am born of thee,  
 And praise my Father and my God.

**CLXXX. *Doubts concerning a Providence, vanquish'd.***

*St. Edmunds Tune.*) [more]

**V**ile thought be gone, I'll doubt no  
 The sov'reign sway of providence:  
 Angels about the throne adore  
 A theme too high for human sense.

In awful deeps our God conceals  
 His great designs from mortal eyes,  
 'Till he by time the scheme reveals,  
 And strikes beholders with surprize.

Or should no obvious footsteps shew  
 The track in which he will proceed,  
 The more I search the less I know,  
 With thicker gloom still overspread:

Shall

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Shall worms extend beyond their span?  
And censure art or acts divine?  
Shall God be limited by man?  
Or must his thoughts conform to mine?  
Oh! frightful pride! my soul abhor  
This monstrous stretch beyond thy size:  
Prescribe to providence no more,  
But know thy measure and be wise.

With humble deference resign  
Thine own fond fancies, and submit  
The worlds affairs to skill divine:  
Leave God to act as he thinks fit.

Tho' deep conceal'd his purpose lies,  
And far remote from human sight,  
Yet all his thoughts and ways are wise,  
God-like, and true, and good, and right.

### *CLXXXI. Honouring God as a Father.*

*Nassau Tune.)*

**M**Y Father, and my God, a name  
I still must honour and revere:  
Loud I its glories will proclaim,  
And use it with religious fear.

The lot thy wisdom shall assign,  
With filial duty I'll approve:  
I'll subject life to laws divine,  
Thy rule and thy commandments love.

It grieves my soul when sinners bold,  
Hate their own souls, thy laws transgres:—  
But glads mine heart when I behold  
Mankind concern'd their God to please:

With deep concern and serious thought,  
With cheerful heart and open hand,  
I'll seek thy glory to promote,  
And for thy sake my self will spend,

Thine honour shall be dearer far,  
Than mine own dear lov'd life to me:  
Nor will I ever grudge or spare  
What I should spend for thine or thee.

Thus would I prove my self a child,  
And to my Father honour give,  
My self entire to him would yield,  
And ever to his glory live.

CLXXXII. *Duties owing to our selves.*

Essex Tune.)

**A** Wake, my soul, shake off the dream,  
And know thy real excellence:  
Too long I've yielded to the stream,  
Born down by appetite and sense.

Awake, my thought, rouze ev'ry pow'r,  
And right your native strength employ:  
Let lust and passion reign no more,  
Nor yield to pride's impetuous sway.

My

My spirit *meek* and *humble* be,  
*Content* and *pleas'd* with *ev'ry* *state*,  
From *dire* *revenge* and *envy* *free*,  
And *wild* *ambition* to be *great*.

*Confine* thy *roving* *appetites*,  
From *earth* *withdraw* thy *heart* and *eyes*,  
Fix thou on *pure* *divine* *delights*,  
And *love* and *live* above *the* *skies*.

On *wings* of *faith* to *heav'n* *ascend*,  
By *hope* *anticipate* the *feast*:  
With all thy *might* *still* *upward* *tend*,  
And *leave* to *sen<sup>u</sup>al* *minds* the *rest*.

With *eager* *zeal* *pursue* the *prize*,  
Redeem thy *time*, thy *helps* *improve*:  
This *course* *will* *speak*, *will* *make* thee *wise*,  
And *lift* thee to *the* *land* of *love*.

But, Lord! I *urge* mine *heart* in *vain*:  
Pour thou upon it *quickning* *grace*:  
Then *lust* *shall* *die*, and *reason* *reign*,  
And I with *pleasure* *run* *my* *race*.

**CLXXXIII. *Ye know not what Spirit ye are of.* Luke ix. 55.**

*Nassau Tune.*)

**S**Trange, *gross* *mistake*! can God *inspire*  
A *blind*, a *fierce* and *murd'ring* *zeal*?  
Is this indeed *celestial* *fire*?  
No, 'tis a *meteor* *sprung* from *hell*.

*Heav'n*

Heav'n is the land of light and rest,  
'Tis calm, eternal calm above :  
There kindness reigns in ev'ry breast,  
Devotion and the dearest love. [down,

And our blest Lord from thence came  
To spread compassion, peace and joy :  
In his own blood our faults to drown,  
To save mens lives, not to destroy.

No rancour in his bosom boil'd,  
Soft was his heart, serene his mind,  
His air was merciful and mild,  
His language courteous still and kind.

And all his holy laws enjoin,  
We should by his example move,  
Transcribe a pattern so divine,  
And breath, and live, and walk in love.

His gracious precepts quite disarm  
Fierce anger, foul revenge and spite :  
Tye up the hands from doing harm,  
Make doing good the hearts delight.

The wisdom he inspires is kind,  
Abhorring cruelty and blood ;  
Fair copy of its Author's mind,  
*Who went about still doing good.*

Zealots, your bold pretence is vain,  
Heav'n can't such raging heats inspire :  
There *light* and *love* united reign,  
'Tis hell is *darkness* mixt with *fire.*

CLXXXIV. *The Properties of Christian Charity*: From 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Ilsley Tune.)

LET men of high conceit and zeal,  
Their *fervours* and their *faith* pro-  
If *charity* be wanting still, [claim:  
The rest is but a sounding name.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,  
And zeal to set the world on fire:  
But charity is calm and kind,  
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,  
But slowly her resentments rise:  
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,  
But rage and all revenge defies.

She envies none their better state,  
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own:  
Nor vaunts her self with mind elate,  
But still a modest air puts on.

She drives all malice from her breast,  
To ill suspicions ne'er gives way,  
But ever hopes and thinks the best,  
And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

M

With

With spiteful gust, she never hears  
 Detractors blur a neighbour's name,  
 None whisper scandal in her ears,  
 Or others, unrebuk'd, defame.

Her neighbour's infamy and ill,  
 To her no entertainment give:  
 She's pleas'd to see him prosper still,  
 And still in good repute to live.

Eager she doth not seek her own,  
 But flights it oft for others good:  
 As *Jesus* did from heav'n come down,  
 To die and cleanse us with his blood.

This is the grace that reigns on high,  
 And brightly will forever burn:  
 When *hope* shall in enjoyment die,  
 And *faith* to intuition turn.

**CLXXXV. *The means to overcome the  
 Fears of Death.***

*Essex Tune.)*

**I** Cannot shun the stroke of death,  
 Lord, help me to surmount the fear:  
 That when I must resign my breath,  
 Serene I may my summons hear.

'Tis sin gives venom to the dart,  
 In me let ev'ry sin be slain:  
 From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,  
 From wilful sins my hands restrain.

Grant

Grant that I may, with holy zeal,  
The ends of living close pursue,  
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,  
And honour thee in all I do.

To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,  
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high :  
Glorious I hope with him to rise,  
Why shou'd I fear with him to die ?

Oh ! for an heart that soars above,  
And scorns the trifles here below :  
An heart well warm'd with holy love,  
But dead to sense and outward shew.

Let all my bliss and treasure lye,  
Where in *thy light I light shall see* :  
The soul may freely dare to die,  
That longs to be possest of thee.

Say, *thou art mine*, and chase the gloom  
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death :  
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,  
And as a victor yield my breath.

**CLXXXVI. *Death.***

*St. Edmund's Tune.)*

**C**ome, think, my soul, what 'tis to die,  
To feel the vital flame decay :  
When faint and gasping I shall lye,  
And clammy sweats bedew my clay.

When mortal pains in ev'ry part,  
 Slow, shivering pulses, lab'ring breath,  
 And fading eyes, and failing heart,  
 Shall warn thee of approaching death.

When the whole tott'ring frame shall  
 The bonds of union all untie, [shake,  
 When all the strings of life shall crack,  
 Death summons and I must comply.

When all eternity's in sight,  
 And thou must try that unknown sea,  
 Launch forth and bid the world good night,  
 "How strange a moment will it be?"

How wilt thou drop thy kindred clay,  
 And bid all earthly things farewell?  
 Wilt thou not wish for longer stay,  
 Some longer time in flesh to dwell?

Wilt thou the dearest friends resign,  
 The best lov'd objects here below?  
 Submit thee to the will divine,  
 And, when thy Saviour calls thee, go?

Canst thou without reluctance dread,  
 Change worlds, and naked wing away?  
 Look up to Christ thy living head,  
 And long for everlasting day?

In dying moments 'twill be sad,  
 Still ling'ring in suspense to stand:  
 But thou may'st gladly be unclad,  
 In prospect of the promis'd land.

Oh!

Oh ! live by faith, and learn to die,  
Long to depart and be undrest :  
Then death shall lift thee to the sky,  
To boundless bliss and endless rest.

CLXXXVII. *Judgment.*

*Essex Tune.)*

**E**'R E long the awful day will come,  
When Christ in glory shall appear,  
And all the world their final doom,  
From his moist righteous lips must hear.

In God-like state he'll then descend,  
With glory crown'd, and clad in light :  
His heav'nly hosts will all attend,  
With looks and robes divinely bright.

He'll mount his dazzling judgment-seat,  
And bid the great archangel sound,  
" Wake all ye dead, both small and great,  
" Entomb'd in earth, in waters drown'd.

The dreadful blast will shake the sky,  
The earth and seas give up their dead,  
Each grave unlock and open fly,  
And ev'ry sleeper lift his head.

The dead reviv'd and all alive,  
Before him then shall be convcn'd :  
And, their last sentence to receive,  
Both good and bad shall there attend.

The volumes shall be open thrown,  
Where all their deeds are on record,  
By his own hand there written down,  
Their righteous Judge and sovereign Lord.

Just as their several works have been,  
Decisive sentence will be given:  
They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in sin,  
The righteous welcom'd into heav'n.

Oh! may I find my little name,  
In God's own *book of life* set down;  
My Judge will then, "Well done, proclaim,  
And with his hands put on my crown.

### CLXXXVIII. *Hell.*

(*St. Edmund's Tune.*)

Hell! 'tis a word of dreadful sound:  
It chills the heart, and shocks the ear:  
It spreads a sickly damp around,  
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

Far from the utmost verge of day,  
In frightful gloom the region lies:  
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,  
And thick sulphureous vapours rise.

The breath of God, his angry breath,  
Still fans, and still supplies the fire:  
There sinners taste the second death,  
Are dying still, but can't expire.

Ac

At utmost distance from the place,  
Thro' all the gloom they heav'n espy :  
But can't the gulph between them pass,  
Nor change abode, nor climb the sky.

Conscience, the never dying worm,  
With constant torture gnaws the heart,  
And woe and wrath in ev'ry form,  
Enflame the wounds, encrease the smart.

The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with  
And bite their everlasting chains : [woe,  
But with their rage their torments grow ;  
Resentment but improves their pains.

Fierce fiends insulting stand around,  
Upbraid with guilt, and feed the flames :  
From ev'ry quarter groans resound,  
Despairing shrieks and hideous screams.

Sad world indeed ! what heart can bear,  
Hopeless in all these pangs to lie !  
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,  
And ever dying ne'er to die ?

Lord, that I may these horrors shun,  
Now let me mine offences mourn :  
Seek pardon thro' thy bleeding Son,  
And to my God repenting turn.

CLXXXIX. *Heaven.*Ilsley *Tune.*)

**H**EAV'N! 'tis a sound delights the ear,  
 Revives and ravishes the heart:  
 Oh! may I dwell for ever there,  
 And in its pleasures bear a part.

There light, essential light and day,  
 Fresh streaming from the face of God,  
 For ever drives all night away,  
 And sheds delight thro' this abode.

Each happy soul, with dear surprise,  
 In his own light his God shall see:  
 While boundless charms attract his eyes  
 The vision will extatick be.

'Twill cheer, delight, exalt, refine,  
 And all the raptur'd mind transform,  
 With God's resemblance make her shine,  
 And with intense devotion warm.

She'll feel immortal vigour spread  
 Thro' all her faculties and frame,  
 Transporting joy that ne'er will fade,  
 And love that will for ever flame.

There, with eternal rapture fir'd,  
 The glories of her God she'll sing:  
 In strains, by heav'nly hosts admir'd,  
 She'll praise her Saviour and her King.

Angels

Angels will listen to her song,  
And in the musick gladly join:  
Each heav'nly harp and heav'nly tongue,  
Will help applaud the love divine.

Delight and joy shall fill the place,  
And streams of pleasure endless roul,  
Youth ever bloom in ev'ry face,  
And rapture overflow each soul.

Nor will the high employment tire,  
Nor old the satisfaction grow:  
Enjoyment will improve desire,  
And that no disappointment know.

The body too will be refin'd,  
And like its Saviour's body shine:  
Fit partner for an heav'nly mind,  
Still extasy'd with joys divine.

Oh, happy world ! for ever bright,  
With God's own presence ever blest:  
True land of infinite delight,  
Of peaceful mirth, and joyful rest.

Oh ! may I dwell for ever there,  
Its glory see, its pleasures taste:  
Quite cloy'd with all th' enjoyments here,  
I long for that eternal feast.

**CXC.** *Thy Name is as Ointment  
poured forth, therefore do the Vir-  
gins love thee.* Cant. i. 3.

*Essex Tune.)*

**J**ESUS! a name of sweetest sound:  
How fast it chains the willing ear!  
It spreads delicious fragrance round,  
At once to gratify and cheer.

By it, the heav'ly host above,  
And each redeemed saint below,  
Are kindled into holy love,  
And feel their hearts in transports flow.

And who that ever felt the pain,  
The anguish of a wounded heart,  
And found all other means in vain,  
To heal the wound or ease the smart:

Who that has known its saving might,  
To rescue from the pow'r of sin,  
Can hear this name without delight,  
Can hear and feel no flame within?

Sure virgin-fouls, made white and clean,  
By bleeding love and quickning grace,  
His willing captives must remain,  
His name triumphant ever blest.

*Jesus!*

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*Jesus!* a name of sweetest sound?  
It chains, it charms the captive ear,  
And spreads balsamick odours round,  
The wounded heart to heal and cheer.

**CXCI. *We labour whether present or absent to be accepted of him.* 2 Cor. v. 9.**

*The same Tune.)*

E'R E long the knot must be unty'd,  
My mind unrest must quit her clay,  
In flesh no longer must reside,  
But to some unknown region stray.

Oh! whither will she fly or rove,  
When her old house shall be destroy'd?  
To what new dwelling then remove,  
And how be pleas'd, or how employ'd?

Thanks be to God, her Saviour then  
Some better mansion will provide:  
She'll mount and join his heav'ly train,  
And in his presence blest abide.

When will the happy moment come!  
When I shall rise to this abode?  
Change earth for my celestial home,  
And leave my flesh to be with God.

Oh ! how I long to be undrest,  
 Or rather, to *be cloth'd upon !*  
 In my Redeemer's arms to rest,  
 And have my heav'nly house put on !

Nor will my Saviour long delay,  
 He will in time my soul release,  
 And fetch me home : And whilst I stay,  
 I'll seek, I'll strive my God to please.

For this my prayer to heav'n I'll send,  
 This mark I'll ever keep in view,  
 With constant care my work attend,  
 And spite of dangers close pursue.

May I obtain this happiness !  
 My soul would hope, would wish no more,  
 But strip and try the unknown seas,  
 Or stay content and clad ashore.

### CXCII. *God our Happiness.*

*(Bedford Tune.)*

**E**ternal God, of Beings first,  
 Of all created good the spring,  
 For thee I long, for thee I thirst,  
 My Love, my Saviour, and my King :  
 Thine is a never failing store,  
 If God be mine, I ask no more.

The

The fairest world of light on high,  
Reflexion makes, but faint of thine,  
The glorious tenants of the sky  
In God's own beams transported shine :  
But should'st thou wrap thy face in shade,  
Soon all their life and lustre fade.

Thy presence makes celestial day,  
And fills each raptur'd soul with bliss :  
Night would prevail, were God away,  
And spirits pine in paradise :  
In vain would all the angels try  
To fill thy room, thy lack supply.

And sure from heav'n we turn our eyes,  
In vain, to seek for bliss below :  
The tree of life can't root nor rise,  
Nor in this blasted region grow :  
The wealth of this poor barren clod,  
Can ne'er make up the want of God.

But, Lord, in thee the thirsty soul  
Will meet with full with rich supplies :  
Thy smiles will all her fears controul,  
Thy beauties feast her ravish'd eyes :  
To failing flesh and fainting hearts,  
Thy favour, life and strength imparts.

Oh ! let me, Lord, this favour gain,  
With smiles still fate yet feed desire,  
In all the loads of life, sustain,  
In dying moments, life inspire,

*Guard.*

Guard my departed soul to rest,  
Be still my God, and I am blest.

CXCIII. *Here we have no continuing City, but seek one to come.* Heb. xiii.

14.

*The same Tune.*

**M**Y soul, forbear: on transient things  
No more thy fond affections place:  
Their gain no satisfaction brings,  
And yet they tire thee in the chase.  
Restrain thine impotent desires,  
From what like dreams and smoke expires.

This airy scene will soon withdraw  
Its pomp from thy deluded eyes,  
At best 'tis splendid paint and shew;  
And, ah! how fast the vision flies.  
With sudden gleam it mocks the sight,  
And then gives way to endless night.

By daily wastes our lives decay,  
Each pulse brings forward certain death:  
Ten thousand ills snatch life away,  
And stop at once precarious breath.  
And, Lord! in parting hours, how vain  
Shall we esteem the transient scene.

But

But faith directs believing eyes,  
To realms of lasting joy above:  
Where pleasures ever blooming rise,  
And holy spirits feed on love:  
Love that will blissful life convey,  
Brisk and serene as heav'nly day.

Thence sin, and pain, and death, and  
Far off for ever shall retire: [night,  
Whilst from God's face the friendliest light  
Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.  
Nor shall the living pleasure waste,  
But at the height for ever last.

Lord, thither bear my mind away,  
There fasten mine expecting eyes:  
Draw my desires tow'rds native day,  
And lift my hopes above the skies.  
Then death will my glad soul remove  
From sin and woe to realms of love.

**CXCIV. *The Inhabitant of Zion de-  
scrib'd;* From Psal. xv. and other  
Places.**

*The same Tune.)*

**L**ORD, who shall on thine hill reside,  
And find a constant welcome there?  
Who in thy holy house abide,  
And its blest entertainments share?

'Tis he who is upright and just,  
Whose word one may securely trust.

Who never will his neighbour wrong,  
Nor ill reports in haste receive,  
Nor spread them with a fland'ring tongue,  
Nor by detraction hurt or grieve.  
Who the rich sinner can despise,  
But saints, tho' poor, respect and prize.

By whom all falsehood is abhor'd,  
Who never takes God's name in vain:  
To his own hurt he'll keep his word,  
Nor falsely swear for any gain.  
Who never will the poor oppress,  
Nor by their wrong his wealth encrease.

Who can't be brib'd by gems or gold,  
Against the innocent to plead:  
Hates to see justice bought and sold,  
And feeds the hungry foul with bread.  
Who prays for his malicious foes,  
And blessings, when they curse, bestows.

Who will to all such treatment give,  
As he himself expects from them,  
Yet still to grace a debtor live,  
And ev'ry proud pretence disclaim.  
This man, Lord, shall thy fav'rite be,  
Dwell here, and dwell in heav'n, with thee.

CXCV. *Joy in God for present Enjoyments, and future Hopes; From Psal. xvi.*

*The same Tune.)*

**P** Reserve me, Lord, in time of need  
To thee, her God, my soul shall fly:  
For tho' I can no merit plead,  
I on thy mercy may rely.  
And to thy saints I'll favour show,  
The best, the dearest names I know.

Let heathens to their idols haste,  
And seek the pageant's help in vain,  
Their bloody offerings I detest,  
Their names shall ne'er my lips profane.  
The living God's my help and hope,  
He'll feed my joys, and fill my cup.

My lot, by his direction lies  
Where he an habitation chose,  
Delightful scenes around me rise,  
And never failing plenty flows.  
Blest be the Lord; he leads me right,  
And gives advice in time of night.

With stedfast faith mine eyes behold  
This great Protector ev'ry where;  
No foes, however fierce or bold,  
Shall shake my heart, while he is near.

In him, my portion, I'll rejoice,  
And boast of him with heart and voice.

And should my state be here deprest,  
Yet still my better hopes remain:  
In faith my dying flesh shall rest,  
The grave shall yield it up again.  
Its boasted conquests death resign,  
And only sleeping dust refine.

Thou wilt the shatter'd frame restore,  
In glory dreſt my flesh shall rise,  
And meet my mind to part no more,  
But mount triumphant to the skies:  
To God's right hand, where pleasures flow,  
And bliss no bounds nor end will know.

**CXCVI. *The Triumphs and Kingdom  
of Christ, and sad Condition of his  
Enemies;* From Psal. xxii.**

*The same Tune.)*

**M**Effab, Lord, with boundleſs might  
Shall vanquish all his foes and thine,  
Shall joy in God, and with delight  
Make grace and saving mercy shine.  
And by thy favour shall acquire,  
All that he asks or can desire..



Nay,

Nay, thou dost his requests prevent,  
And favours, e're he asks, confer:  
He reigns o'er all with thy consent,  
And heav'n and earth his name revere.  
He wears an everlasting crown,  
And angels at his feet bow down.

Once sunk with grief, with horrors faint,  
He beg'd the dreadful cup might pass,  
But tho' he went without the grant,  
He drank it off with great success,  
And lives for ever tho' he dy'd,  
Enthron'd by his great Father's side.

All heav'n resounds his conqu'ring name,  
And death and hell his pow'r confess,  
Whilst men his bleeding love proclaim,  
And raptur'd saints their Saviour bless,  
And now for all his griefs and pains,  
He's blest, and everlasting reigns.

Enwrapt in beams and bliss divine,  
His fights, his conquests he surveys,  
Whilst in his face his triumphs shone,  
And tongues celestial sing his praise.  
The Father will his Offspring own,  
And foes in vain would shake his throne.

No, Lord, thine hand shall reach them all,  
Who hate thy rule, and spurn thy grace,  
By thy just vengeance they shall fall,  
Tho' patience long the stroke delays.

The

The time of recompence will come,  
And they in vain avoid their doom.

Then as an ov'n that glows with heat,  
Thy wrath shall swallow all thy foes,  
No time their torment shall abate,  
No friendly stroke shall end their woes.  
Rackt, tortur'd, hopeless they must lye,  
And ever dying, never die.

**CXCVII. *The happy Saint, and wretched Sinner;* From Psal. i.**

*The same Tune.)*

**H**appy the man, who never strays  
Where impious men in consult meet;  
Who never stands in sinners ways,  
Nor can with any patience sit,  
Where with blaspheming noise and pride,  
Vile scoffers sanctity deride.

But makes the statutes of the Lord,  
His constant study and delight;  
By day consults the heav'nly word,  
And thinks it o'er again by night.  
This is his solace and his stay,  
His blest employment night and day.

He like a tree by kindly streams,  
Where moisture feeds the spreading root,  
Shall stretch his ever verdant limbs,  
And bend with loads of heav'nly fruit.

God

God will his undertakings bless  
And crown his wishes with success.

Not so the wicked and unjust,  
But crost in ev'ry scheme they form,  
They shall, like chaff or viler dust,  
Be blown away with ev'ry storm.  
And all their hopes shall scatter'd fly,  
When the last trumpet shakes the sky.

Among the just they shall not stand,  
When Christ to judge the world shall come,  
Divided to a different hand,  
They'll then receive their dreadful doom,  
And be adjug'd to fire and pain,  
When saints shall with their Saviour reign.

For God with pleasing look surveys  
The path in which the righteous tread ;  
His heart approves their holy ways,  
To heav'n and happiness they lead.  
But sinners chuse the crooked path,  
Which ends in everlasting death.

**CXCVIII.** *The blessed Man;* From  
Psal. cxii.

*The same Tune.)*

**B** Left is the man who fears the Lord,  
And walks with pleasure in his ways,  
Who trembles at his holy word,  
Yet gladly his command obeys.

His

His house with blessings shall abound,  
His seed be mighty and renown'd.

A gen'rous pity warms his heart,  
His kindness widely he extends,  
The poor in all his wealth have part,  
"To some he gives, to others lends.  
Yet, what his bounty wastes, repairs  
By wisely ord'ring his affairs.

Nor is that lost which he bestows  
With lib'ral heart to help the poor,  
His hand a future harvest sows,  
And scatters to augment his store.  
His bounty shall himself survive,  
And blessings on his heirs derive.

When times with dismal face appear,  
With frightful clouds and gloom o'er spread,  
His heart shall entertain no fear,  
Above the gloom he'll lift his head.  
His faith shall bear his courage up,  
And God approve and crown his hope.

Some friendly beams of cheering light,  
Will thro' the darkness make their way:  
And in affliction's darkest night,  
Their greatest lustre saints display.  
That heart ill tidings can't surprize,  
Which with firm trust on God relies.

When

When raging waves and tempests roar,  
And sinners and their hopes are drown'd,  
He'll sit and see it safe on shore,  
With life and with salvation crown'd.  
On earth renown, and heav'n above,  
Shall recompence his faith and love.

**CXCIX. *Divine Omniscience, and Omnipresence;* From Psal. cxxxix.**

*The same Tune.)*

**I**N vain, in my concerns with thee,  
To shun thy notice, Lord, I try,  
I cannot from thy presence flee,  
Nor hide me from thy piercing eye.  
Thou know'st my secret haunts and ways,  
My very heart thine eye surveys.

My secret thoughts, and long before  
They are conceiv'd or form'd within,  
Thou dost with utmost ease explore,  
And e're I speak know what I mean.

*Asleep, awake, at home, abroad,*  
I'm ev'ry where beset with God.

And should I, Lord, so foolish prove,  
As from thy work and thee to run,  
Oh! whither could I range or rove,  
Or where thine awful presence shun?  
Where could I chuse a safe abode,  
When ev'ry place is full of God!

Should

Should I to heav'n direct my flight,  
I there should meet thee on thy throne;  
Or dive to hell and endless night,  
There fiends beneath thy vengeance groan.  
Where e'er I am, how can I dare  
Offend my God, when he is there?

If mounted on the wings of day,  
Beyond the utmost seas I fly,  
Thou'l either stop me in the way,  
Or be much sooner there than I.  
Be where I will thou still art near,  
For, Lord, thy place is *ev'ry where*.

Or should I wrap my self in night  
To screen me from all-searching eyes,  
One glance of thine would make it light,  
Would kindle all the dark disguise.  
And noon and night in this agree,  
That both alike are light to thee.

Be where I will, I meet with God,  
And open to his notice lye,  
Nor can I find out an abode,  
Where he is not, or can't espy.  
Believe my soul, and never dare  
To sin, when God is always near.

CC. *Cheerful Trust in God*; From  
Psal. xxiii.

(*Devonshire Tune.*)

**M**Y Shepherd is the Lord of all,  
Whilst he supports I cannot fall,  
Nor shall I want since he'll provide :  
No beasts of prey shall make me fear,  
Whilst he protects, and still is near ;  
Nor can I stray with such a Guide.

To meads in constant verdure drest,  
He leads me out to feed and rest,  
Where shade defends from burning day :  
Where rivers gently rolling by,  
The thirsty flocks and fields supply,  
And with soft murmurs glide away.

He, when I stray, in love pursues,  
The wanton wand'rer to reduce,  
And fetch me home with friendly force.  
Thus, for the honour of his name,  
Doth he my vagrant mind reclaim ;  
My spirits, when I faint, restores.

Yea, when I pass the vale of death,  
I'll fearless tread the frightful path,  
With gloomy shade and horrors fill'd :  
Thy presence there will kindle day,  
Thy succours chase my fears away,  
Thy Spirit living comfort yield.

Before my Foes my Table's spread,  
 And precious Oils perfume my head,  
 My cup o'erflows with generous wine.  
 Lord, to thy house let me repair,  
 And whilst I live inhabit there,  
 And celebrate the love divine.

CC. *Praise to God for his Grace to  
 Mankind, display'd in the Gospel  
 and the Incarnation of his Son;*  
 From Psal. viii.

*The same Tune.)*

**H**O W doth thy name, O Lord, excel!  
 Thy wond'rous grace mankind can  
 Whilst heav'nly hosts thy glories sing: [tell,  
 Nor can the vast and spreading sky,  
 Confine the boundless Majesty,  
 Of Zion's God, of Zion's King.

Ev'n babes thy mighty pow'r proclaim,  
 Thy haughty foes the sucklings tame,  
 And all their hardy legions quell:  
 Men that were frail and mortal too,  
 Could with one mighty word subdue  
 The prince and all the pow'rs of hell.

Lord, when I view the heav'ns on high,  
 The moon and stars that deck the sky,  
Strange

Strange floating worlds and funds of light:  
What's man, or man's polluted race,  
To be the objects of thy grace,  
And rais'd to such a wondrous height.

Yet he, who for a while on earth  
Became a man of mortal birth,  
Inferior to his angels made,  
Is now for soy'reign rule renown'd,  
With glory and with honour crown'd,  
And dazzling Majesty array'd.

Him, Lord of all thou didst ordain,  
Thou hast decreed that he shall reign,  
Till on his foes his foot shall tread:  
Whilst angels own his rightful sway,  
And saints on earth glad homage pay,  
And triumph in their living Head.

To his command, earth, sea and air,  
And beast, and birds, and fishes there  
Submit, and serve this heav'ly King:  
How glorious is the Saviour's name!  
May heathen nations hear his fame,  
And ev'ry desert shout and sing.

CCLII. *Providence, and its special REGARD to the Servants of God; From Psal. xxxvi. 5, 6, &c.*

*The same Tune.*

**I**N heav'n, O Lord, thy love's display'd,  
Thy goodness those blest regions made,  
And still with life and joy supplies!  
Thy truth's for ever pure and fair,  
Thro' ev'ry cloud 'twill bright appear,  
Or o'er them all conspicuous ris'd.

Thine hand the world's affairs commands,  
Firm as the hills thy justice stands,  
Nor from its purpose ever bends:  
In mighty deeps thy Judgments lye,  
Far from the ken of mortal eye,  
To man and beast thy care extends.

But from thy favour to the just,  
(To all who thy protection trust)  
Will special blessings always spring:  
The sons of men who own the grace,  
Will fly to thee in all distress,  
And to the covert of thy wings.

And saints shall to thine house repair,  
And meet a constant welcome there,

And

And with its fatness feasted be ;  
Their thirsty Souls shall be supply'd,  
With joy that, in one constant tide,  
Shall freely issue forth from thee.

With thee the springs of life are found,  
Springs which nor bottom have nor bound,  
But constant vigour will supply : [light  
From thee, their source, shall beams of  
Break on our minds, and scatter night,  
And make the mists and shadows fly.

To them that know thee, Lord, be kind,  
Let them continual favour find,  
Who gladly learn and do thy will :  
To all who are in heart upright,  
Who in thy holy ways delight,  
Each gracious promise, Lord, fulfil.

CCII. *The Lord's Day.*

*The same Tune.*

**W** E see the sweet day, of days the best,  
The time of holy mirth and rest,  
When to God's house the saints repair,  
To hear his word and see his face,  
To learn his will and sing his grace,  
And vent their hearts in praise and prayer.

This is employment all divine,  
My soul, the blest assembly join,

And from the world this day retire:  
 Go bow before thy Maker's throne,  
 Thy risen Saviour's glories own,  
 And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,  
 The shining heap the gaudy show,  
 All sensual mirth and worldly cares:  
 On wings of strong devotion rise,  
 Pass ev'ry cloud, pass all the skies,  
 And leave beneath thy feet the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,  
 Great fund of bliss and source of light,  
 There fix and therc delight thine eyes:  
 View ev'ry shining wonder o'er,  
 And with transported heart adore,  
 And feast on fruits of paradise.

This day was by our Lord ordain'd,  
 That thus his servants might be train'd,  
 For heav'nly work and heav'nly joy:  
 My soul, be this thy day of rest,  
 And thus prepare thee to be blest,  
 Thus all thy holy hours employ.

Then will the happy day be spent  
 To thine advantage and content,  
 In joys exceeding all on earth:  
 'Twill be a pledge of heav'nly joy,  
 All pure without the least alloy,  
 Divine and everlasting mirth.

CCIV. *Judgment-Day.*

(*The same Tune.*)

LET ev'ry living man give ear: [pear,  
The trumpet sounds the guards ap-  
To judge the world the Lord is come:  
He shines magnificently bright,  
Drest all in majesty and light,  
And nature trembling waits her doom.

Aloud he calls, "Ye dead, arise:  
The sleeping nations rub their eyes,  
And stretch their limbs, and lift their heads:  
His saints the summons strait obey,  
Their minds resume their kindred clay,  
And joyful leave their dusty beds.

They'll bound from earth and mount the  
And meet the splendid triumph there, [air,  
And help make up the pompous train:  
To them their Judge will gracious say,  
"Well done, your service I'll repay,  
"Come and with me for ever reign.

But sinners will reluctant rise,  
Lay down their heads and close their eyes,  
And senseless would for ever lie:  
The men of greatest pow'r and pride,  
Who spurn'd his grace, his wrath defy'd,  
His presence now would gladly fly.

To hills and mountains now they call,  
 " With all your weight upon us fall,  
 " Deep bury'd we would never rise:  
 " But shun the vengeance of the Lamb,  
 " The scorching, the devouring flame,  
 " That flashes dreadful from his eyes.

But ah! in vain they howl and cry,  
 Before him mountains melt or fly,  
 All nature trembles at his feet:  
 They must arise they must appear,  
 And from his mouth their sentence hear,  
 And thenceforth find their woes complete.

Lord, let not this my portion be,  
 But quickly bring me home to thee,  
 That when the wicked quake for fear,  
 When all thy glories fill the sky,  
 The heav'ns drop down, the mountains fly,  
 My soul the glad *Well done* may hear.

CCV. *Heavenly Bliss.*

*The same Tune.*

[eyes,  
 Come now, my soul, and stretch thine  
 Look thro' the veil, look thro' the  
 See what blest spirits do above, [skies  
 Where wrapt in splendors here unknown,  
 Prostrate they worship round the throne,  
 And glow with everlasting love.

There

There God his brightest form displays,  
Makes heav'n with constant lustre blaze,  
And sheds abroad true life and joy :  
Whilst happy souls, with high delight,  
Their eyes in beatieek sight,  
In blissful love their hearts employ.

They gaze 'till their own faces shine,  
Themselves are made throughout divine,  
And fair reflect their Maker's form :  
Till they are quite entranc'd in bliss,  
Wrapt up in boundless extasies,  
And with intense devotion warm.

Nor will this heav'nly form decay,  
Nor will these pleasures fade away,  
But still continue at the height :  
Their eyes the vision will improve,  
Enjoyment fan the fire of love,  
And ne'er abate but raise delight.

Immortal life will reign within,  
Without immortal bloom be seen,  
And joys immortal fill the place :  
There pleasure shall be ever young,  
And rapture dwell on ev'ry tongue,  
And triumph shine on ev'ry face.

For ever thus to be employ'd,  
Enamour'd, extasy'd, o'erjoy'd,

N. S.

Is quintessence of bliss indeed :  
 There let me have my blest abode,  
 And with the vision of my God,  
 Mine eyes, my joys for ever feed.

I'll quit the treasures here on earth,  
 This transient pomp and trifling mirth.  
 And fix my hopes and bliss on high :  
 There everlasting glory grows,  
 There boundless wealth for ever flows,  
 And pleasures neither fade nor die.

**CCVI. Doubts vanquished, and the  
 Wisdom and Justice of Providence  
 vindicated.**

*The same Tune.)*

**S**URE thou, O God, art just and wise,  
 And thine are pure and jealous eyes,  
 Nor will our love to thee be vain :  
 Yet gloomy doubts disturb my rest,  
 I feel them struggling in my breast,  
 Indulge me, Lord, whilst I complain.

Why do the wicked prosper still,  
 And impious wretches work their will,  
 And fraud and falsehood meet success ?  
 The basest crimes obtain renown,  
 Why villains on the righteous frown,  
 And haughty sinners oppress ?

Blest

Blest with prosperity and peace,  
They bask in plenty, loll at ease,  
Free from tormenting pains and care:  
They feed each wanton appetite,  
Or when it flags with art excite,  
And no expences grudge or spare.

Whilst saints a different cup must taste,  
Are poor, neglected, and distrest,  
And wear out life in woe and pain:  
And when they beg at sinners doors,  
The pamper'd dogs may lick their sores,  
The master's scraps they can't obtain.

This state of things is common here.  
Ah! but another state is near,  
Where things will take a diff'rent turn:  
For death will be the saint's relief,  
And put a period to his grief,  
When sinners must for ever mourn.

This solves the doubt: Lord, thou art  
And just, nor dost thou favour vice, [wise  
Nor will religion be in vain,  
Tho' prosp'rous sinners here on earth  
May quite dissolve in sensual mirth,  
And saints may long and much complain.

HYMNS  
AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

*Adapted to the Lord's Supper.*

I *The Love of God in the Institution, exciting proper Graces in the Communicants.*

Portsmouth Tune.)



Uppricing proof of love divine!

To make this glorious feast:  
Where we on heav'nly dainties  
dine,

And heav'nly pleasures taste.

Smiling

Smiling the God of love descends,

To bless his sacred board:

Gracious he sits among his friends,

By ev'ry one ador'd.

He sets before them heav'nly food,

And bowls of balmy wine:

Life flows in streams of dying blood,

And health from wounds divine.

The guilty here relief obtain,

The wounded spirits ease:

Here fainting hearts fresh courage gain,

The troubled mind has peace.

True penitents, no more afraid,

Here may a welcome find:

Mortals may taste immortal bread,

For endless life design'd.

Then come, my soul, thy pow'rs awake,

The wond'rous scene survey:

With hungry appetite partake,

Chase ev'ry doubt away.

With kindly grief thy sins deplore,

In humble hopes aspire:

With loyal faith feed and adore,

And raise sublime desire.

With grateful Joy thy Saviour bless,

His love with love repay:

Thy soul refresh, improve thy grace,

And heav'nward wing thy way.

II. *The Circumstances of our Saviour's  
Death, and the Impressions they  
should make on us.*

*St. Peter's Tune.)*

Look back, my soul, again regard  
 The wonders of the feast:  
 The strange provisions here prepar'd,  
 Thy self as strange a guest.  
 Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd,  
 Nail'd to the cursed tree?  
 In dying pangs, with blood imbru'd,  
 And suffering all for thee?  
 Whilst raging Jews his pains deride,  
 And stand insulting round:  
 A purple flood streams from his side,  
 And stains the blushing ground.  
 Nature can scarce the shock sustain,  
 The sun withdraws his light:  
 The trembling earth, rocks rent in twain  
 Confess the general fright.  
 Shall I the sad event review,  
 And no commotion feel?  
 No, here my soul thy grief renew,  
 And kindle holy zeal.

*Blame.*

Blame not the blind and raging Jews

For this prodigious deed:

Charge on thy sins the vile abuse,

They made thy Saviour bleed.

They tore his flesh, they pierc'd his heart,

The blood of God they spilt:

Here see and own thy vile desert,

See here thy bloody guilt.

Look and relent; with hearty grief

Thy crimson sins deplore:

For all thy wounds here fetch relief,

But wilful sin no more.

*III. Justice and Mercy reconciled in  
the Death of Christ.*

(Fareham Tune.)

**W**HAT streams of glory all divine,  
Here mingle and unite!

Justice and mercy here combine

Our wonder to excite.

Justice a sacrifice demands

To expiate for sin,

Worth all their lives throughout all lands,

Who had offenders been.

And ready mercy soon prepares,

The costly sacrifice:

God our degraded nature wears,

For our offences dies.

The

V: *The Price of our Redemption.*

Grantham Tune.)

LET saints with joyful hearts appear,  
 The holy board around:  
 See love divine triumphing here,  
 And Jesu's praise resound.

The wondrous price is now in view  
 For our redemption paid:  
 When hell and vengeance were our due,  
 By Satan's arts betray'd.

To him enflav'd (of beings worst)  
 We drag'd the loathsome chain:  
 Of God deserted and accurst,  
 And doom'd to endless pain.

But this rich price our pardon bought;  
 And set the vassals free:  
 Jesus from heav'n redemption brought,  
 Our year of Jubilee.

No sparkling gems, nor glitt'ring ore,  
 Not all the wealth below,  
 Could e'er our forfeit lives restore,  
 Or buy us off from woe.

Much higher were divine demands,  
 And Jesu's blood was spilt:  
 His precious blood by impious hands,  
 To take away our guilt.

This

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Justice appeas'd forbears to frown,  
And smooths its angry brows:  
Whilst mercy our offences drowns,  
And here accepts our vows.

Here boldly we approach our God,  
On his provisions feast:  
His flesh we eat, and drink his blood,  
Reclining on his breast.

Strange food is this, and rich the grace  
That such a feast prepar'd:  
Where sinners may obtain a place,  
And meet with kind regard.

Blood freely flows in living streams,  
Freshly from our Saviour's side:  
Whilst each believer humbly claims  
A share in him who dy'd.

These streams will cleanse polluted souls,  
And purge their guilt away:  
And (whilst we drink in ruddy bowls)  
Will fill us full of joy.

Oh! dearest pledge of love divine!  
Relief of drooping hearts:  
No earthly food, no common wine  
Such joy or life imparts.

But if such pleasures here we taste,  
At this mysterious board:  
How full a joy, how rich a feast  
Will heav'n it self afford!

Thou wast a spotless victim made,  
To quench the wrath divine:  
To purge our guilt thy blood was shed,  
Thus purchas'd we are thine.

We yield, subdu'd by mighty love,  
Thine are resistless charms:  
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear us to thine arms.

Fain would we see our Saviour shine  
With all his glories on,  
And in their Hallclujahs join,  
Who wait about the throne.

Here dullly our affections move,  
And flat are all our lays:  
There ev'ry breast's replete with love,  
And ev'ry breath is praise.

VII. *If any Man sin we have an Advocate with the Father.* (Joh. ii. 1  
Fareham Tune.)

**L**O, R'D, at thy table we sit down  
Polluted all and vile:  
Most justly might we fear thy frown,  
Yet hope to see thee smile.

With horror now we would review,  
Each guilty word and deed:  
And to the spring those streams pursue,  
From whence they did proceed.

We own our laps'd apostate state,  
Thar we were ship'd in sin. VIII.  
Our actual faults exceeding great,  
And multiply'd have been.  
The terrors of thy law we fear,  
And thy revenging arm.  
But humbly seek protection here,  
From ev'ry threatening harm.  
We have an Advocate on high,  
Who bled for sin and dy'd;  
To him we now for refuge fly,  
And in his plea confide.  
He with success must ever plead,  
And smooth thy frowning face;  
With thy [confess] his blood was shed,  
To buy a league of peace.  
This Jesus here we bleeding see,  
For our offences stain;  
By faith we hear him plead with thee,  
Who cannot plead in vain.  
Tho' therefore, Lord, we here sit down,  
Polluted all and vile:  
For Jesus' sake forbear to frown,  
And meet us with a smile.

VIII. *Christ precious to Believers**St. James's Tune.*

**S**inner's perverse, with blinded eyes,  
Who feed on air or dross;  
Their glorious Saviour may despise,  
And stumble at his cross.

Thus Jews would still a sign demand,  
Nor own the pow'r divine:  
But all the evidence withstand  
That in his works did shine.

Proud Greeks by science false misled,  
The Gospel scheme deride:  
The heav'nly wisdom there dispair'd  
Abates humana pride.

The fool who, still bewitch'd to vice  
Will neither fear nor turn:  
The hardy wretch who God defies,  
May at a Saviour spurn;

But he who sees his Maker frown,  
And fears the wrath of God:  
Who with the weight of guilt bows down  
And sinks beneath the load.

Who from pursuing vengeance flies  
To Jesu's open arms:  
Will highly his Redeemer prize,  
And value all his charms.

His blood will calm the troubled soul,  
With guilty fears opprest:  
His grace rebellious lusts controul,  
Which warring saints infest.  
The Father will forbear to frown,  
When we have kist the Son:  
And where the heart to him bows down,  
There glory is begun.

*IX. The Christian Passover.*

(Dorchester Tune.)

**C**has'd by the beams of Gospel day,  
The Jewish shades are gone:  
The veil is quite remov'd away,  
And all the cloud withdraws.  
For shade we have the substance here,  
The real sacrifice:  
Now doth the paschal Lamb appear  
To each believer's eyes.  
Here we behold the Saviour slain,  
The very Lamb of God:  
See from his heart and ev'ry vein  
There flows atoning blood.  
This sprinkled on the guilty mind,  
Will screen from ev'ny harm:  
Twill make destroying angels kind,  
And all their wrath disarm.

God's

God's own uplifted hand 'twill stop,

And smooth his angry brow;

'Twill give the dying sinner hope,

And calm his conscience too.

Come therefore let us keep the feast,

From dross and sin refin'd:

Let malice void each christian breast,

Nor leave a spark behind.

Let all old leaven be remoy'd,

All guile be put away;

With heart sincere, and truth approv'd,

Here let us feed and pray.

Let's eat, and life divine derive

From this celestial food:

Our fainting graces will revive,

In drinking Jesu's blood.

X. *Let him kiss me with the Kisses  
of his Mouth, &c. Capt. i, 2, 3,  
4, 12.*

Middlesex *June*)

Dear Jesus, how thy love display,

And seal it with a kiss:

Come snatch my longing soul away

From all inferior bliss.

With such a sight I scorn

scorn the worldling's shining wealth,  
The sensual's mirth and wine:

Thy love to my whole soul is health,  
It's taste indeed divine.

All sweetnes centers in thy name,  
The very sound inspires:  
Souls that abhor a vicious flame  
Yet feed these chaste desires.

Then draw me, Lord, with pow'rful  
My dull affections move: [charms,  
We'd fly to our Redeemer's arms,  
And take our fill of love.

With ravishing delight we'll here  
In thee, our King, rejoice:  
No sprightly wine the heart can cheer,  
Like thy forgiving voice.

Oh! bid us welcome to thy board,  
And with thy guests sit down;  
Pardon, and peace, and smiles afford,  
Our guilt and sorrows drown.

And whilst the King sits smiling by,  
May ev'ry rich perfume,  
Each grace with lovely fragrancy,  
Spread sweetnes through the room.

We would with joyful heart and voice,  
Our gracious Monarch meet:  
When *Jesus* smiles and saints rejoice,  
No sweetnes is so sweet.

XI. *The Humility and Honours of our  
Redeemer.* Phil. ii. 6—12.

Ely Tune.)

WE'll celebrate the glorious name  
Of our *Immanuel*:  
Of God the Son who freely came,  
In human flesh to dwell.

He being in the form divine,  
Did not esteem it wrong,  
In those high attributes to shine,  
Which do to God belong.

Yet all this Majesty he veil'd,  
And stept from off his throne:  
In our vile flesh the God conceal'd,  
And human form put on.

Nay more, a subject state he try'd,  
And *God his God* obey'd:  
Upon the cross resign'd he dy'd,  
For man a victim made.

Him therefore God hath rais'd on high,  
To peerless pow'r and state:  
Rewarding his humility  
With dignity as great.

No head that wears an earthly crown,  
No heav'nly throne can claim,  
The honour or the high renown,  
Due to his awful name.

For

For ev'ry knee to him must bow,  
And sov'reign homage pay:  
Heav'n, earth, and seas his right allow,  
And his commands obey.

Let us with bending hearts confess  
That *Jesus Christ* is Lord:  
And with glad hearts the Father bless,  
Who thus lost men restor'd.

**XII. *Privileges of the Evangelical State.* Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24.**

(Northampton *Tune.*)

**T**O Zion's mount we now are come,  
The sacred seat of God,  
The hill which he hath made his home,  
And chose for his abode.

The city, where the pomp of love,  
Th' eternal King displays:  
To that *Jerusalem* above,  
Where boundless glories blaze.

To seraphim in shining bands,  
Attending round the throne,  
Prompt to perform what he commands,  
Who awful sits thereon.

To saints in full assembly met,  
With radiant glory drest:  
Near their Redeemer's regal seat,  
And with his presence blest.

The glorious church of holy souls,  
 Where ev'ry son's an heir :  
 Whose names fill up the heav'nly rolls,  
 All happy burghers there.

To God the Judge, from whom we must  
 Receive our righteous doom,  
 And to the spirits of the just,  
 To full perfection come.

To Jesus who, 'twixt God and us  
 The friendship to renew,  
 Did in our room become a curse,  
 And bear what was our due.

Whose blood was shed to sprinkle all  
 Who to his arms will fly ;  
 For vengeance it will never call,  
 But for their pardon cry.

XIII. *Angels Song made ours.*

*St. James's Tune.*

**B** Left angels intermit their songs,  
 Their *Hallelujahs* cease :  
 And wing to earth in shining throngs,  
 To spread the news of peace.

“ Sinners, say they, forbear to mourn,  
 “ We happy tydings bring,  
 “ To you a Saviour now is born,  
 “ The long expected King.

“ Then

¶ Then glory to the Lord on high,  
“ By you and us be giv’n :  
¶ We’ll spread the musick thro’ the sky,  
“ And sing his praise in heav’n.  
¶ Catch you the joyful song below,  
“ And back your praises send :  
¶ For God will peace on earth bestow,  
“ Good will to men extend.

Yes, God, to our apostate race,  
Did such affection bear,  
He sent his Son to buy our peace,  
Our guilty score to clear.

Him, God our sacrifice did make,  
Who had nor spot nor stain ;  
That we, the guilty, for his sake,  
Salvation might obtain.

That none who do in him believe,  
For their offence should die :  
But pardon here on earth receive,  
And endless life on high.

Then let us with the angels join,  
And learn their heav’nly songs ;  
And to applaud the love divine,  
Tune both our hearts and tongues.

XIV. *The Believer's Triumph.* Rom.  
viii. 32, &c.

Ely Tune.

**T**HAT gracious God, who freely gave  
His dear and only Son,  
By death our guilty souls to save,  
And for our sin atone:

Will, from the same unbounded love,  
More favours still bestow:  
Eternal life in heav'n above,  
And needful grace below.

Who God's elect with crimes should  
Whom he hath justify'd? [charge,  
Or those condemn whom to enlarge,  
Their great Redeemer dy'd?

Yea, rather rose and took his seat  
At God's right hand on high:  
To be their pow'rful Advocate,  
Who on his plea rely.

Who shall our faithful hearts divide,  
From him our dearest Lord?  
Shall we desert his cause, if try'd  
With famine, fire or sword?

No, but by his supporting hand,  
Who for our sakes did die,  
Ev'n more than conquerors we'll stand,  
And ev'ry foe defy.

The

The hopes of life, the fears of death,  
The sharpest sense of pain,  
And all the pow'rs of hell beneath  
Make this attempt in vain.

Nor height, nor depth, nor ought beside,  
Shall e'er untie the bands ;  
Or from God's love our hearts divide,  
Held fast by Jesu's hands.

*XV. Distinguishing Love of God to Sinners.* Rom. v. 6—12.

Fareham *Tune.*)

**W**hen none assistance could afford  
To lost mankind beside,  
In season long prefix'd, our Lord,  
For wretched rebels dy'd.

No love can with this love compare,  
No parallel be brought :  
Twill pose ev'n faith, but passeth far  
The bounds of humane thought.

For who his own dear life e'er gave  
A just man's life to buy ?  
But few, the best-lov'd friend to save,  
Did ever dare to die.

But God his love to us commends,  
In that he slew his Son :  
To make rebellious foes his friends,  
By their own crimes undone.

And if by this atonement, he  
Has clear'd our former score,  
By him from future wrath shall we  
Be safely kept much more.

For if, when we were foes avow'd,  
His death had such success,  
As to appease an angry God,  
And mediate a peace.

Much more, to favour now restor'd,  
We through his life shall live:  
To us, our now exalted Lord,  
Will life eternal give.

Nay, we can now with joy sincere,  
In God our God be glad:  
Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour dear,  
Who such atonement made.

*XVI. The Cost of our Redemption,  
and Worth of our Souls.*

*Dorchester Tune.)*

AND did our Lord the ransom give,  
And buy us off from hell!  
Submit to death that we might live,  
And rise from whence we fell!

Did he our guilty souls redeem  
With his own precious blood!  
When worlds of gold had worthless been,  
To purchase such a good!

Oh!

Oh! glorious proof of love divine,  
On worms and dust bestow'd:  
Here grace doth in full lustre shine,  
'Tis kindness worthy God.

But who the mighty worth can rate:  
Of an immortal mind,  
When God was at expence so great,  
To ransom lost mankind?

And shall we throw away our souls,  
Bought at such costly price?  
Refuse to live by *Jesus*'s rules,  
And keep the road of vice?

Such vile ingratitude repay,  
For his transcendent love?

Oh, no! we'll go no more astray,  
No more rebellious prove.

Here we again our vows renew,  
And solemn pledges give:  
Afresh his streaming blood we view,  
And pardons seal'd receive.

Oh! may his bleeding love constrain,  
And captivate each heart:  
Then whilst we mourn a Saviour slain,  
With ev'ry sin we'll part..

(Somerset Tune.)

**O**H! for a strong and steddy faith!  
To count the world but dross,  
To doom each darling sin to death,  
And nail it to the croſs.

My ſin! lo there the murd'rer stands,  
Stain'd with my Saviour's blood:  
*This* pierc'd his heart, his feet, his hands,  
And fixt him to the wood.

*This* firſt the innocent betray'd,  
Then feiz'd, and bound, and try'd;  
'Twas *this* the furious clamour made  
To have him crucify'd.

With ſpittle *this* profan'd his face,  
And crown'd his head with thorn,  
Put on in ſport a royal drefs,  
And hail'd him King in ſcorn.

*This* mock'd at all his misery,  
And triumph'd in his pain;  
Insulted him upon the tree,  
And joy'd to ſee him slain.

And ſhall not indignation flame,  
And fill my loyal breast?  
May all that love a Saviour's name,  
The monſtrous thing detest.

Viper,

Viper, with all thy train be gone,  
Thou must mine heart resign:  
For ever thou art hateful grown,  
My Saviour's foe and mine.

Hence with thy false and fawning arts,  
Thy promises and smiles:  
Thy words are swords, thy smiles are darts,  
And each that enters kills.

Be gone or die: It is decreed,  
I can no longer bear:  
What! shall I see my Saviour bleed,  
Yet his assassin spare!

No, pitiless I hear thee plead,  
This justice to prevent:  
My Saviour's love demands the deed,  
Nor shall mine heart relent.

XVIII. *Our Saviour's Sufferings and  
Conquests, laying a Foundation for  
the Believer's Triumphs.*

Middlesex Tune.)

**C**ome, let us tune each heart and tongue  
To praise redeeming grace:  
And join in one harmonious song,  
Our Saviour's name to raise.

O 6

*Jesus*

Jesus our everliving Lord,  
Our merciful High-Priest,  
Invites us to his sacred board,  
There on himself to feast.

With gracious look, and smiling face,  
He bids his guests draw near:  
Such soft and friendly words he says,  
'Twill melt the heart to hear.

“ For you, he cries, my dearest friends,

“ For you I bled and dy'd :

“ See here my wounded feet and hands,  
“ My gaping heart and side.

“ These are the tokens of my love,

“ Marks of the pangs I felt,

“ Of what I suffer'd to remove  
“ Your dreadful load of guilt.

“ When all the pow'rs of hell combin'd,

“ Stood frightful in my way,

“ For you I freely life resign'd,  
“ Or you had been their prey..

“ But when I dy'd that empire fell,

“ Its fatal pow'r I broke :

“ Down to the deepest realms of hell  
“ They trembling felt the shock.

“ You that were wretched captives, now

“ Are from the bondage freed:

“ Here you your liberty ayow,  
And praise the glorious deed.

“ You

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“ You now may triumph round my board,  
“ And with your God may feast,  
“ Share in the conquests of your Lord,  
“ And heav’lly *Manna* taste.

Dear Lord, our souls with rapture flow,  
To hear this charming voice,  
Our breasts with strong devotion glow,  
Our glory shall rejoice.

Oh ! for a song of lofty praise,  
*Hosanna* in the high’st :  
We’ll celebrate this wondrous grace,  
*Hosanna* to the Christ.

With joyful hearts, and tuneful tongues,  
Thy conquests, Lord, we’ll sing,  
Till angels listen to our songs,  
And help to praise our King.

### *XIX. The Institution..*

Warwick *Tune.*)

**T**HAT very night, that doleful night,  
In which our Lord, our soul’s delight,  
From supper to the garden went,  
To give his heavy heart some vent.

To give it vent in groans and sighs,  
In bloody sweats and bitter cries :  
In which he basely was betray’d,  
And by a kiss a prisoner made.

*That*

That night at supper he took bread,  
Gave thanks, and breaking it, he said,  
“ My broken body here you see,  
“ Take, eat it, and remember me.

Thus also with a gracious look,  
The cup when he had supt he took :  
“ See here the precious blood, he said,  
“ Which I for your salvation shed.

“ Here I my covenant make good,  
“ And seal it with my reeking blood :  
“ Here, what your pardon cost, you see,  
“ Drink all, and drinking think on me.

Yes, Lord, on ev'ry thankful breast,  
Thy name shall ever be imprest :  
Oft we'll revolve this love of thine,  
More cordial far than any wine.

How can we e'er thy cross forget ?  
Or our own everlasting debt ?  
Oh ! never let the thought remove,  
But dwell within and kindle love.

Oft will we at this feast attend,  
And there redeeming love commend :  
There shew thy love to sinful men,  
Till thou return'ft to earth again.

XX. *Christ dying.*

*The same Tune.*)

**L**ord, what a spectacle is here,  
To move my grief, to move my fear?  
My dear Redeemer here I see,  
Pierc'd thro' the heart, nail'd to the tree.

How hard's that unrelenting heart  
That hears his cries, beholds his smart,  
Yet bears no part in all his pain,  
Nor grieves to see his Saviour slain.

All nature sicken'd when 'twas done,  
A fainting horror seiz'd the sun :  
Sunk in a swoon three hours he lay,  
And from the sight withdrew the day.

The heav'ns a sable veil put on,  
And in hoarse thunders made their moan :  
Whilst ev'ry wind in mournful sighs  
Breath'd out its sorrow and surprize.

The earth convuls'd with terror, stood  
And blush'd to see her Maker's blood :  
Ev'n stubborn stones did then relent,  
And rocks with pangs of grief were rent.

The strong concussion shook the dead,  
And rouz'd them from their dusty bed :  
The temple rent its veil in two,  
To shew what our hard hearts should do.

Can

Can senseless things his torture feel,  
 The earth be shook, the mountains reel,  
 The dead awake! and shall not I  
 Be mov'd to see my Saviour die?

Shall I like an obdurate Jew,  
 Relentless this sad scene review?  
 Unmov'd his lamentations hear,  
 Nor breath a sigh, nor drop a tear?

No, break, my heart, melt both mine eyes,  
 Echo my voice to all his cries,  
 And thus lament a Saviour slain,  
 Lament my sins that gave him pain.

Thus kindle up revenge within,  
 Revenge against each bloody sin:  
 And each offence devote to death  
 That pierc'd his heart and stop'd his breath.

*XXI. Redeeming Love displaid in the  
 Sacrament.*

*St. Luke's Tune.)*

Was love, my soul, 'twas love indeed  
 That Christ for guilty me should  
 My Lord should die my life to spare, [bleed,  
 And wrongs himself receiv'd repair.

His laws with bold contempt I broke,  
 His rights disown'd, flung off his yoke ::  
 Thus from his favour wilful fell,  
 And thus became an heir of hell.

To

To save me from this frightful doom,  
My God was offer'd in my room:  
To make atonement for my guilt,  
His life was lost, his blood was spilt.

Mine was the crime, but his the smart,  
The wounded head, the bleeding heart:  
Thus did he purge away my sin,  
And open heav'n to let me in.

And here he gives his flesh for food,  
For drink pours out his vital blood:  
The food doth life and health impart,  
The drink revives and warms the heart.

Here he with overcoming charms,  
Wide open throws his gracious arms,  
Then takes me gently to his breast,  
And on his fulness bids me feast.

Here he dispels my guilty fears,  
Makes glad my heart, wipes off my tears;  
Displays the riches of his grace,  
Enflames my love, and claims my praise.

Ten thousand thanks, my soul, repay,  
That thus my guilt was purg'd away:  
To thy Redeemer loyal prove,  
And by obedience shew thy love.

XXII. *The Bread of Life*; From Joh. vi.

(Arundel Tune.)

**L**ord, to thy temple we repair,  
 To taste the entertainments there :  
 We humbly wait about thy board,  
 To sup with our Redeemer-Lord.

Thy table thou hast richly spread,  
 With heav'nly wine, with heav'nly bread :  
 Oh, what a waste of love is here !  
 How strange and costly is the fare !

This wine will cheer the heavy heart,  
 To souls this bread will life impart ;  
 For 'Jesu's flesh is here our food,  
 And here we drink our Saviour's blood.

The Jews were in the desert fed  
 With Manna, which was angels bread :  
 But far the food on which we feed,  
 The Bread of Life does theirs exceed.

Their Manna was from clouds distill'd,  
 Such bread as ours no clouds can yield :  
 Theirs was the type, ours is the true,  
 Of heav'nly growth and substance too.

The Jews who were with Manna fed,  
 Continu'd mortal and are dead :  
 Our bread will constant life supply,  
 And those who eat it never die.

## *Spiritual SONGS.* 307

It did indeed come down from heav'n,  
'Tis Jesu's blood for sinners giv'n:  
To purchase pardon he was slain,  
And thro' his death we life obtain.

Tho' he was dead he ever lives:  
To sinners life divine he gives:  
And saints, to keep each grace alive,  
From him must constant pow'r derive.

Dead saints he will revive again,  
With him they shall for ever reign:  
To us this bread, Lord, ever give,  
And faith that we may eat and live.

### *XXIII. Christ's Sufferings and Successes.*

*Warwick Tune.)*

**L**ook up, redeemed souls, and see  
Your Saviour hanging on the tree;  
His gushing blood, his gaping heart,  
And in his anguish bear a part.

There wounded by our sins he stands,  
They stab'd his heart, they pierc'd his hands:  
And yet the injur'd Saviour dies,  
For these same sins a sacrifice.

His painful wounds procure us peace,  
His pangs and agonies give ease:  
The blood which from his heart he pours,  
Is rich and healing balm to ours.

For

For we like sheep were gone astray,  
Each took his own destructive way:  
But God on him our suff'rings laid,  
His life for our offences paid.

And dumb the spotless victim stood,  
Whilst raging murd'ers shed his blood:  
Resign'd he yielded up his breath,  
Nor struggled with approaching death.

But since it pleas'd thee, Lord, to make  
Thy Son an offering for our sake;  
Oh! let his blood prolifick breed  
A vast increase of holy seed.

Let him with great success be blest,  
His name by ev'ry tongue confess:  
To his kind arms let sinners fly,  
'Tis he alone can justify.

All other things we count as dross,  
Our refuge is our Saviour's cross:  
For our discharge let him prevail,  
His pow'rful plea can never fail.

Lord, let his blood thy wrath appease,  
His pains our wounded spirits ease,  
His spirit all our souls refine,  
And pour upon them life divine.

**XXIV. The Love of God in giving  
his Son, and Christ's Love in dying  
for us.**

*Arundel Tune.)*

**H**erein our God his Love displays,  
(Love passing far our pow'r to praise)  
That when we were by sin undone,  
He for our ransom gave his Son.

His only Son he freely gave,  
Our wretched souls from wrath to save:  
On worms that could not profit God,  
This dear salvation he bestow'd.

Tho' we for him no passion felt,  
His pitying heart o'er us did melt:  
Tho' we provok'd his wrath by sin,  
He kept the just resentment in.

Nay, that he might such wretches spare,  
To his own Son he seem'd severe:  
Of him a sacrifice he made,  
And with his blood our ransom paid.

Strange, costly proof that God is love,  
When thus his tender bowels move:  
When he to save rebellious foes,  
His dear lov'd Son would thus expose.

*And*

And freely did the Son consent,  
 To bear for us such punishment :  
 Our guilt by dying to remove,  
 Strange, costly proof of matchless love.

Then let us to our Saviour dear,  
 (Who thus has made his love appear,  
 Who from his heart pour'd out a flood,  
 To wash our sins away with blood :

And rais'd us to the greatest height:  
 To priestly and to royal state : )  
 The glory and dominion give,  
 And still to him devoted live.

*XXV. Praise to the Father and Son  
 for redeeming Grace, and this In-  
 stitution.*

*The same Tune.)*

**O**H! for an hymn of lofty praise,  
 To celebrate redeeming grace!  
 Grace that should ev'ry heart inspire  
 With holy love, true heav'ly fire.

It tunes the tongues and harps on high,  
 Spreads joy and musick thro' the sky :  
 How can my heart or tongue refrain,  
 Tho' I must sing in humble strain?

No,

No, gracious Father, I approve,  
Applaud, adore that glorious love,  
Which mov'd thee to expose thy Son  
To death, for ills which I had done.

And thee, blest Saviour, I adore,  
Who didst my gasping hopes restore:  
To ransom mine, thy life didst give,  
And die that I might ever live.

When I behold thy wondrous cross,  
I count the world but dung and drofs:  
Thy love's engraven on thy scars,  
It flow'd in blood and drop'd in tears.

Here I behold the healing tide,  
Spout reeking from thine open'd side:  
And come to wash me in the flood,  
And cure my wounds with *Jesus*'s blood.

This stream will cleanse my guilt away,  
'Twill life to my dead soul convey:  
In all my pains sure ease 'twill give,  
My mind in all distreſs relieve.

"Tis vocal blood and loudly pleads,  
And for my pardon intercedes:  
Oh! hear the plea, my God, and shine  
Upon my soul with light divine.

Some tokens of thy love afford,  
And send me joyful from thy board:  
Sure pledge of heav'nly rest above,  
Where I shall live and breath in love.

XXVI. *The Institution.*

Nassau Tune.)

**T**HAT night, in which our Saviour dear,  
 Did to *Gethsemane* retreat,  
 To vent his woes and gloomy fear,  
 In cries and groans and bloody sweat:

That very night, when for our sake,  
 A willing pris'ner he was made,  
 The bread he took, and blest, and brake,  
 And thus to his Disciples said,

“ My broken body here you see,  
 “ For your transgressions pierc'd and torn,  
 “ Take, eat it; and remember me,  
 “ And all your vile offences mourn.

He also took and blest the wine,  
 And then with gracious voice he said,  
 “ Take and drink all, the draught's divine,  
 “ Tis blood for your salvation shed.

“ Here you behold the price paid down,  
 “ Remission of your sins to buy,  
 “ And here with blood, ev'n with my own,  
 “ My testament I ratify.

“ Do this 'till time shall be no more,  
 “ In mem'ry of your dying Lord:  
 “ Review his suff'rings and adore,  
 “ Oft as you meet about his board.

Yes,

Yes, Lord, we'll ever bear in mind,  
Thy healing wounds, thy glorious crofs,  
Thy blood's more cordial far than wine,  
The world compar'd with thee is drofs.

First may our hands forget their art,  
Our lungs to heave, our tongues to move,  
E're we forget thy bleeding heart,  
And scars, the tokens of thy love.

We'll often at this feast attend,  
Shew forth thy death, thy grace proclaim:  
Make humble boasts of such a friend,  
And on our hearts impress thy name.

### XXVII. *Christian Hopes and Supports.*

1 Pet. i. 3—10.

(*Illsley Tune.*)

**T**O God, devoutest thanks we pay,  
The Father of our dearest Lord,  
Who, his rich mercy to display,  
Hath our expiring hopes restor'd.

Thro' Christ, who from the dead arose,  
Our humble hopes to heav'n may rise,  
To heav'n where plenty endlesſ flows,  
And pleasure never fades nor dies.

A portion kept in store for all,  
Whom by his pow'r their God will guard,  
And through their faith prevent their fall,  
Till they obtain their full reward.

P

Such

Such hopes will drooping spirits cheer,  
 The bending mind they'll prop and raise,  
 Give strength our various loads to bear,  
 The needful trials of our grace.

For trials must our faith refine,  
 (As fire refines the fading gold)  
 That with full splendor it may shine,  
 When ev'ry eye shall Christ behold.

That Jesus whom we dearly love,  
 Whom at the highest rate we prize;  
 Tho' now far off in heav'n above,  
 Beyond the ken of mortal eyes.

In him, tho' now we see him not,  
 Yet our believing hearts rejoice,  
 With glorious joy surpassing thought,  
 And all the pow'rs of art and voice.

For we from him, e're long, expect  
 The end of all our love and trust:  
 Our soul's salvation he'll effect,  
 And glorious raise our sleeping dust.

XXVIII. *Christians made the Sons of  
 God.* 1 Joh. iii. 1, 2, 3.

Essex Tune.

Come, Christians, lift believing eyes,  
 Attent this pleasing scene survey:  
 See, glory breaks from parting skies,  
 The pleasing dawn of heav'nly day.

Look

Look up, and see your Father drest,  
In all the forms of love and grace,  
Compassion printed on his breast,  
And friendship smiling in his face.

Look and admire how God can love,  
What favour he to us extends!  
Our guilt not only to remove,  
But call such wretches sons and friends!

Nor doth it fully yet appear,  
How rich and blest our state shall be,  
What farther honours he'll confer,  
On dust and worms so vile as we.

But this already is made known,  
That when our Lord to earth returns,  
We too shall put our glory on,  
Such splendor as himself adorns.

For then, with eyes made strong to bear,  
Of all his light the glorious blaze,  
We shall behold our Lord appear,  
And quench the sun with brighter rays.

The glory he shall then display,  
Will thro' our souls spread life divine;  
His full resemblance 'twill convey,  
And make them like their Saviour shine.

Oh! let these hopes ev'n here below,  
Our love and loyalty secure:  
Make us more like our Saviour grow,  
And pure as he himself is pure.

Observe the villain next appear,  
And with a kiss his Lord betray ;  
Whilst the mad rabble, void of fear,  
Seize him, and drag him bound away.

Next see the innocent arraign'd,  
Charg'd deep, yet making no reply :  
Whilst round his raging murd'rers stand,  
And bawl incessant, *Crucify.*

Behold him mock'd and made a jest,  
Us'd with the rudest spite and scorn,  
In royal robes for sport he's drest,  
Hail'd in contempt and crown'd with thorn.

See him unjustly doom'd to die,  
Constrain'd his fatal cross to bear,  
In triumph led to *Calvary*,  
And slain with ling'ring torments there.

First nail'd to the accursed wood,  
Then lifted up expos'd he stands,  
Whilst purple streams of precious blood  
Flow from his wounded feet and hands.

The barb'rous crowd that wait beneath,  
Are pleas'd with all his woe and pain,  
Insult him in the pangs of death,  
And hear him with delight complain.

All this, and more than tongue can tell,  
Or heart can think, did he endure,  
To save our guilty souls from hell,  
And heav'nly bliss for us procure.

Strange

## *Spiritual Songs.* 319

Strange love, by all these suff'ring try'd,  
Oh ! may it ev'ry heart constrain,  
And make us live to him that dy'd :  
Why should such blood be shed in vain ?

### *XXXI. The Privilege of those who dwell with God.*

*Essex Tune.*

[choose,

**T**hrice happy they, whom God hath  
In his own holy house to dwell :  
There heav'nly plenty ever flows,  
And joys to mighty rivers swell.

There, with provisions all divine,  
His table's crown'd, his people fed :  
Their Saviour's heart is broach'd for wine,  
His flesh serv'd up as living bread.

On ev'ry wounded heart he there,  
His blood as healing balsam pours :  
Regales his saints with heav'nly fare,  
And heav'nly blessings on them show'rs.

He shews his face and calms their fears,  
And smiles their gloomy doubts away :  
Their humble praise indulgent hears,  
And loves to answer when they pray.

Nay, ev'ry heart indeed contrite,  
To him a real temple proves :  
The humble mind is his delight,  
And he inhabits where he loves.

Strange! what, will he who reigns on h  
Above the heav'ns, yet dwell with men?  
Let ev'ry door wide open fly,  
And let the gracious Monarch in.

Make ev'ry bar, dear Lord, give v  
And chuse my spirit for thine home:  
Here fix and here delighted stay,  
Thy rivals all shall make thee robm.

May I beneath thy shadow rest,  
And welcome at thy table dine,  
Be with thine heav'ly favour blest,  
And I can all the world resign.

*XXXII. Mercy and Justice honor  
by Faith and Fear.*

*Nassau Tune.)*

**I**F at our Maker's righteous bar,  
We sinners should be strictly try'd  
Each would a criminal appear,  
Nor could a man be justify'd.

None has that perfect duty paid,  
Which his most holy laws demand:  
None so exactly hath 'obey'd,  
As guiltless at his bar to stand.

From his avenging justice then,  
We to atoning love will fly:  
'Tis grace alone can make us clean,  
Or sinners save and justify.

T

That flowing that transcendent grace,  
By *Jesus Christ* our Lord displaid,  
Who to redeem our guilty race,  
His own heart's blood a ransom paid.

In him the proper *Mercy-Seat*,  
God now appeas'd in smiles appears:  
There we with him may humbly treat,  
And shake off all our guilty fears.

Yet did our Saviour also die,  
God's dreadful justice to display:  
His blood alone would satisfy,  
To purge our crimson guilt away.

Thus terrible upon his throne,  
The just the jealous God appears:  
Whilst by the death of his own Son,  
He each believing sinner clears.

Oh ! let us therefore humbly fear,  
Whilst yet in faith we venture nigh,:  
Nor God's consuming vengeance dare,  
Lest by its scorching flames we die.

**XXXIII. The happy change of Circumstances by the Gospel;** From H. xii. 18—24.

*Bedford Tune.*

**F**rom realms of sin, and shades of death,  
And dismal regions of despair,  
Where plagues diffus'd contagious breath  
And frightful gloom fill'd all the air,  
Loud thunders shook the trembling ground,  
And lightnings dreadful glar'd around.

Where God in majesty declar'd,  
His awful will from flaming skies,  
No soft or friendly voice was heard,  
No pitying looks refresh'd our eyes,  
But frowns from heav'n and fears within,  
Proclaim'd the vile desert of sin.

We now are come to better climes,  
Where heav'nly hopes revive our hearts,  
Where Jesu's blood will drown our crimes,  
His death atone for our deserts,  
His bonds will our release procure,  
His life our endless bliss ensure.

Our God appears'd forbears to frown,  
With friendly smiles invites us near,  
Himself our tender Father owns,  
And calls us now his children dear:

And

## *Spiritual SONGS.* 323

And here, his great good will to prove,  
Invites us to a *feast of love.*

Here *Iesu's* flesh, the best of food,  
Does health to hungry souls convey:  
Salvation flows in streams of blood,  
To wash our crimson guilt away:  
Smiling the God of grace descends,  
And kindly whispers, *Welcome, Friends.*

Then come, my soul, admire, adore,  
In humble tone thy guilt confess;  
Look all these pleasing wonders o'er,  
In lofty strains thy Saviour bless:  
And whilst thou dost this grace partake,  
Keep ev'ry faculty awake:

### *XXXIV. A Feast for Men, not Angels.*

*The same Tune.)*

**O**nce more our God, the God of grace,  
Has made a friendly visit here,  
Shed balmy dews around the place,  
Our spirits to revive and cheer:  
And with soft voice and aspect mild,  
Has shewn that he is reconcil'd.

Sinners may now to God draw nigh,  
And seat them round his royal board,  
Since his own Son vouchsaf'd to die,  
To recommend them to their Lord:

His frowns no longer them debar  
From heav'nly hopes or angels fair.

Nay, holy angels ne'er did taste,  
Such food as he doth here provide,  
Such wine as streams for our repast,  
Fresh from a bleeding Saviour's side:  
Those happy minds ne'er had above,  
Such glorious proofs of tender love.

But worthless, guilty men partake  
Of this rich entertainment here,  
For them God did the banquet make,  
For them provide this costly cheer:  
With heav'nly food their souls he feeds,  
And guilt removes, and joy succeeds.

May vulgar feasts be nam'd no more,  
All dainties else unheeded lie:  
He that eats here can ne'er be poor,  
This feast will ev'ry want supply:  
Infinite wealth is here bestow'd,  
And holy souls fill'd full of God.

**XXXV. Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption;** From 1 Cor. i. 30.

*Devonshire Tune.)*

**B** Egone, each haughty thought be gone,  
We'll glory in the Lord alone,  
And make our boasts of Jesu's name :  
On him we'll cheerfully depend,  
Fix all our trust on such a friend,  
All other help but his disclaim.

Him God the Father *Wisdom* made,  
By him is heav'ly light convey'd,  
To such benighted minds as ours :  
His word important truth contains,  
Into our souls his spirit shines,  
And quickens all our thinking pow'rs.

He is our *Righteousness* become,  
Thro' him we 'scape the dreadful doom,  
To which we stood expos'd before :  
Thro' him we grace and favour gain,  
He was the spotless victim slain,  
To pay off all our guilty score.

He is the stock and quick'ning root,  
Where we must grow to yield our fruit,  
Whence

Whence we must heav'nly life derive:  
 His grace must purify the heart,  
 His spirit influence must impart,  
 That ev'ry grace may grow and thrive.

To speak his glories, in a word,  
 By him our nature is restor'd,  
 He did from wrath our souls redeem:  
 An angry God becomes our friend:  
 Our grov'ling souls to heav'n ascend,  
 In hopes of boundless bliss *tbro' him.*

To him who this provision made,  
 And thus his glorious love displaid,  
 Whose wealth is an exhaustless store:  
 Thro' Jesus Christ be glory giv'n,  
 By ev'ry saint on earth, in heav'n,  
 In ev'ry age for evermore.

*XXXVI. Our Redeemer's Grace and  
 Honours; From Col. i. 12—22.  
 The same Tane.)*

**T**O God our thankful hearts we'll raise,  
 And sing our heav'nly Father's praise,  
 Who by his grace doth make us meet  
 For that inheritance above,  
 Where saints in boundless light and love,  
 About his throne triumphant sit.  
 Who from the frightful pow'r of hell,  
 The dismal night where sinners dwell,

Hath

## *Spiritual SONGS.* 327

Hath now redeem'd and set us free:  
Our hearts hath by his kindness won,  
And made us gladly serve his Son,  
In realms of love and liberty.

We have redemption thro' his blood,  
Our guilt by this atoning flood  
Is purg'd: This for our ransom paid:  
The unseen God in him appears,  
The very form of God he bears,  
And by him ev'ry thing was made.

He stretch'd the spreading heav'ns on  
He peopled all the inner sky, [high,  
With *Angels*, *Seraphs*, *Cherubim*,  
He gave to this inferior earth,  
And ev'ry thing therein a birth,  
*By him* 'twas form'd, 'twas made *for him*.

He of his holy Church is Head,  
The first-fruits of the rising dead,  
That he in all things might excel:  
He by his bloody cross made peace,  
In him, it did the Father please,  
All fulness should for ever dwell.

Thro' him an angry God looks mild,  
And heav'n and earth are reconcil'd:  
We, who by sin were foes before,  
Rejoice to see him dying smile,  
By death his Father reconcile,  
And to his favour men restore.

XXXVII. *The happy Change, or those  
afar off brought nigh; From Eph.  
13, &c.*

*The same Tune.)*

**G**OD, who is ever good and kind,  
To acts of mercy much inclin'd,  
Whose flowing love the world supplies,  
Much his abounding grace commands,  
When his compassion he extends  
To us his hateful enemies.

When guilty and condemn'd we lay,  
To death and hell an easy prey,  
And wholly void of life divine:  
He bid our dying hopes revive,  
In Christ he made our souls alive,  
And with his own resemblance shine.

Nor do we from the grave alone,  
Revive with his reviving Son,  
With him on wings of hope we rise,  
With him we mount to worlds of love,  
Possess the starry seats above,  
And enter into Paradise.

Tho' once of faded birth and blood,  
Far off as foreigners we stood,

Rejecters

*Spiritual SONGS.* 329

Rejecters of his love and laws:  
No hopes our gasping souls reviv'd,  
Without a God forlorn we liv'd,  
Without a Christ to plead our cause.

Yet now, in *Jesus* Christ our Lord,  
We, who were once of God abhor'd,  
And far from him deserted stood,  
Are by rich grace again brought nigh,  
Made part of his own family,  
Thro' *Jesus*' reconciling blood.

Thro' him, we, by one Spirit, may  
To God our gracious Father pray,  
And boldly hope that he will hear:  
The former war is at an end,  
And God appear'd become our friend,  
And we are his delight and care.

HYMNS



# H Y M N S

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

### BOOK III.

*In particular Measures.*

#### I. *For the Lord's Day.*

*Hannover Tune.*)



ALL, happy day ! the day of holy rest,  
When saints assemble and on dainties [feast :  
When all in smiles the God of grace [descends,  
Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.

Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone :  
Its flatt'ring, fading glories I'd despise,  
And tow'rs immortal beauties turn mine eyes.

My

## *Spiritual SONGS.* 331

My soul is now with nobler love possest,  
I feel the rapture strive within my breast,  
My heart all kindles with refin'd desire,  
And boundless charms maintain the pleasing fire.

Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix mine eyes:  
Oh! meet my rising soul, stoop from above  
*Jesus*, and waft it to those realms of love.

E're yet the knot of union be unty'd,  
And death the loving partners shall divide,  
A glimpse of future glory I would see,  
And taste how joyous 'tis to dwell with thee.

But if the wish ambitious is and vain,  
Downward I'll bend my humble flight again,  
And to thy temple with devotion hasto:  
Oh! let me there on heav'nly fatness feast.

There holy souls are with true *Manna* fed,  
There eat the living and the quickning bread.  
There mix their food with most delicious wine,  
And cheer their hearts with cordials all divine.

If yet I must not climb the starry height,  
And see thee blazing on a throne of light:  
If still the veil between us must divide,  
And from mine eyes my Saviour's glories hide.

Yet here display the wonders of thy grace,  
Look thro' the skies and shew thy smiling face:  
Stoop down blest King of glory from above,  
Shine on my soul and ravish me with love.

*II. All Creatures call'd upon to praise God.*  
From Psal. clviii.

*The same Tune.)*

**O**H ! for an hymn of universal praise,  
Its Maker's fame may ev'ry creature raise :  
Ye lofty heav'ns begin the solemn sound,  
And let it spread the wide creation round.

Ye angel hosts, who near his dazzling feat,  
Wrapt in perpetual transport humbly wait,  
You best must know the glories of your King,  
In sweetest, loftiest strains his wonders sing.

Bless him, thou sun, great ruler of the day,  
Before whose splendors thine must fade away :  
To him the honour's paid, to thee restore,  
And teach mankind your Maker to adore.

Ye moon and stars, who with more feeble light  
Break thro' the shades and gild the gloom of night,  
Far as you can diffuse your feeble rays,  
Tell his great name and propagate his praise.

Fair light, the first of all created things,  
From whom all earthly bliss and beauty springs,  
Help the blind world to see their Maker shine  
In light essential, fairer far than thine.

Ye dancing spheres, that ever tuneful move,  
Drawn tow'rds your centers by magnetick love :  
Convey his name thro' all the vast expanse,  
Whilst to the musick of his voice you dance.

Let awful thunders bellowing in the air,  
And blustring storms his dreadful praise declare,  
Whilst gentler winds with balmy breath proclaim  
The gracious God, and spread his charming name.

Let

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Let mists, and clouds, and meteors all conspire  
In this blest work, and help to fill the choir:  
Whilst loud his praises foaming billows roar,  
And seas resound his name from shore to shore.

Ye fertile plains, display your gayest pride,  
Ye valleys, to his honour, low subside,  
And at his call, ye mountains, stately rise,  
And bear his praises to the neighbouring skies.

Ye trees of ev'ry kind, ye fruitful vines,  
Ye knotty Oaks, and tall aspiring pines:  
Or bend your heads, or let your juices flow,  
To honour him at whose command you grow.

To him let ev'ry beast this tribute pay,  
He feeds the flocks, he finds the lions prey.  
To celebrate his bounty and his pow'r,  
Bleat all ye lambs, and all ye lions roar.

Ye birds, who thro' the airy regions wing,  
Nature's musicians, you his praise must sing:  
Ye flies and worms, his various skill display,  
Tho' you can't sing, this homage you may pay.

When nature's all in tune, shall man refrain,  
And have his voice and pow'r to sing in vain?  
Oh, no! let ev'ry rank, and sex, and age,  
With all their might in this design engage.

Great kings and potentates, ye gods on earth,  
And ev'ry man of meaner rank and birth,  
Submit your selves to his imperial sway,  
You're bound, and 'tis your honour to obey.

Let youthful voices swell th' harmonious choir,  
Old age their feebler breath in praise expire:  
Oh! let his love each virgin's heart inflame,  
And infants learn to lisp his wond'rous name.

But

But above all, ye saints, your breath emp  
To sound his praises, and to tell your joy:  
You, the blest objects of his love and choice,  
His glories sing with well tun'd heart and vi

Loud as his thunders let his praises sound,  
From heav'n to earth, from world to world  
Let art and nature in the song conspire, [bo  
And the whole world become one sacred cl

### III. *Hymn to the Creator; From Ge*

*The same Tune.)*

**H**ail everlasting, sovereign Excellence,  
Of light, and life, and love, abyss imme  
Great independent Being, causeless God,  
Thine own circumf'rence, center and abode

Long e're old time began its hasty flight,  
Or sun or stars displaid their borrow'd light,  
Thou didst within thy boundless self possess  
Immortal joy and plenitude of bliss.

[flo  
When time commenç'd, thy goodness c  
Fill'd all the world, yet empty'd none of G  
Thou'rt by thy self, and with a world the fai  
Still happy, rich, sufficient and supreme.

No sooner had th' Almighty Maker said,  
" Now let a world, a mighty world be made  
But *nothing* teems, and strait obedient rise,  
Sun, planets, stars, earth, seas, and spreading

Eternal gloom had overspread the face  
Of deep, unfathomable, empty space:  
But at thy call, the kindling seeds of light,  
Shot thro' the void, and soon dispers'd the

## *Spiritual SONGS.* 335

Thou bâd'it th' ætherial matter rise on high,  
Expand it self, and stretch into a sky :  
Soon did the obedient particles ascend,  
And thro' the empty space the skies extend.

At thy command the neighbouring fields of air,  
Flow'd round the earth, and form'd an Atmosphere :  
Where rising vapours stop, and, rang'd with skill,  
In rain, hail, thunders, storms perform thy will.

The waters, which before o'erflow'd the ball,  
Together roll'd obedient to thy call :  
Drein'd from the earth and left its surface dry,  
And still in mighty seas collected lye.

[birth)

Thou said'ft the word, and strait (a wondrous  
Herbs, flowers and trees ador'd the naked earth :  
With vernal bloom and summer's plenty crown'd,  
E're sun or show'r's had yet prepar'd the ground.

At thy command the scatter'd seeds of light,  
Did in the sun their common force unite :  
And the pale moon shone out with borrow'd ray,  
Queen of the night, as he commands the day.

Whilst stars of various ranks hung round the sky,  
The spheres began their tuneful dance on high ;  
And still the tracks of heav'ly skill appear,  
On all the changing seasons of the year.

Thou spak'st, the *quick'ning deep* the summons  
And animals of various kinds appear'd : [heard,  
Birds try'd their wings, and upward took their way,  
But still the fish in her own bosom play.

Obedient to thy will the teeming earth,  
To beasts and worms of ev'ry kind gave birth :  
With flocks and herds the plains were cover'd o'er,  
And forrests shook to hear the lions roar.

But

But last, to finish what thou had'it design'd,  
(Of clay like theirs, but with a nobler mind)  
*Adam* was made, made sov'reign of the rest,  
And lively with his Maker's form imprest.

Benignity, and skill, and pow'r divine,  
In the great whole and ev'ry part did shine:  
Fair in its Maker's eye creation stood,  
He view'd it well, and pleas'd, proaounc'd it good.

Let all thy works, O Lord, resound thy name,  
Applaud thy skill, thy pow'r and love proclaim:  
But above all below, let man exert  
In this blest work his utmost strength and art.

**IV. Hymn to the REDEEMER, in Three  
Parts.**

**PART I.**

*The same Tune.*

**B**lest Jesus, whom should ransom'd sinners sing,  
But thee their Saviour, Sacrifice and King:  
Whom should my verse or songs exalt but thee?  
Whom boundless love abas'd so much for me.

From heav'n's high throne thou did'st our fall  
With tender heart, and with a pitying eye: [espy,  
And veil the God, and leave a while the throne,  
To wear our flesh, and put our frailties on.

Well might a new born star proclaim thy birth,  
And wond'ring *seraphs* tell the news on earth:  
Fresh pleasure must their former heav'n improve,  
When they beheld this glorious stoop of love.

In shining bands they leave their native sky,  
And down to earth on this kind errand fly:  
In heav'nly strains improv'd their joys rehearse,  
And homely shepherds hear the wondrous verse.

*Shepherds*

[bring,

" Shepherds, say they, most blissful news we  
" To day is born your Saviour and your King :  
" We bring you news of peace with injur'd heav'n,  
" To God on high be utmost glory giv'n.

*To God be glory, ev'ry vale resounds,  
From ev'ry hill the heav'nly song rebounds :  
'Tis born aloft, and thro' the æthereal plains,  
Unnumber'd tongues and harps repeat the strains.*

They swell their former harmony, and sing  
In loftier notes the glories of their King :  
In louder triumph his rich grace they tell,  
And found it dreadful to the lowest hell.

Enrag'd the furies hear of man's relief,  
Foam with vexation and grow sick with grief:  
With fruitless spite enflame their former pains,  
And gnash their teeth, and bite their burning chains.

But thro' the earth the peaceful accents spread,  
Rejoice the living, and revive the dead :  
The desarts sing, despairing mortals rise,  
And shout redemption to the distant skies.

## PART II.

**R**edemption ! how significant a word !  
Hell conquer'd, death disarm'd, and man re-  
[stor'd:  
Justice appeas'd, the way to heav'n made known,  
And ruin'd rebels lifted to a throne.

Oh, God-like act ! here's kindness at the height !  
Excess of love, compassion infinite !  
I'm quite o'erwhelm'd with such a scene as this,  
Wrapt all in wonder, and entranc'd in bliss.

Q

Lord.

Lord, why to man should such rich grace be  
 [shown,  
 Who spurn'd thy love, and claim'd thy sov'reign  
 Could God have any need of such as I, [throne?  
 To prop his empire, or his wants supply ?

How should he need my help, who with a word  
 Built this great all, of all things sov'reign Lord?  
 What couldst thou want, of ev'ry thing possest,  
 And in thy single self supremely blest ?

Or would thy praise have fail'd had man been lost,  
 When round thy throne there waits so vast an host,  
 And hallelujahs and celestial songs, [tongues.  
 Sound from ten thousand thousand harps and

When with a word thou couldst enlarge the choir,  
 Make myriads more, or lift their voices high'r?  
 Nor could their songs improv'd improve thy bliss,  
 'Twas always full, nor will admit encrease ?

Or could superior force extort from thee,  
 What thou hast done and felt to ransom me?  
 When all things else thy pleasure must fulfill,  
 What pow'r, Almighty Lord, could force thy will,

'Twas neither want nor weakness urg'd thee on,  
 Nor thirst of praise that brought thee from thy  
 [throne:  
 Thine, my dear God's a self sufficient state,  
 Thy pow'r Almighty, and thy bliss complete.

### PART III.

W H Y, Lord, to man didst thou such favour  
 [show,  
 Who shun'd thine arms, and sought thine  
 [overthrow?  
 Why! but because thy tender bowels flow'd,  
 And matchless mercy is becoming God.  
 This

This made thee leave thy royal seat above,  
And hide the God, to manifest his love :  
Made thee in form of sinful flesh appear,  
Thy creatures rage, thy father's wrath to bear.

A vile and cruel death this made thee die :  
Thy precious blood was shed my bliss to buy,  
Wrath to appease and my fierce foes controul,  
And from eternal ruin save my soul.

Amazing stoop of Majesty divine !  
Here love does in its utmost lustre shine :  
Oh ! let it raise esteem, enflame desire,  
And my whole soul with holy rapture fire.

What heart the potent influence can withstand,  
Or who refuse to bow to love's command ?  
I'm conquer'd, Lord, and willingly resign  
My self to thee, to be for ever thine.

With ev'ry idol now I'll freely part,  
And drive each rival passion from my heart :  
I'll doom to death each sin I lov'd before,  
Tho' once I pierc'd, I'll grieve thine heart no more.

I'll bow with glad obedience to thy will,  
The hardest duties with delight fulfil,  
All that is dear I'll for thy sake resign,  
Nor any hazard in thy cause decline.

For thee I'll part with honour, ease, estate ;  
My dearest friends, my very flesh I'll hate :  
My life, my dear lov'd life, lay down for thee,  
Whom love has made a sacrifice for me.

Thus I resolve ; but mine's a fickle heart,  
To keep it firm thy mighty grace impart :  
Breath on my soul and holy love inspire,  
Help to perform, and what thou wilt require.

V. *Hymn to the Holy Spirit.**(The same Tune.)*

**H**ail, holy spirit, bright, immortal dove !  
 Great spring of light, of purity and love,  
 Proceeding from the Father and the Son,  
 Distinct from both, and yet with both but one.

By thy prolifick influence empty space  
 Grew fruitful, and old *chaos* chang'd its face :  
 Upon the wasteful deep thou didst but move,  
 And life and light strait thro' the fluid strove.

When 'twas foreseen that man would soon rebel,  
 And yet decreed to save the wretch from hell:  
 Thou didst in the eternal consult join,  
 And freely bear a part in that design.

How dim and faded did the apostate look,  
 How chang'd his nature when he God forsook !  
 How did his glory wane, his life decay,  
 And all his native beauty fade away ?

Before he shone with heav'nly lustre bright,  
 Bore God's own image, and was his delight :  
 Bask'd in his smiles, and on his love did feast,  
 And settled in him as his central rest.

But ah ! what waste th' invader sin has made,  
 His lustre's lost, his mind involv'd in shade,  
 His God is gone, the very man is dead,  
 And in his room the brute erects his head.

Dusky and callous all his mind is grown,  
 Dark as the grave and hard as any stome :  
 Insensible to things divine become,  
 Stain'd all with guilt and thick impervious gloom.  
 But,

But, Lord, from thee one kind and quick'ning  
Will pierce the gloom, and re-ekindle day : [ray  
'Twill waken all the primogenial fire,  
Revive the man, and life divine inspire.

Thy secret energy diffus'd within,  
Will purify the soul, and purge out sin :  
'Twill warm the frozen heart with love divine,  
And with its Maker's image make it shine.

Oh ! shed thine influence, and thy pow'r exert,  
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart :  
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,  
And heav'ly life to all its pow'rs convey.

Say but the pow'rful Word and 'twill be done,  
Soon shall I put my Maker's image on,  
And shine again with his resemblance bright,  
Enjoy his favour and be his delight.

The brute in me shall die, and in its stead  
The man revive, and lift again his head :  
God reconcil'd shall to my breast return,  
And all my soul with strong devotion burn.

### *VI. Heavenly Glory and Happiness.*

*The same Tune.)*

**C**ome now, my soul, and stretch believing eyes,  
To see the wonders of the upper skies :  
'T here day original with high delight,  
Pours on the soul, nor overwhelms the sight.

The sun grows faint, his splendors melt away,  
Lost in a blaze of far superior day :  
Whilst God himself emits his kindliest beams,  
And from his face perpetual brightness streams.

With eager eyes his blest attendants gaze,  
And whilst they look, with his resemblance blaze:  
Before the throne they bow with holy fear,  
And yet with bold confiding love draw near.

Wrapt in his arms, and blest with smiles divine,  
They see his face with blended glories shine,  
(*Inruting* Majesty and *awful* Grace,)  
And grasp consummate bliss in his embrace.

In flames of love each holy spirit burns,  
And with augmented heat the flame returns :  
Fresh fuel ever feeds th' immortal fires,  
And still supplies, and still excites desires.

The more each breast with heav'nly rapture glows,  
Thro' all the soul the greater vigour flows :  
Thought grows intense, affections still improve,  
'Till perfect light is kindled all to love.

'Tis transport all within the upper skies,  
Fix'd thought, and flaming love and feasted eyes :  
Full tydes of glory pour upon the soul,  
And in full streams immortal pleasures roul.

Delight immense each happy breast inspires,  
And boundless charms keep in the heav'nly fire :  
Nor will the pleasure fade nor life decay,  
'Tis constant transport and perpetual day.

No transient cloud will ever veil the sight,  
There day gives place to no succeeding night :  
No present pain, no fear of future ill,  
Will pall the taste of joys fresh sprouting still.

No weary moments interrupt the blest,  
Pleasure's their exercise, and this their rest :  
Past all the danger of returning woe,  
Their bliss is perfect and for ever so.

For ever ! who can grasp th' important sense !  
Or stretch his thoughts to boundaries immense !  
Prodigious joys that all our thoughts transcend,  
And never will abate, nor ever end.

Oh ! my dear God, now lift mine heart on high,  
In thine abode let all my treasure lye ;  
That I at last may climb the heav'ly height,  
And ever feast on infinite delight.

*VII. Seasonable Salvation for the 5th of November; From Psal. cxxiv.*

*The same Tune.)*

**H**AD not the Lord, may thankful Britain say,  
Had not the Lord appear'd that dismal day,  
When hell and *Rome* their arts and forces join'd,  
At once to ruin church and state combin'd :

Had not the Lord engag'd in our defence,  
Repel'd their rage and check'd their insolence,  
Or from their plots remov'd the thick disguise,  
And laid their schemes all open to our eyes :

Sure they had glutted their revenge and spite,  
Destroy'd our nation, and devour'd us quite :  
Their swelling rage had overwhelm'd our soul,  
For none but he could those proud waves controul.

Blest be the Lord who then maintain'd our cause,  
And snatch'd the prey from their devouring jaws :  
He quell'd their fury and rebuk'd their pride,  
And made the swelling waves at once subside.

Just as th' entangled bird escapes the snare,  
Breaks thro' the net and cheerful mounts the air ;  
So we escap'd the murd'ring blast and stroke,  
Their hosts were scatter'd, and their snares were

*broke.*

For ever blest be God th' Almighty Lord;  
 'Twas he alone our gasping hopes restor'd :  
 Our laws and our religion were his care,  
 He shew'd the danger, and he broke the snare;

With humble trust let's still on him depend,  
 He's prompt to help, and able to defend :  
 He built the world, and still supports the frame,  
 Mighty to save: Jehovah is his name.

**VIII. God prais'd for his Perfections, Providence, and peculiar regard to his Saints;**  
 From Psal. xxxvi.

*Chichester Tune.)*

[fills]

**T**HY goodness, Lord, all heav'n with triumph  
 The lofty skies thy mercy far transcends :  
 From clouds thy bounty fatning dews distills,  
 Beyond the utmost clouds thy truth extends.

Conspicuous as the hills which reach the sky  
 Thy justice stands, firm as old mountains are :  
 In awful deeps conceal'd thy judgments lye,  
 Of man and beast thy providence takes care.

But, Lord, thy friendship to the good and just,  
 Exceeds thy kind regard to other things :  
 Their God with sure dependance they may trust,  
 And dwell secure beneath thy shady wings.

They at thine house shall constant welcome find,  
 Their souls shall there be richly satisfy'd,  
 With living pleasures always entertain'd,  
 That flow from thee in one continual tyde.

The springs of joy and life are all with thee;  
 Thy presence, Lord, makes everlasting day :  
 Nor can thy fulness e'er exhausted be,  
Nor thine essential splendors fade away.

*This*

This blissful favour, Lord, let me obtain,  
Dwell in thine house, and on thy fulness feast;  
With friendly lustre let me see thee shine,  
Drink of thy pleasures and improve my taste.

Nor let these blessings be to me confin'd,  
On all thy saints let them perpetual flow:  
To ev'ry upright heart be ever kind,  
Impart thy wealth, and thy salvation show.

*IX. The Soul's Choice of God, and firm  
Dependance on him, founded on our Re-  
deemer's triumphant Death, Resurrection,  
and Ascension; From Psal. xvi. at v. 6.*

*The same Tune.)*

**J**ehovah is my portion and my choice,  
He fills my cup and all my wants supplies;  
He guards my person, he'll secure my joys,  
And lift my soul to her own native skies.

Gracious, to me he has a lot affign'd,  
There where himself has fix'd his residence;  
Where round me flow delights of ev'ry kind,  
To feast the soul and gratify the sense.

I'll bless the Lord for his peculiar grace,  
His faithful word and all its heav'nly light,  
This to my mind his wise advice conveys,  
By day it leads me, and instructs by night.

On him with steady trust I'll fix mine eye;  
In ev'ry place, I know he's always near,  
Whilst he protects I'll ev'ry foe defy,  
Despise their threatenings and disdain to fear.

*Within,*

Within my soul a living spring shall rise,  
Dilate my heart, my tuneful tongue employ;  
With voice triumphant with exulting eyes,  
I'll spread his praises and proclaim my joy.

I see my Saviour gently bow his head,  
And on the cross his life for me resign:  
Dying he conquers, and triumphs when dead,  
And in the grave displays his pow'r divine.

In vain would death the mighty pris'ner hold,  
The grave on him shall close its mouth in vain:  
Both death and hell will be by him controul'd,  
Behold him burst the bands and rise again.

Behold him mount victorious to his throne,  
And to God's presence mark the shining way,  
Where streams run full with pleasures here un-  
Joy's at the height and never will decay. [known,

**X. Praise to God for his love to Mankind,  
especially in the Incarnation of God the  
Son, and the Exaltation of the Mediator;**  
From Psal. viii.

*(The same Tune.)*

**L**ord, how illustrious is thy sacred name!  
Thro' all the world how glorious is our King!  
My saints below victorious grace proclaim,  
Whilst heav'nly hosts thy dazzling glories sing.

When in tumultuous rage the pow'rs of hell,  
Against thy throne with proud defiance rose,  
By sucklings breath defeated down they fell,  
And tender babes dispers'd thy daring foes.

When

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When I behold the vast expanse on high,  
That mighty product of Almighty breath,  
See moon and stars adorn the distant sky,  
And spread their light to realms so far beneath:

What's man, or man's polluted offspring, Lord,  
Thus to be favour'd, thus advanc'd by thee!  
Strange humbling step! Oh, grace to be ador'd!  
That in our flesh God manifest should be.

Yet did our God our feeble flesh put on,  
And to his angels was inferior made,  
That man with him might fill the sov'reign throne,  
And with immortal splendors be array'd.

Him thou hast constituted Lord and Christ,  
His boundless empire thro' the world extends:  
The heavenly courtiers serve this *royal Priest*,  
And at his footstool ev'ry creature bends.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds obey,  
And hungry beasts which in the forrests roar,  
The birds of heav'n, and monsters thro' the sea  
Move at his nod, and in their way adore.

With loud applause we'll this rich grace proclaim,  
This matchless stoop of the eternal King!  
"Oh! how illustrious is his holy name!  
May heav'n and earth in joyful consort sing.

### *XI. The true God our only Refuge, with a Reproof of Idolaters; From Psal. cxxxv.*

*The same Tune.)*

**O**H! praise the Lord, ye saints, extol his name;  
With tuneful heart and with melodious voice:  
Ye priests, ye people, his great deeds proclaim,  
Display his glories, and improve your joys.

*Saints*

Sure 'tis the noblest work to sing his praise;  
 'Tis what becomes the people of his love :  
 The special objects of his saving grace,  
 Should in the blest employment still improve.

He bids, and soon th' obedient vapours rise,  
 The lightnings kindle and the thunders roar,  
 Outrageous tempests sweep the dusky skies,  
 And rain pours down from his aerial store.

His dreadful pow'r thro' Egypt he displaid,  
 His tokens sent on king and people too ;  
 Thro' Canaan's pow'rful nations terror spread,  
 Subdu'd the people and their princes flew.

In vain must any earthly pow'r withstand,  
 When the Almighty for his Israel fought :  
 To his own flock he gave the conquer'd land,  
 Whom from the house of bondage he had brought.

And still his pow'r and goodness are the same,  
 His people still are his delight and care :  
 Britain, rejoice in his Almighty Name,  
 Whilst he's our God we never should despair.

But the vain gods which heathen lands adore,  
 Are lifeless shapes, of metal form'd or wood :  
 Men melt the monster out of glittering oar,  
 Or out of timber hew the stupid god.

Vain is the shew of mouth, and eyes, and ears ;  
 In vain the maker gives it feet and hands,  
 The pageant neither speaks, nor sees, nor hears,  
 Nor breaths, nor moves, but ever senseless stands.

'Tis hard to say which are the greater fools,  
 The gods or they who this blind homage pay,  
 Who form them first with their own hands and  
 [tools,  
 And then fall down to what they made, and pray.  
 Britain,

*Britons, do you such helpless gods despise,  
But make the living God your help and hope :  
His pow'rful word produc'd the earth and skies,  
And should you sink, his hand can bear you up.*

**XII. *The Happiness of Evangelical Times,  
and the Glory of the Church under the  
Gospel.***

**P A R T I. *From several Scriptures.***

*The same Tune.)*

**H**Ark, a kind voice ! the lift'ning desert hears :  
“ Prepare the way, the heav'nly envoy cries,  
“ *Inmanuel* comes : God in our flesh appears :  
*Inmanuel* comes, each echoing hill replies.

He comes, by ancient Prophets long foretold,  
Rise up, ye vales, and sink, ye mountains, down :  
The *Saviour* joyful let all flesh behold,  
And hush their fears when God forbears to frown.

On fightless eyes he'll pour reviving day,  
The musick of his voice the deaf shall hear,  
The dumb shall sing, the lame shall leap for joy,  
And faded looks change to a blooming air.

His flock he'll like a careful shepherd feed,  
They'll know his Voice, he'll call their several  
[names],  
His sheep to wholesome air and pasture lead,  
And in his bosom bear the tender lambs.

The world shall hear no plaintive murmurs more,  
He'll wipe the tears from ev'ry mournful face :  
Their fatal feuds the nations shall give o'er,  
And war's tumultuous dia be hush'd in peace.

R

Warrion.

Warriors their swords shall into ploughshares  
 [beat,  
 To pruning hooks convert their useless spears;  
 In the same pastures wolves and lambs shall eat,  
 And cows securely graze with rav'ning bears.

The sporting infant (in his peaceful reign)  
 With zips and baskelets shall harmleſſ play,  
 Unhurt dance o'er the cockatrice's den,  
 And safe his little hands on vipers lay.

PART II. *From Isa. ix.*

*The same Tune.)*

**R**ise, Salem, city of the heav'nly King,  
 Display thy rising glories in the air,  
 Gentiles will in thy light rejoice, and bring  
 New sons and daughters to thee from afar.

Rise, and behold thy progeny increase,  
 How fast how num'rous thy descendants grow :  
 From lands remote, and from the utmost seas,  
 To thee behold converted nations flow.

See mighty crouds thy temple gates attend,  
 And heathen princes at thine altars lye :  
 See east and west their constant tribute send,  
 And gladly thee with all their wealth supply.

See foreigners thy broken walls repair,  
 And pow'rful kings to serve thee take delight :  
 Whilst, safe from danger, and secure from fear,  
 Thou ne'er shalt shut thy gates by day or night.

Behold thy proud oppressors crouch and bow,  
 And ask for mercy prostrate at thy feet :  
 Those who despis'd thee once shall honour now,  
 And thee their parent and their guardian greet.

No more shall foreign force lay waste thy land,  
Intestine feuds no more embroil thy state :  
Girt with divine salvation thou shalt stand,  
And joy and praise inscribe on ev'ry gate.

On thee thy God shall pour his glory down,  
And thou with true celestial brightness blaze :  
The sun no more shall make thy day ; the moon  
No more shine out by night with borrow'd rays.

Full tydes of light on thee shall constant flow,  
And with unclouded lustre ever shine :  
Thy glories neither ebb nor end shall know,  
" But God's own everlasting day be thine.

**XIII. *The Inhabitant of Zion:* From  
Psal. xv. &c.**

*Torrington Tune.)*

**L**ord, who's the happy man that may ascend ?  
Thy holy hill, and find a welcome there ?  
Who in thine house thy worship may attend,  
Behold thy beauties, and thy blessings share ?  
Who shall at last to heav'nly mansions rise,  
And with thy glories feast his ravish'd eyes ?

"Tis one well exercis'd in pious deeds,  
Whose heart's sincere, his actions ever just,  
Who steadily in God's own path proceeds,  
Whose constant truth one may securely trust :  
Who hates with treach'rous heart and fair pretence,  
To cheat and make a prey of innocence.

Who to his neighbour never offers wrong,  
And, conscious of no ill, still thinks the best,  
Who hates the venom of a fland'ring tongue,  
Which known will spread, and unknown crimes

[suggest :

R. 2.

Who'll

Who'll ne'er by less'ning real worth, defame,  
Nor real faults with spiteful joy proclaim.

Who vice and villainy sincerely hates,  
However drest or guarded they appear :  
With high respect who true religion treats,  
And the poor saint will to a prince prefer.  
Who to his oaths hath ever firmly stood,  
And to his hurt yet makes his promise good.

Who to the great will never basely bend,  
Or honour by unlawful means obtain :  
By thriving fraud will not his fortune mend,  
Nor by oppressive might increase his gain :  
No bribes will buy, no force his vote extort,  
(To screen the villain, or the guiltless hurt.

Who loves his worst and most malicious foes,  
And injuries with benefits repays ;  
For bitter curses, blessings still bestows,  
And for his cruel persecutors prays :  
Who will with flowing heart the poor relieve,  
And what himself expects, to others give.

Who after all builds all his hopes on grace,  
(Nor boasts his deeds) this is the welcome guest,  
Who to God's house shall still have free access,  
And see his face, and on his fatness feast :  
There dwell a while secure, and then remove  
To fix for ever in the court above.

**XIV. The Saints Difficulties about the Prosperity of the Wicked remov'd: From Psal. lxxiii.**

*The same Tune.)*

**V** Anish, ye doubts; a thousand proofs appear  
That to his *Israel* God will still be kind,

To all that love him with an heart sincere,  
'Tho' once with stagg'ring faith and anxious mind,  
I long was pos'd, long held in sad suspense  
About th' unequal steps of providence.

With envy gnaw'd, and piñ'd with discontent,  
I saw ungodly fools grow rich and great;  
From common cares, and wants, and woes ex-  
[empt,

Their bodies healthy, and secure their state,  
Saw them with haughty look and scornful air,  
The spoils of lawleſs pow'r triumphant wear.

They humour ev'ry brutal appetite,  
At vast expence the clam'rous wanton feed,  
Or when it flags, with costly art excite,  
Yet still their growing stores their hopes exceed:  
Throughout the earth their tongues at random fly,  
And with blaspheming talk invade the sky.

Thus sinners fare, whilst God's best saints com-  
[plain,  
With num'rous wants, and woes, and wrongs op-  
[prest,

“ Sure I have wash'd my heart and hands in vain,  
“ In vain my faith and trust in God profest:  
“ Is there a God indeed? Or can he know?  
“ Or doth he heed at all the things below?

I checkt the doubt lest I should saints offend ;  
 But it reviv'd and baffled all my skill ;  
 'Till in thine house I saw their wretched end,  
 Foresaw the pangs they must forever feel :  
 What lasting woes will follow fading mirth,  
 What pains succeed their pleasures here on earth.

As dreams, with airy joys delude the mind,  
 So vanishes their cheating bliss away,  
 But leaves an everlasting sting behind.  
 What brutal folly did my doubts betray !  
 Thanks to my God, I now have scap'd the snare,  
 He solv'd my doubts, and sav'd me from despair.

**XV. The Saints Resignation to God, and  
 Triumph in him.** : From Psal. lxxiii. 24,  
 25, 26.

*(The same Tune.)*

**N**O, my good God, I'll never more repine ;  
 Lead where thou wilt, I'll not dislike the  
 To thy superior wisdom I resign, [way ;  
 I'll trust thy conduct, and thy laws obey :  
 Thou wilt instruct and guide me whilst I live,  
 And to thy glory, when I die, receive.

My soul releas'd shall pass inferior skies,  
 And mount, aspiring still, to thine abode,  
 With arms extended, with unclouded eyes,  
 To see thy glories, and embrace her God :  
 See boundless beauty smiling in thy face,  
 And grasp consummate bliss in thine embrace,

And 'tis thy blissful presence, Lord, alone,  
 Makes heav'n the happy seat of joy and light ;  
 Should once thy smiles and splendors be withdrawn  
 All would be wrapt in dark and dismal night.

Thy

*Thy presence* any where makes heav'nly day,  
But heav'n it self's eclips'd if *God's* away.

For him I'd quit the brightest things on high,  
And turn from tempting *Seraphs* with a frown;  
For him despise all that's below the sky,  
And tread the earth with all its glories down :  
Be stript of all, yet more than all possess,  
If with his love my longing foul he'll bleſs.

He, when the joys of time shall all retire,  
Will to my soul more tasteful joys convey,  
More brisk and vigorous life he'll then inspire,  
When heart shall fail and fleshly life decay :  
With blooming hopes I then shall meet my death,  
And with triumphant calm resign my breath.

My soul her dying partner shall survive,  
Shake off her load and stretch to heav'nly bliss,  
There in eternal extasy to live,  
Where God, her everlasting portion, is:  
My bliss will be complete of him possesſt.  
*Who would not die to be for ever bleſſed?*

**XVI. God the Thunderer, the Refuge of  
his Saints:** From Psal. xxix.

*The same Tune.)*

**Y**E mighty monarchs, who on earth below,  
With borrow'd glories shine and grandeur  
[swell]  
Pay to your God the tribute which you owe,  
Whose might and glory yours so far excel:  
Go, worship at his feet with humble fear,  
And do him homage for the crowns you wear.

Whene'er he speaks with awful voice on high,  
 Clouds burst and empty out their liquid store,  
 Earth shakes, a solemn murmur fills the sky,  
 And frightened seas in hoarse confusion roar :  
 His thund'ring voice with loud majestick sound,  
 Asserts the God, and spreads his dread around.

In vain would stately cedars stand the shock,  
 The woods with which old *Libanus* is crown'd,  
 Must bow their heads, or by its force be broke,  
 Torn from their roots and laid along the ground :  
 Like calves they'll skip, and like the hunted deer,  
 The tall and mighty mountains bound for fear.

Thro' cleaving clouds it drives a glaring light, -  
 And forward still impels the forked flame ;  
 The waste and lonely desarts catch the fright,  
 And quake to hear th' Almighty tell his name :  
 Ev'n hungry lions quit the trembling prey,  
 And to their safest coverts haste away.

The fruitful hinds convulsive terrors feel,  
 And cast their young unform'd with fruitless pains :  
 The haunts of beasts demolish'd woods reveal,  
 And shiver'd oaks lie strew'd upon the plains.  
 But in his temple milder glories shine,  
 There ev'ry tongue proclaims the grace divine.

The Lord on high commands each floating cloud,  
 Controuls the deep and swelling floods below ;  
 Obsequious meteors kindle at his nod,  
 And lightnings blaze, and blustering tempests blow :  
 He reigns for ever with resistless sway,  
 And winds and waves his sov'reign will obey.

Happy the objects of his love and care,  
 Omnipotence will be their guard and shield ;  
 In vain their foes breath rage and bloody war,  
 And with their num'rous forces take the field :

He'll

He'll break their pow'r and their fierce rage disarm;  
And save his people from th' intended harm.

**XVII. God our Happiness.**

*(The same Tune.)*

**H**ail, sovereign beauty! infinite abyss  
Of light, and life, and love, and excellence;  
Exhaustless spring of being and of bliss,  
Of all that's good sole treasury immense:  
Light of my eyes, of all my joys the soul,  
Lord of my heart, my portion, and my all.

The grandeur and the pomp of courts and kings,  
To poor and grov'ling spirits I resign;  
Unenvy'd they may take these gaudy things,  
And grasp the cheating joy, *if thou art mine*:  
Oh, elevating thought! bliss at the height!  
This is indeed to be sublime and great.

*Worldlings* for shining dirt may daily drudge;  
And without end augment their glitt'ring store,  
Their growing treasures I shall never grudge,  
Were the whole world their own they'd still be  
[poor:  
'Midst all their wealth their souls still starve and pine,  
But I am rich and blest *if thou art mine*.

*Wantons* may gratify their brutal taste,  
And ev'ry sense with their coarse pleasures cloy;  
Let them on such gross entertainments feast,  
Whilst I my God with higher gust enjoy:  
My pleasure's noble, lively and refin'd,  
Improves the taste, and elevates the mind.

*Without*

Without thee heav'n it self would joyless prove,  
 Thou art the life of all the pleasures there,  
 Divided from thee nothing's worth my love,  
 The world it self would one great void appear:  
 The whole creation can't a joy excite,  
 If God withdraws and wraps my soul in night.

But, Lord, when all my other comforts fail,  
 When o'er my breast tempestuous passions roll,  
 When my heart sinks, and foes and fears prevail,  
 And gloomy griefs quite overspread my soul:  
 One look from thee, my God, one friendly ray,  
 Will still the tempest, and recal the day.

What joy will thine immediate vision yield,  
*When in thy light I always light shall see?*  
 When with her God my soul shall still be fill'd,  
 How blissful will the satisfaction be?  
 My joy will then be lasting and complete,  
 Still flowing, yet for ever at the height.

*XVIII. God the Lord of all, and Saints  
 the Persons who dwell with him: From  
 Psal. xxiv.*

*Kingston Tune.)*

**E**arth is the Lord's and all that earth contains,  
 Each lofty hill, and all the spreading plains,  
 The spacious seas, and all the rolling floods,  
 The fertile valleys, and the shady woods,  
 His are the cattle on a thousand mountains,  
 His all mankind, his all the streams and fountains.

He on the yielding fluid made it stand,  
 Balanc'd the seas, and fixt the solid land;  
 In vain the troubled waters foam and swell,  
 Their threatening surges he'll with sand repel:

*Firm.*

Firm he has made it stand on this foundation,  
For man and beast a proper habitation.

But there's a brighter world by far on high,  
Beyond the limits of the utmost sky,  
Where God unveil'd his radiant face displays,  
And makes all heav'n with his reflexion blaze :  
Ten thousand thousand spirits serve before him,  
And with delightful reverence adore him.

There pleasure rous'd in one perpetual tyde,  
There plenty flows, and there the blest reside,  
There in high rapture all their hours employ,  
And in loud *hallelujahs* tell their joy :  
What happy man this blissful world shall enter,  
And there in God with boundless pleasure center ?

'Tis one who keeps his heart with utmost care,  
Nor suffers any sin to harbour there :  
Whose hands from all injurious acts abstain,  
Whose soul can earthly vanities disdain :  
Who's true, consistent, plain and open hearted,  
And from his word and oath has never start'd.

True to his God, and faithful to his trust,  
To all mankind benevolent and just :  
Who hates all ill, and keeps his conscience clean,  
Nor stains his heart and hands with wilful sin :  
This is the man who in God's habitation  
Shall see his face, and joy in his salvation.

He shall at last the heav'nly hills ascend,  
And near the throne with high delight attend,  
See God in all his glories ever shine,  
And feast for ever on the love divine :  
Thrice happy state ! all others far excelling !  
Oh, may I there have mine eternal dwelling !

**XIX. Praise to God for Creation, Providence, Redemption and Grace: From Psal. cxxxvi.**

*The same Tune.)*

**P**raise ye the Lord, the universal King,  
His truth, his pow'r, and his salvation sing,  
Him God of gods, him Lord of lords proclaim,  
Let it be known he ever reigns supreme :  
*To spread his glories let mankind endeavour,*  
*Whose truth and goodness are the same for ever.*

What mighty deeds have by his pow'r been done,  
Wonders to be perform'd by him alone !  
He by his wisdom spread abroad the sky,  
And hung out all the starry lamps on high :  
*His pow'rs the same, his mercy faileth never,*  
*Oh ! let his praise be glorious made for ever.*

He bid the seas drein from the solid land,  
And made the earth above the waters stand ;  
He form'd the sun to bless the day with light,  
The moon to clear the dusky face of night :  
*And still when sun, and moon, and stars are faded,*  
*Bright will his glories shine and ne'er be shaded.*

Egypt's first-born he in a night struck dead,  
And *Israel* from the house of bondage freed ;  
He, the *Red-sea* did for their sake divide,  
And led them safely through the parting tyde :  
*For never-failing kindness he's renowned,*  
*Oh ! let him be with endless praises crowned.*

But *Pharaoh* and his army perish'd there.  
He through the desert led his flock with care :  
**Famous**

Famous and mighty kings fell by his hand,  
And *Israel* shar'd by lot their conquer'd land :  
*And still his mighty arm will prove victorious,*  
*His promise sure, his mercy rich and glorious.*

He saw the dismal state the world was in,  
In guilt involv'd, and tainted all with sin,  
**A**nd his own Son for our redemption sent,  
Our foes to conquer, and our woes prevent :  
*Oh ! boundless pity, grace to be adored !*  
*That this way sinners hopes should be restored.*

He for his people needful food provides,  
Guards all their blessings, all their steps he guides,  
Thro' snares and dangers safely leads them on,  
To endless bliss and his own heav'nly throne :  
*May praise perpetual to the God of heaven,*  
*For his eternal grace and truth, be given.*

**XX. The Appeal:** From John xxi. 17.  
*Lord thou knowest all things : Thou  
knowest that I love thee.*

*The same Tune.)*

**W**H Y must the question, Lord, be put again,  
Art thou in doubt ? or can I dare to feign ?  
Can I from thee my secret sense conceal ?  
Or, what thou didst not know before, reveal ?  
*Thou who know'st all things know'st I truly love thee,*  
And set no other object up above thee.

For thee, dear Lord, I freely can forego,  
All earthly joys, and welcome want and woe :  
For thee the world's reproaches I can bear,  
~~And~~ With delight their spiteful scoffs can hear :  
Fools may mock on, and ridicule my passion,  
I'm blest if favour'd with thine approbation.

If this and all the heav'nly worlds were mine,  
 For thy enjoyment I would all resign :  
 Worldlings for me might seize the mighty store,  
 If thou art mine I never can be poor :  
 Thou art my never-failing spring of pleasure,  
 Life of my soul, a boundless fund of treasure.

To be exil'd, my dearest Lord, from thee,  
 Is death it self, or worse than death to me :  
 When thou dost frown or wrap thy face in shade,  
 Distress and horror my whole soul invade :  
 'Till thou return I shall for ever languish,  
 Thy friendly look alone can ease my anguish.

I love thee so, my soul's impatient grown,  
 Tir'd of the world, and eager to be gone :  
 How doth she strive tow'rds her eternal rest ?  
 And long in thine own presence to be blest ?  
 She'd kiss the friendly dart that should release her,  
 And of her guilt and griefs for ever ease her.

Oh ! with what satisfaction would she rise !  
 And stretch away beyond the utmost skies :  
 She'd leave her heav'nly convoy on the road,  
 And leap a thousand worlds to be with God :  
 Fearless thro' unknown tracks she'd singly venture,  
 By force of love drawn to her proper center.

Her center where alone she'll be at rest,  
 Wrapt in thine arms, and of thy self possest :  
 For heav'nly light streams from thy lovely face,  
 And heav'nly bliss is graspt in thine embrace :  
 But all the glory's gone if thou art missing,  
 All heav'n besides is hardly worth possessing.

**XXI. The Vanity of worldly Enjoyments.**

*The same Tune.)*

**W**HAT are the gaudy glories of the great,  
Possessions, empire, treasures, pomp and

[state ?

What sparkling gems, or heaps of glitt'ring oar,  
Which sensual minds so covet and adore ?

When I possess them will they satisfy me ?

Or, want whate'er I will, can they supply me ?

When seas of sin shall cut me to the heart,  
Can they remove my pain or ease my smart ?

Can they appease my God, remission buy ?

Redeem my soul, or justice satisfy ?

Can they atonement make for mine offences ?

'Tis Jesu's blood alone the guilty cleasces.

Can they purge off the poi'rous guilt of sin ?  
Renew my heart, or make me clean within ?

Can they with life divine my soul inspire,

Suppress each lust, and kindle holy fire ?

With God's resemblance fair can they impress me,  
Or with his free and friendly converse bless me ?

When age comes on, and sharp distempers seize,  
Can they recal my youth, heal my disease ?

When I must struggle with the pangs of death,

Can they relieve me or retain my breath ?

But they must vanish and be lost for ever,

When death my body and my soul shall sever.

When at the bar of God I must appear,  
And from his lips my final sentence hear,  
Can they my guilty soul to him commend,  
Or bribe my righteous Judge to be my friend ?

Or, should he in that dreadful day reject me,  
Can they against his just revenge protect me?

Can they secure me from eternal woe!  
Or soften fiends, and make them pity shew?  
Can they put out or damp the flames of hell?  
Or sette me where all the blessed dwell?  
Should the whole world be for the favour given,  
Would it prevail and let me into heaven?

Go, wretched worldling, these poor trifles prize,  
In vain they spread their charms before mine eyes:  
My greatest wants they can't at all relieve,  
Nor what I chiefly covet can they give:  
Let all who value such possessions take 'em,  
With pleasure I, for God and heav'n, forsake 'em.

**XXII. *The Sinner's Portion, and the Saints Trials and Hope:* From Psal. xvii. 13,  
14, 15.**

*The same Tune.)*

**M**Y God, by various methods thou dost prove  
Thy servant's faith and patience, truth and  
[love:  
Sometimes they smart by thine own chast'ning rod,  
And for their sins meet the rebukes of God:  
Sometimes their persecuting foes distress them,  
And pow'rful tyrants cruelly oppress them.

These are thy sword, thine instruments of death,  
To punish sin, and execute thy wrath:  
Men of the world, whose portion's all below,  
They seek no other bliss, no other know:  
Here they abound in wealth, and swim in pleasure,  
And to their num'rous heirs transmit their treasure.  
And

And let them still for me their wealth increase,  
Let them the world and all its stores possess :  
I'll ne'er at their felicity repine,  
Envy their state, or wish their portion mine :  
The world's well lost if God and heav'n are gained,  
Mine is substantial bliss, theirs only feigned.

'Tis my ambition now my God to please,  
My utmost wish at last to see thy face :  
May I hereafter reach the heav'nly shore,  
Stand near thy throne and at thy feet adore,  
And with thy blissful vision be delighted,  
I'm now content to be abus'd and slighted.

Oh ! when will this long dream of life be done,  
My soul awake and clap her pinions on ?  
Leave off her flesh and lay down ev'ry load,  
And joyful stretch away to thine abode,  
There to behold thy glory in perfection,  
And shine for ever bright with thy reflexion !

How dear, how joyous will the pleasure be,  
Thy self in thine own native light to see !  
To dwell amidst the beamings of thy face,  
Drink in thy form, and with thy likeness blaze !  
With never-failing wealth this will supply me,  
And with extatick bliss still satisfy me.

**XXIII. He was wounded for our Transgressions, with his Stripes we are healed.**  
Isa. liii. 5.

*For the SACRAMENT.*

Hannover Tune.)

**D**eep in our thankful breasts let us record,  
The wondrous story of our dying Lord :  
As here his death and passion we review,  
Our love and wonder let the scene renew :

The *Lord of glory* leaves his shining throne;  
 Veils for a while the light in which he shone :  
 The *glorious God* in human form appears,  
 And all the marks of servile meanness wears.

The *King of kings* by all heav'ns host rever'd,  
 Is by the mob with rude profaneness jeer'd :  
 And he whose head celestial gems adorn,  
 Submits to wear a crown of rugged thorn.

The *holy, harmless, undefiled one*,  
 With heavy loads of guilt is made to groan :  
 The *Prince of life* by various torments dies,  
 For guilty men a willing sacrifice.

Thus did he shew his love to human race,  
 And at this dear expence procure them peace :  
 To make *us* free, *he* was a pris'ner made,  
 By a base traitor with a kiss betray'd.

Our wounds and mortal maladies to cure,  
 He did himself the sharpest pangs endure ;  
 To give us ease he various tortures try'd,  
 And to procure us endless life he dy'd.

Thus he prevail'd, and thus victorious fell,  
 Thus triumph'd over death, and conquer'd hell ;  
 And now enthron'd, his vict'ries he pursues,  
 And rebel hearts by royal love subdues.

Here let us pause a while, and here adore,  
 In vain we seek such wonders to explore :  
 Oh ! let our souls his dying virtue prove,  
 And yield themselves the conquest of his love.

*THE END.*

~~THE GLORIA PATRI, &c.~~

*The Gloria Patri, &c. fitted to the several Measures of the foregoing Hymns, for the sake of those who shall think it proper to annex it to any of them in singing.*

*For Common Measure.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Spirit too,  
Whom heav'n and earth adore,  
Be glory paid, as is most due,  
Now and for evermore.

*For all Eight rhyming in couplets.*

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three and one,  
Be praise and adoration giv'n,  
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

*For all Eight rhyming alternately.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be everlasting glory giv'n,  
By saints on earth, and all the host  
Of glorious worshipers in heav'n.

*For all Ten rhyming in Couplets.*

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,  
 Eternal praise and worship be address'd :  
 This still was due in ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and will when time shall be no more.

*For all Ten rhyming alternately.*

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit too,  
 By heav'n and earth be adoration paid ;  
 From the beginning this was always due,  
 And still will be when it self shall fade.

*For the Measure of Kingston: Or the 50th Psalm Tune.*

To God the Father, who has all things made,  
 To God the Son, who sinners ransom paid.  
 To God the Holy Ghost, who souls inspires  
 With life divine, and kindles pure desires :  
 Be everlasting praise and glory given,  
 By all the family in earth and heaven.

*For all Ten in Six Lines: Or, Tottington Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,  
 The holy undivided Trinity,  
 Be praise and adoration still address'd,  
 By saints on earth, and angel hosts on high :  
 This still was due since time its race begun,  
 And will be so when time it self is done.



A  
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N. B. *The large Figures direct to the  
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